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THE
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JULY, 1908

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH OUR LAND LAWS?

BY SETH K. HUMPHREY

SOMETHING has gone wrong with our public domain, — this we discover as it approaches the vanishing point, — and now the probe has been sent deep, that we may, so to speak, succeed in getting the barn door locked before the last and least attractive horse is stolen. That fraud has been exposed wildly excites no one, — the probe seems to find that in our system at every thrust; but one thing about this land-graft exposure that gives a distinct shock is the *personnel* of those caught in the legal dragnet. Governors, congressmen, high federal officials, professional men, — a minister, too, and a missionary at that, — are in the toils. This psychological feature should make us think, and ask questions.

Is the West's moral sense so dull, as some ask us to believe, that it has tolerated for years men in high places whom the law now holds up as persistent criminals? Or is there something wrong with our land laws and the administration of them, so that now, when primitive Virtue peers into the recesses, she discovers with horror an anomalous situation?

There is little of remedial value to be gained by discussing the moral sense of the men involved by the disclosures of land frauds. One thing is certain: the public domain — and, therefore, the public — will benefit immensely by the example of their punishment, whether they entirely deserve it or not. But a lifelong personal knowledge of frontier land conditions impels the writer to register a few reflections upon the more pertinent question, What is the matter with our land laws?

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The homestead law was designed to secure the development of new country, and it met, most wisely, the early condition that men must be *induced* to brave the hardships of the frontier, by providing for a merely nominal fixed charge upon every homesteader who would settle upon one hundred and sixty acres of land, cultivate it, and make it his home for five years. This provision of a relatively small *fixed charge* for the homestead, irrespective of differences in land values, rewarded the hardy pioneer of the early days for pushing out beyond his neighbors, by giving him better land at the same cost in money as the more timid paid for their poorer homesteads nearer civilization; but he paid the difference, observe, in the greater hardships of developing new country, and in that development the public received *full value* for its land. It was not the original intent of the homestead law to give in land value more than it exacted from the homesteader in industrial value; the fairness of the exchange was self-regulating. A citizen's "right" to take up government land had no more value, in itself, than had his right to go into a store and make a bargain for goods. An appreciation of these early conditions will enable us to comprehend better the subsequent perversion of our system of land distribution.

Such was the homestead law in its pristine purity, — a wise and beneficent law, so long as men needed *inducement* to settle upon public land; so long as men *paid* the government for their land by extending its industrial boundaries; so

long as there were more homesteads than *bona fide* homesteaders; but no longer.

The first change in conditions came with the advent of railroads through the great unsettled portions of the Middle West. Railroads gave the first-coming homesteaders the peculiar advantage of good land, with few of the usual responsibilities and difficulties of the pioneer; the *railroads* were then, in fact, the real pioneers, — and the government rewarded them for their share of the burden by gifts of every alternate section of land adjacent to their lines, while it continued to give these first-coming settlers *full* homestead privileges upon the remaining alternate sections, in return for assuming only a *portion* of the burdens of developing new country. The earlier pioneers had extended civilization single-handed, and they knew of civilization's debt to them; these later settlers secured like benefits for merely assisting in the business of empire-building, — and they knew that they were getting something from the government at less than its value. Right here the frontiersman's proud sense of *adequate return* to his government began to fade, and right here the notion that a citizen's "right" to take up government land has, *in itself*, a money value, began to grow. Here began the traffic in "rights" — the greatest debauching influence in the distribution of public land.

It is a peculiar fact that the government, instead of seeking to check this "gift" feature in its supposedly business deal with the settler, by exacting more from him in the way of industrial value for the benefit of the public whose land it was distributing, actually lessened in some respects its demands upon homesteaders. Several provisions of the law served to expedite the business of turning one's "right" into cash. One method of getting quick returns was to file on a piece of land at the local land office, then relinquish the right to a later comer, for a consideration, to make a new entry on that tract. These relinquishments were

recognized and accepted for record, and the new filings entered, without question, at all land offices, although the very act of voluntary relinquishment of one's homestead right would suggest to the feeblest intellect a consideration paid by the new entryman. Again, the preëmption law granted to a citizen full title to one hundred and sixty acres after six months' residence upon it, with proof of nominal improvements and the payment of one dollar and a quarter per acre. Further, the homestead law provided that a homesteader might, at any time after six months, abandon his determination to live upon his homestead for five years, in order to acquire title without cost, "commute" it to a preëmption, and, by paying the preëmption price, prove up his title at once. Thus every settler could get full title to three hundred and twenty acres of land in six months, sell out, and go back home.

Under these provisions of law the government surrendered its most valuable compensation for public land, — *bona fide*, producing settlers. It still continued its principle of land distribution without regard to return of value in money, but it failed to exact return in that most vital of values, — permanent settlement and development of new country. Is it to be wondered at that this condition increased enormously the value of "rights;" fixed in the public mind the idea that the government was intent on giving away value in public land without regard to returns; and developed on the frontier a motley population of every class except farmers, bent on exercising their "right" to government land?

Who makes our land laws? Unfortunately, owing to our system of legislative barter, under which the various special interests so often assist one another to laws framed to meet their several special desires, the land interests of the West have always dictated our land laws and controlled the policy of the Land Office. That changing conditions, which made of the public domain an attractive property

of enormous value, should have been met by fundamental changes in the methods of land distribution looking to its protection and proper development, is simply a bald truism. Just as certainly, too, proper restraining legislation could not have been expected of those who were to profit by lack of restraint. Consequently, the principle of fixed price per acre without regard to value, first come first served, has been kept alive by the land interests down to the present day, because it gives them the value in the land above that price; while nearly every amendment to the land laws is in the nature of a surrender to the land boomers. The workings of our absurd system of courteously allowing each prisoner to lock himself in and keep the key, are most interestingly exemplified in the history of the public domain.

Take, for instance, the boom of the early eighties in Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota. Millions of acres of government land, accessible by rail, were open to settlement. Six months' sojourn on the prairie called for no equipment of farming experience or tools; a shanty, a well, and some convenient neighbor to plough a few acres, — these for "improvements." What more was this than an invitation to all sorts and conditions of men — and women — to make a few hundred dollars "off the government" in a summer's outing?

Nothing so grows upon a man as the notion that he has something coming to him from the government. Drug clerks, brakemen, schoolma'ams, ministers temporarily uncalled, adventurers of all sorts, — all rushed for government land, *not* for the purpose of developing it, but to get the value there was in it above the government's fixed charge, — to cash in their "right." A horde of land speculators followed in their footsteps, — these "settlers" would soon have land to sell. Still more in evidence were the agents of loan companies seeking farm mortgages for their Eastern investors. As a matter of fact these loan companies often outbid

the speculators; they habitually loaned six hundred, eight hundred, or one thousand dollars on these farms that were so easily acquired from the government at the fixed price of two hundred dollars, — loaned it to these pseudo-farmers who had never milked a cow and never expected to.

The writer has in mind an investigation (one of many) which he made in 1889 while land inspector for a loan company. Forty-one of these newly acquired "homes" in central Nebraska were examined, all previously mortgaged to the company; of these, three were occupied by the original owners, three by migratory squatters, and thirty-five were wholly abandoned. These thirty-eight missing mortgagors had not tried to farm the land, and failed; they had simply converted their "right" into the loan company's cash, and vanished. What wonder that there came a mournful day of reckoning in the farm-mortgage business?

Thus the notion that public land is public spoil, encouraged by the land laws, hardened into a fixed conviction. Little sense remained of obligation to the government. The principle of fixed charge, so essential to the earlier movements westward, now served only to excite cupidity. Men paid one dollar and a quarter per acre for land; its value above that, they regarded as theirs by right of citizenship. In increasing measure the distribution of public land became a traffic in "rights." Of all the motley crowd that helped themselves to public land during the boom of the eighties, not one in three had the slightest intention to remain upon it; not one in five remained more than long enough to prove up and sell out, or "mortgage out;" and not one in ten has left a permanent mark upon the landscape of Kansas, Nebraska, or Dakota. This is not a snap judgment. An accurate personal knowledge, gained in the field, and extending over this whole period, is warrant for the assertion that these conditions, and not crop failures, were mainly responsible for

the wholesale abandonment of western farms, and for the consequent seven-year industrial depression in the West. The best proof of this is the success now attending the efforts of the real farmers who are working these same farms.

Then came the repeal of the preëmption law in 1891; but as a final letting-down of the bars, the homestead law itself was amended in the same act so as to permit final proof at the end of *fourteen months*, instead of five years, without additional price or penalty, and requiring actual occupancy during only eight months of the fourteen.

It may seem that the government could not have gone further in encouraging the public's appetite for land spoils; but witness the openings of Indian reservation lands. As a rule, these tracts were surrounded by well-settled country; natural inequalities of value were enormously increased by the proximity of towns and railroads; not one condition remained to give the fixed-price method an excuse for exercise; yet these lands, worth \$5, \$10, even \$25 per acre, were all thrown open to public entry at fixed prices of \$1.50 to \$4.00 per acre, — the price paid the Indians. Poor Lo, and not the government, furnishes the spoils at every opening of Indian land. It was at this time that the government openly acknowledged the free gift of value, openly abandoned all notion of adequate return from the settler, by taking a hand in the method of dividing the spoils. It prescribed that the boomers line up on the edge of the coveted land, and at the crack of a gun rush pell-mell for the coveted prizes, — and the devil take the hindmost. As there were anywhere from ten to five hundred men for every prize, there were many necessarily "hindmost," — disappointed seekers of something for nothing.

One step further the government went in its destruction of all honorable notions of land distribution. Conditions surrounding these land openings became too acute for even the "rush-at-the-crack-of-

a-gun" method. Men murdered each other in the frantic scrambles; dozens claimed the same tract, and interminable lawsuits resulted. Then the Land Office, still held by law to the antiquated fixed-price principle, still denied the right to exact the five years' residence which would have kept out most of the rabble, devised a plan which came as near the line of promoting public immorality as ever did an act of this government. It prescribed a lottery-drawing for the lands; every entryman's name was to be put into a plain envelope, the envelopes placed in a huge box, and the box whirled around until the envelopes were well mixed. Then the envelopes were to be drawn out one by one; each entryman to have his choice of land in the order in which his envelope came out of the box.

It was a beautiful proposition for those who are perennially looking for something for nothing. Instance the opening of the Rosebud land in 1904. Relieved of apprehension as to life and limb, guaranteed "fairness and equality of opportunity" (so read the lottery prospectus) in a pure game of chance where the turn of an envelope meant hundreds, or thousands, — or nothing, — the gambling instinct was aroused in men as never before. They came in droves and trainloads; they descended upon the local land offices until 106,296 of them had their envelopes in the big box to draw for some 2000 farms — more than 500 applicants for every farm! The lottery system is now a feature in all land openings.

Encouraged and abetted by the land laws, the gambling mania for public land has passed all bounds. Every land opening is a wild orgy; the fierce rush at the crack of a gun was nothing to the now fiercer hope at the turn of an envelope. A frenzied, deluded mob wastes its energy and money at every lottery-drawing in wild reaches for the government's bait, always followed about by a horde of land speculators, ready to pick off the winners, — a set of men in make-up and motive as utterly unlike the men who made

the original homestead law a blessing to their country, as black is unlike white.

Now, suddenly, primitive Virtue turns the corner. What does she find?

Most of the public domain has been frittered away upon entrymen who took the land for the money there was in it, and left its development to those who came after and paid for it. Large numbers of entrymen, impatient of the obviously perfunctory and ineffective requirements of the land laws, have bargained away their "rights" *before*, and not after, exercising them, — which is contrary to law. Vast areas of timber land — worthless for agriculture, and subject to purchase only under the timber-land acts — have been taken under the homestead laws as agricultural land, — an unmitigated fraud. Lumbermen, compelled to buy standing timber in little parcels of one hundred and sixty acres each, from citizens who have the only right to acquire it from the government, have been found guilty of wholesale traffic in these citizens' "rights," and of abetting fraudulent entries of timber land. Gross fraud in high places has been unearthed *ad nauseam*.

Now the transgressors are to be punished. But why should we be so amazed that a quarter-century of education downward in every ideal pertaining to public-land distribution has developed a streak of yellow across the moral sense of those immediately concerned? And is it so surprising that land officials, held by absurd laws to the business of dissipating the public domain as legitimate private spoils, should have become callous to illegal graft which did little more than accelerate the dissipation? This is not intended as an apology for fraud, but as an arraignment of the land laws for offering such wholesale, continuous and alluring invitation to fraud. Not for twenty years has our policy of land distribution been entitled to respect; hence, its provisions have not been respected. It is well enough to indict those who have over-reached laws, even obviously sub-

versive laws; but in the public mind the lawmakers should be indicted, — not only the Western congressmen who promoted the mischief, but those of the now horrified East who swapped votes with them, and without whose aid in Congress the public domain could not legally have been so plundered.

What should be done in order that the distribution of the remaining public land may proceed on a saner basis?

Wipe out absolutely the inherent value of a citizen's "right" to public land by exacting a full equivalent for the land, — not in money, but mainly in restrictive obligations which shall insure to the public settled, producing communities in exchange for its lands. Require, for instance, in the case of agricultural land, a full five-year occupancy; sufficient equipment to make reasonably sure the entryman's ability to fulfill his contract; a degree of cultivation varying with conditions of climate and soil, but well up to the standard of similar lands improved; improvements at the end of the five-year term commensurate with the value of the land, but with a provision for misfortune and accident. In short, make the main charge for the land in terms which are no burden whatever to the *bona fide* farmer, because in direct line with his intentions and best interests, but which are wholly unattractive to the passing throng that merely seeks something for nothing.

Now comes the question of money consideration, — for differences in land values must finally be leveled up by a money charge. The fixed charge per acre levels nothing; it makes the better tracts worth fiercely striving for even under the most ideal restrictions, and may easily be too great a price for the poorer lands. It is the land gambler's best friend, and its absurd survival is due solely to his efforts. The fixed charge should be abolished. In localities where settlement will in the nature of things proceed by slow degrees, prices might be fixed by appraisal; but in all cases of special

openings of lands to public entry, — and these will hereafter furnish the bulk of good public land, — nothing but competitive sale, subject always to full restrictions, will secure a sane, equitable distribution of the land to actual farmers.

It may be asserted that the restrictions, coupled with competitive sale, will not offer sufficient inducement to effect rapid settlement of new districts; but which will prove more attractive to worthy farmers, — a free-for-all lottery drawing for land on which the restrictions are so notoriously nominal that their chance to draw anything is cut down by all sorts and conditions of men to one in five hundred, or a competitive sale of land under restrictions which effectually bar everybody but themselves? The best answer to this is a look at the frenzied crowd at any one of these lottery-drawings. It goes without saying that a sale restricted to farmers would develop much lower prices for the land than would a sale open to the speculative element, and would therefore be more attractive to farmers.

Of even more importance than the disposal of agricultural land is the conserving of our remaining timber. However much the admirable system of forest reserves may be extended, there will necessarily be vast areas in the aggregate which must be left subject to disposal under the timber laws. This portion of the public timber, unprotected by reserves, should have earnest consideration. The Timber Land Act describes timber land as “valuable chiefly for timber, but unfit for cultivation:” it also endows every citizen of the United States with the right to take 160 acres of timber land at a fixed minimum price per acre, and requires the applicant to swear “that he does not apply to purchase the same on speculation, but in good faith to appropriate it to his own exclusive use and benefit;” this, against the certainty that the average citizen has no use for 160 acres of timber, and is making his oath with one speculative eye on the lumbermen, — if, indeed, he has not been fore-

handed enough to get in advance their offer for the timber, to consider in connection with the price he will have to pay.

Just as the farming land should go to farmers without the intervention of speculators, timber should be disposed of to its logical buyers — the lumbermen. Cut out the citizen middleman, and deal direct with the lumber producer. Here, again, exact the first consideration in terms which are for the public welfare, — terms which shall make such land — “unfit for cultivation” — a perpetual source of timber. Require that a certain percentage of the smaller trees shall be left standing to protect the young growth, hold the soil, and retain the moisture; that the timber shall be cut with the least possible damage to the second growth. Then, sell the *first cutting* to the lumberman, but *hold the title forever* in the government, and terminate the lumberman’s interest upon the removal of his timber.

Under this plan every remaining tract of public timber would at once become a perpetual forest reserve, subject to government control. If we concede that the conservation of our timber cannot be safely left to private enterprise, it follows without argument that not one acre of land “valuable chiefly for timber, but unfit for cultivation” should pass to private ownership, although millions of acres have so passed, and have been despoiled and left wholly worthless for any purpose. If it were possible to overcome the inborn notion that, somehow, title to all public land must pass through the bare hands of our sovereign citizens, there would be found plenty of responsible lumbermen glad to escape the grafting middlemen, glad to find the way open for honorable dealing with the government, and glad to assist in perpetuating the lumber supply. Our forest-reserve system is the most vitally important public enterprise of the day, but if we are really going to save our timber we must save the vastly greater area which lies in scattered tracts outside any prospective reserve.

And the last act in this drama of absurdities is now on. We are cheerfully expending millions to reclaim portions of the western deserts; we brag of the immense irrigating systems now being constructed in the arid regions, — and no wonder, for they are big and grand; but we are so lost in the bigness of the work that mighty few of us think to inquire, — Who are going to get this reclaimed land, and how are they going to get it?

The Reclamation Act provides that the reclaimed land, divided into farming "units" of about forty acres each, shall be entered under the general homestead laws, except that full five years of residence shall be required; and that, in each project, the price to be paid — in not more than ten annual installments — "shall be determined with a view of returning to the reclamation fund the estimated cost of construction of the project, and shall be apportioned equitably." This is construed by the Land Office as meaning that the cost of a given project shall be assessed *equally* against the irrigable acreage within it. Nothing appears upon the surface of this plan to excite the suspicion of the casual observer; but, as a matter of fact, it carries the fundamental defect which has made a farce of our system of land distribution, — the relation of actual value of the land to the price to be charged for it is entirely ignored.

Examine the working of it. The government does not intend to undertake any project in which the cost may exceed the value of the reclaimed land; it is assumed that in most cases the land will be worth vastly more than its cost. In every such instance the government will be up against the same old disgraceful business, — the giving away of big values to a ravenous horde. Again, it is not impossible that, through miscalculation, some projects will cost more than the reclaimed land will be worth; on such the government must inevitably lose, and, as it cannot recoup from its profitable ventures, the loss will be net.

Of still more significance are the marked inequalities of value within any given project. Under the flat-price scheme, the best farms will be worth double or treble the selling price, while the poorer tracts, burdened with their average share of the total cost, will not be worth taking. Here, again, the government stands to lose, with no chance to recoup. In every particular the scheme presents a case of "heads, the land man wins; tails, Uncle Sam loses."

But speculation as to what may happen is not necessary. The thing has happened. In the opening of the Huntley (Montana) project during the summer of 1907, the Land Office has given us a striking example of what it proposes to do with the irrigated lands, — an example worked out clear to the answer.

This Huntley project contains 633 farm units. The total cost per acre, thirty-four dollars, was assessed equally against the irrigable acreage. What though some tracts were worth one hundred dollars per acre and others worth ten? A mere trifle to the crustaceans of the Land Office; this land had cost thirty-four dollars per acre, and thirty-four dollars each and every acre of it must bring. They *did* realize, however, that the values to be given away would invite murder under any ordinary system of homestead entry. Nothing better, surely, for this occasion than the envelope-drawing system; so the old lottery box was refurbished, and the news spread abroad that the first-fruits of Uncle Sam's great irrigation work were to be raffled away.

Here is the result: —

5400 sealed applications went into the box for a chance to draw the prizes among the 633 farms.

Less than 300 of the lucky drawers availed themselves of their right to select farms.

About 400 farms, not attractive at the fixed price, are still without buyers.

Some 200 men "milked" the Huntley project of its principal value; a few others drew just about their money's worth;

5100 meandered homeward with blanks to show for their money; and the government is left "holding the sack" to the extent of more than half the cost of the entire project.

Thus ends the Huntley project, until such time as the government concludes to pocket its loss and sell the four hundred farms for what they will bring.

But whether the government loses or makes in these irrigation projects is not so much to the point. The point is that, after the expenditure of millions to provide water for these lands, every tract should be occupied, — and occupied by men competent to make a success of the complicated system which the government has placed at their disposal. The absurd method of distribution defeats both of these objects. Does any one suppose for a moment that 5400 farmers — men capable of the intensive methods of farming required under an irrigating system — gathered at Billings, Montana, from all parts of the country, to draw farms from a lottery, with the chances twenty to one against them? Certainly not.

The class of men that a sane, competitive sale would have put upon every one of those farms is just the class that has no time for the short end of a long gamble; and the class of men attracted to Billings by this drawing is just the class that has no use for a competitive sale.

It seems the height of folly to deliver these valuable lands without one requirement as to equipment, experience, or capacity which shall reasonably insure the success of the entrymen and the payment of the heavy installments and charges as they come due. Without the shadow of a doubt our irrigated lands will pass into quick failure and partial abandonment under the present system, just as did the middle West under similar conditions. The failure will be attributed to drouth, water, high Heaven, — but never to the pernicious system of distribution that invites the riff-raff of the country to people its new land. Then,

after enormous economic waste, the lands will be redeemed by the men who know how, just as the middle West has already been redeemed by the men who know how. This repetition of a sorry history seems so useless when a competitive sale of the land under full homestead restrictions would make a natural selection of men most fit, put a farmer on every tract, and practically assure the success of the system as well as the repayment of the cost of construction.

But the western boomer wants the public lands dealt out in the good old way. It starts off the new section with a boom and a hurrah and a surplus of people. Some of this surplus buys land in the surrounding country and settles down; and the disappointed ones who go back home leave many good dollars in the new country. The 106,296 participants in the Rosebud drawing spent in South Dakota easily twice the value of the 2000 farms in mere expense money; Billings, Montana, will smile for some time to come over the coin left by the disappointed Huntley pilgrims; and every lottery-drawing attracts ten times as many men and dollars as the boomers could get together in any other way. As an advertisement, the lottery-drawing is a wonder; as a bunco scheme it cannot be beaten, — for the army of deluded ne'er-do-wells who hopefully follow the trail of these openings have only their Uncle Sam to blame for the blanks they draw.

Will the booming "builders of the West" tamely give up a system that has done and will still do so much for them? In Western parlance, — not on your life! The use of the public land as bait is an old and solidly fixed institution in the West. The present administration in its hunt for guilty men is merely tickling the surface of this matter. No amount of prosecution is going to dislodge the deep-seated notion that the public lands belong to the West, just as certain features of the protective tariff are the special perquisites of the East — has not each section assisted the other in maintaining its

preserves? — and it is inconceivable that at this late day the fine balance will be disturbed in order that a few grains of business sense may be infused into our methods of land distribution.

There has never been a sustained public interest in the public domain. Its relation to Congress is that of a special interest, — and now, with many other special interests, it is receiving at the hands of a vigorous administration external treatment for organic troubles. The difficulty lies in the laws. We suffer in this as in other respects from hang-over laws which, having outlived their usefulness, are kept alive by special interests

to serve their special desires. If it were possible to regard our public land as a *present* problem and make laws for its *present* needs without regard to the laws now on the statute books, nothing would remain of our antiquated system of land distribution.

There is only one way to rid the public domain of the special interests that have usurped it; let public sentiment so overwhelm Congress that it will recognize the public domain as belonging to the whole nation, take it off the legislative barter list, and give us laws for its administration founded on sane business principles.

THE JEW AND THE CURRENTS OF HIS AGE

BY ABRAM S. ISAACS

THERE are few more popular misconceptions — which have spread, too, in ranks that claim to be academic — than the widely accepted opinion of Jewish intellectual narrowness and self-complacency. Jewish thought in the long sweep of centuries is held to have been rigid, exclusive, wholly uninfluenced by the currents of each age — as fixed and unyielding as the fabled statue of Memnon, but responsive to no melody at each successive sunrise in the world's advance. In other words, it is claimed that there has been no intellectual development, in its proper sense, in Jewry, that sterile and rudimentary conditions have ever prevailed, and its Jericho of torpidity and ecclesiasticism has refused to fall, despite all the trumpet-calls of enlightenment.

Now, the slow rise of the most rational opinions is a disheartening blow to the over-ardent lover of mankind. Is it so very long ago since it was stoutly believed that heretics had tails, or that there was some dim connection between a Quaker's conference and a rainy sky? The pop-

ular verdict as to the Jew shows as surprising logic. There has been nothing too absurd to say about him — a privilege he shares with priests, princes, women, and lawyers. He could not be in better company, only the lash cuts deeper in his case when the only fact exceptional about him has been the treatment he has received from his lords and masters, as if he were half criminal, half clown.

It is hardly the present purpose to enter into any consideration of the causes and conditions which have led to such fallacies of judgment. Some of these, doubtless, can be traced to the Jew himself, to his tenacity of belief and scorn of consequences. An uncompromising religionist is apt to arouse more dislike in certain minds than a man who is a "mush of concession." Unconsciously, there is often an unlovely aggressiveness in your man of resolute faith, especially when his tent is pitched among children of darkness. If this has been the Jew's attitude, he would only have to blame himself for the burdens which he has

borne. But just as the Ghetto was no original Jewish creation, being forced upon the Jew from without by conditions beyond his wish and control, so this familiar theory of an intellectual Ghetto with its accompaniments — its disdain of its age, its contempt of any vision outside of the synagogue, its limitless self-satisfaction, its conceit and arrogance — this view which dies so hard, is wholly un-Jewish and unhistorical.

Forces, it is true, have existed in Jewry, taking their cue from the environment, which from time to time have striven to produce a rigid cast of thought and action, with threats of the ban, if not the thumbscrew, the thunder, if not the lightning, of church tyranny. There is little doubt, for example, that the almost contemporaneous condemnation of Descartes' writings by the Synod of Dordrecht was largely responsible for the excommunication of Spinoza by the Amsterdam rabbinical authorities. Yet the genius of the Jew as reflected in the varied activities of his best and most representative thinkers, from the era of Isaiah, has sought as persistently to break the yoke, to catch a wider rift in God's sky, a broader inspiration, and that without any color of disloyalty but with the fullest reverence for the ancient religion.

No wonder that the Exodus has been regarded as Judaism's most significant point of departure, its most distinctive festival, for it has served as the very keynote of emancipation, an everlasting spirit-call for freedom, even in centuries when serfdom and degradation were among the inalienable privileges of man. In fact, the close mantle which apparently he delighted to wear in certain inflammable eras was due more to the instinct of self-preservation than to any innate exclusiveness. It is not narrowness of view to guard one's home against infection. There was never too much rose-water atmosphere in court and camp.

Although conditions thus had a tendency to keep the Jew in a kind of quarantine, Jewish thought has not been

impervious to external influences. There has been a steady interrelation between Jewish and non-Jewish streams of opinion, points of contact at certain periods of profound consequence in the history of civilization. The Jewish mind has been open to impressions, it has recognized its duty to its age, and has been no laggard in the work of human advancement, in which its interest has been as keen and impassioned as it is to-day.

An early, and in many respects a classic, example of the readiness of the Jew to widen his horizon is afforded by the story of Philo and the Alexandrian school. When Alexander founded his famous city (332 B. C.), a Jewish colony was among the earliest settlers, and it did not take them many years to become so influenced by their environment as to write Greek with the fluency of an Athenian. In the more or less favorable conditions that prevailed for a considerable period under Alexander's immediate successors, they were Greek citizens without losing their religious identity. Soon there sprang up among them a school of writers, poets, dramatists, historians, who were not the least eminent leaders in literature and philosophy. Philo may be taken as the typical thinker of his time, and he is always termed Philo Judæus. Greek was then largely the vernacular of the synagogue, and Homer, Plato, Aristotle, and the Stoics were as much read by young Israel as the Pentateuch, the Psalms, the Prophets of Judæa.

Philo, about whose life only scanty details are preserved, could not have been a more loyal Jew, with greater reverence for his religion and firmer attachment to his special community, in whose defense he participated in an embassy to Rome. Yet he was broad enough to see goodness elsewhere, and he strove to fuse the wisdom of the Greek with the faith of the Hebrew, not from any desire to abandon his traditions, but to show their adaptability in a cultured age. Whether his system of allegory was a success or not, and whether his philosophy was accepted

or not by his brethren in the flesh, these are inquiries absolutely secondary to the main issue—that a man like Philo, with his character, training, and standing, could feel the necessity of reconciling his faith with current tendencies without being less a Jew. That he was rejected by his people, who preferred the interpretation of Palestine to that of Athens or Alexandria, and that his writings owe their preservation to the Christian Fathers, with undoubted influence on the early theology of the Church, do not invalidate the position assumed. Certainly the point of contact in those centuries might have led to far-reaching consequences, if Roman supremacy had not precipitated a catastrophe which scattered philosophy to the winds and made the Jew only draw his cloak closer around him.

A no less suggestive cross-fertilization of ideas took place in Spain when the caliphs founded their schools and gave such a marked impetus to the advancement of knowledge. Here the receptivity of the Jewish mind, its plastic character, its readiness to unfold and expand in a genial atmosphere, could not have been more superbly and convincingly illustrated. Long ages of devotion to study, which began in the home circle as the young child was taught the meaning of his religion and its symbols, — “Thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children!” reads the olden command, — this has predisposed him to the pursuit of learning. Under the Moslem ruler, and later under the Christian kings until the era of relentless persecutions changed the scholar’s pen into the pilgrim’s staff, a distinguished coterie of thinkers were spurred on to independent research, and Arabic, in turn, became in a measure the synagogue’s vernacular, while Jewish writers competed ardently with their Moslem contemporaries in literary skill.

It is beyond our present scope to allude to the Jew’s versatility, which made him now a caliph’s grand vizier, now a translator into Arabic of priceless works,

as well as merchant, scientist, trader. To restrict one’s self to the field of religious philosophical thought in particular, the point of contact was marked. So keen was the rivalry, so susceptible the Jewish mind, that, to quote the words of the late Professor David Kaufmann, of Budapest, in some respects the most erudite writer in his line for many decades, “Every more important achievement in the domain of Arabic philosophy was noticed, examined, utilized by Jews; the appearance of a new Arabic work was usually followed by its Jewish imitator.” Although Dr. Kaufmann insists that this imitativeness does not imply slavish dependence, it shows none the less an intellectual openness in the most important of all branches to the Jew — that of religious philosophy.

The men, too, who were influenced so markedly by current thought were the sweet singers of the synagogue — poets and moralists of the stamp of Gabirol and Judah Hallevi, esteemed the glory of mediæval Israel. Nor did they lose aught of fame. Their works are still retained in the traditional ritual and on the solemn days, so broad after all is the synagogue, which took its cue from the sages who formed the Old Testament Canon. These included the Song of Songs as well as the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes as well as the Psalms, as if they meant to symbolize the light and shade, the joy and sorrow in human existence, in the composite character of the Biblical books.

It is Maimonides (born at Cordova, 1137; died at Cairo, 1204) who presents, perhaps, the most salient example of Jewish adaptiveness in those centuries. He was the “eagle of the synagogue,” the sage *par excellence*, of vast industry and extensive knowledge, judging from his exhaustive works. Yet this scholar of scholars, this profound rabbinical authority, whose condensed creed of Judaism, termed “the Thirteen Principles,” is accepted practically throughout the Jewish world, exclusive of some American

congregations, this man of all men set himself the task of reconciling revealed religion and Greek-Arabic philosophy. In other words, he saw the necessity of harmonizing the old and the new, and deemed current tendencies serious and divine enough to impel him to write his famous *Guide of the Perplexed*. This work, originally in Arabic, but now translated into various tongues, left its distinct mark on contemporary thought, furnishing ideas to later ages, from the Schoolmen to Spinoza.

Here, too, the main question is not whether this work is still of service, or whether its standpoint is hopelessly antiquated, with the disappearance of Aristotelianism in modern philosophy. The real fact for consideration is that a Jewish authority like Maimonides freely absorbed the views of his age, and was broad and open enough to attempt to reconcile current thought with his traditional faith, — Aristotle and Moses. It is true, his work was regarded as heretical by a few prominent rabbis, and his adherents and opponents in later years had sharp feuds of their own. But he had written his book and given an example to his people, even if, like other thinkers of other climes and creeds, he was a solitary peak above the plain. Yet he was not entirely alone — there were other minds that absorbed as keenly. Then came the ravages of the Black Death and shameless persecutions, which again robbed the philosopher of his calm idealism, and made the Jew once more a helpless wanderer.

The Renaissance movement, with the spread of Humanism, was welcomed by the Jew as marking almost as Messianic an era as the French Revolution and the century of emancipation in its train. Here the point of contact was peculiar, for, instead of opposing the new ideas and ideals, he met them half-way and gladly opened his treasures of learning to advance their growth. That was none the less a period of cruel repression, and the exiles from Spain found it hard to

gain a safe foothold anywhere in Europe. Yet the Jew could not have been more responsive to the currents of his time, when a Reuchlin could become his pupil in Hebrew, and the disciples of Elias Levita could introduce Hebrew studies into Germany. Elias del Medigo was not averse to be selected as umpire by warring factions in the University of Padua, while other Jewish teachers at the universities gave freely of their wisdom as their highest duty towards their age.

The Jew was to be borne swiftly along the stream of a movement which was to be followed by the Reformation. He might have been excused had he held aloof, but his passion for knowledge must have vent. He became poet, — Immanuel of Rome was a friend of Dante, — philosopher, astronomer, mathematician, in his enthusiasm. He gained fresh courage in the new atmosphere, and accompanied Columbus on his voyage, Vasco da Gama on his distant quest. He was among the earliest to see the possibilities of the printing-press, which was to spread also his literature, never designed to be a sealed book, but whose study was his highest duty. He could develop, too, into an ambassador from Turkey to the Venetian republic. In the flourishing mercantile states of mediæval Italy he could play an active rôle, and his sphere was not restricted to finance but extended to the handicrafts as well. He was quick to utilize every invention and to promote every industry, whenever the political laws allowed his freedom of choice and some certainty of tenure, and did not limit his vision to old clothes and the junk-shop.

No religious scruple stood in the way, nor any traditional barrier to prevent his imparting of knowledge to the stranger without the gates, for he recalled the treasured opinion of one of his early fathers: "A non-Israelite who occupies himself with the law of God stands in the same rank as the high priest." No wonder Reuchlin's heart could go out to his teachers as he defended Hebrew litera-

ture from the malice of the obscurantists. So close, then, was the connection between the era preparatory to the Reformation and the teachers of the Humanists, without whose pioneer work, perhaps, Luther might have less signally triumphed.

These instances of Jewish participation in the great movements of history might readily be extended, and it might easily be shown how the activity spread to other lines besides religious thought, as can be observed to-day in every civilized land. If the objection is interposed that the illustrations are individual and cannot be regarded as characteristic of the race, one might as well deny to Isaiah, to Micah, to the Psalmist, the claim of being Jewish and representative of Jewish thought. To have produced such broad genius, such impressionable minds, there must have been always a central fire in the heart of the Jewish race which leaped upward exultantly when the moment was propitious, — a storehouse of sympathy for humanity in its widest sense, and for human progress, which could be utilized by prophet or sage.

Among truly typical thinkers there was ever cherished a larger hope, a wider inspiration, which was not the idle cry of a child for a star but the deep impassioned yearning for human perfection and universal brotherhood as the goal to which law and statute, symbol and ceremony pointed. How pitiful that outside pressure, unrighteous conditions in church and state, have made the Jew's history a continuous tragedy and maimed him at times almost beyond recognition, so that often the caricature was taken for reality. Yet the miracle of resurrection was ever there, the blossom beneath the snow, the love of humanity which was unconquerable under every affliction. In the world's welfare he read and felt his own welfare. He knew he would not wear forever his gaberdine. He could bide his time. The day must break, the shadows pass away. The sword would change into the ploughshare, the bitter taunt into brotherly love.

Let suffering be the badge of the tribe —

Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

What of the relation of the Jew to American life and ideals? Here his plastic quality has been illustrated in the work of representative men and women in every epoch, from the Colonial through that of the Revolution, and in the Civil and Spanish-American Wars. There is something divine in the American atmosphere, which causes Old-World rancors and prejudices to weaken and lose much of their keen edge under its influence. In the demands of American life, in the strain and spur of competition, with the closer contact enforced by school and shop, mill and factory, the creeds, consciously or unconsciously, are affected as never before, and the Jew, like the rest, is broadened by his environment. He enters gladly into the currents of his time — whether he becomes a pioneer in Alaska or an up-builder in California, as he rears his department store in the great cities or plans his philanthropies without distinction of creed. He upholds the new education, is among the investigators in science, defends the public schools, is active in movements for civic betterment, and whether Democrat or Republican, feels the stir of his age. He is as proud of his Americanism as are the little children of the emigrant in the intoxication of their first flag-drill. Patriotism is to the American Jew a part of his religion, as was shown in the days of '76 and '61, and in the recent war with Spain, when even the Rough Riders had their Jewish quota.

Nor is the Jew less in touch with American ideals; they sound curiously familiar, for did not his fathers hear the slogan of old, — "proclaim liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof"? America spells freedom under the law, as does Judaism. The American ethical standards are the old-fashioned ones of justice and morality, public and private virtue, even if

these for the time are somewhat obscured by prevalent graft and greed. And has not Theodore Roosevelt been termed a later Hebrew prophet? Why should not the American Jew be at one with his country and its ideals, and be aroused to his best as the years advance? No Ghetto has stained the American soil; no foul bigotry to deny the Jew the rights of man. He will be spurred on to breadth

in life and thought, in sympathies and achievement. To-day America means more to the Jew than to any one else, for it is the only land that opens wide its gates to the persecuted and the down-trodden. He and his children can never forget their obligation in return, as loyally, modestly, and helpfully they do their part in realizing the ideals of our Republic.

EVENSONG

BY RIDGELY TORRENCE

BEAUTY calls and gives no warning,
 Shadows rise and wander on the day.
 In the twilight, in the quiet evening
 We shall rise and smile and go away.
 Over the flaming leaves
 Freezes the sky.
 It is the season grieves,
 Not you, not I.
 All our springtimes, all our summers,
 We have kept the longing warm within.
 Now we leave the after-comers
 To attain the dreams we did not win.
 O we have wakened, Sweet, and had our birth,
 And that's the end of earth;
 And we have toiled and smiled and kept the light,
 And that's the end of night.

MADAME ARVILLA

BY EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHAEFFER

MADAME ARVILLA had a great reputation in the gay seaside city. All day long her patrons walked in and out of her little office on the Board Walk. A tiny place it was, for rents were high; a narrow room — if indeed it could be called a room; a booth, rather, just wide enough to afford space for a person to walk carefully between the chairs on each side; only half a dozen chairs in all, for the space was short as well as narrow, and the farther end was cut off by a screen. Pushing past the screen, one came to the inner sanctum where Madame was accustomed to sit, in a low chair with a small table in front of her. A similar chair on the opposite side accommodated the customer. Palmistry was Madame Arvilla's specialty. Of the mysteries of clairvoyance she maintained that she knew nothing; yet there were those who came away declaring that only clairvoyance could explain the remarkable things which she had told them.

There was nothing of the conventional sorceress in her appearance. She was a stoutish, middle-aged woman of benign aspect, who looked like some good, motherly soul from the rural districts. There was about her a wholesome homeliness, and in her speech a certain terseness and directness, although in accent and language she showed herself to be a person of some education. As a fortune-teller on the Board Walk she was an anomaly. But her gray eyes were extraordinarily keen and her manner was businesslike; and, for that matter, the Board Walk holds many anomalies.

There she sat, month in and month out, reading hands at a dollar a sitting. In the winter and spring her clientèle was mostly respectable; in the summer it was quite likely to be the reverse; for

thus the hotel population varied with the changing seasons. To her, seated behind her little table, her visitors broadly resolved themselves into two classes: those who wanted her to tell them all that she saw or fancied she saw in their hands, and those who desired her to use a certain discretion. As she was wont to express it: "In April and May they mostly want me to tell them the truth, but along in July and August they want me to be careful what I say." But respectable or disreputable, she was interested in them all, for the study of human nature was not only her livelihood, but her unflinching entertainment — her dissipation indeed, as she sometimes said to herself. Usually, with an eye to business, she made her diagnosis as flattering as might be. That is, she avoided mentioning some unpleasant things which she saw or divined; yet she had been known to tell startling home truths, to utter warnings and to give good, practical advice. There had even been occasions when she had not belied the impression which her appearance gave of a person to whom one might appeal in trouble; but in those rare cases she scarcely let her left hand know what her right hand did; for, after all, she had her living to make, and benevolence is not business.

Her benevolence had never before carried her so far as on the occasion when, locking up her office and foregoing two days' profits, she took Christine home to her father. In fact, when she found herself on the railway train she wondered at her own impulsiveness and was inclined to call herself a fool. But certainly Henry Barton's daughter had a peculiar claim on her. Christine had visited her only twice, the first time accompanied by Rositer. Madame Arvilla never forgot the

astonishing vision of radiant, youthful beauty which she presented as, pushing aside the screen, she entered the dusky little office and seated herself in the low chair, laughing lightly — a laugh as care-free and irresponsible as a child's. Madame Arvilla disliked Rossiter at first sight, and although at that time she knew nothing about either of them, she tried, while studying the lines of the girl's hands, to warn her of the dangers to which her temperament as well as her beauty exposed her; a warning which was received with entire carelessness. It bore unexpected fruit, however, for when the moment of danger and perplexity came, the palmist was the only person to whom Christine ventured to turn.

"Well," she said, as, entering the office, she seated herself once more in the low chair, "some of your horrid things came true and I almost feel as if you had made them come true by saying them. So now perhaps you can tell me what to do next." Her words were flippant, but her cheeks were deeply flushed and tears came to her eyes.

"It was the man?" asked Madame Arvilla.

"Oh, yes, it was the man. He was dreadful." She laid her hands, palms upward, on the table. "Can't you see what is going to become of me now?" she asked.

Madame Arvilla smiled. "There are limits to what I can see," she said. "You had better tell me about it, I think."

For a moment it seemed difficult for Christine to find the right words. "Oh," she said at last, "he likes me very much too much, and of course his wife does n't like it. She made it impossible for me to stay. And then he proposed horrid things that of course I could n't do, so I thought I'd better run away. I don't know what to do next and I thought of you. I don't know another soul here. And you told me so much that I thought perhaps you could tell me more."

Having delivered herself of this explanation, she wiped her eyes and leaned

back, with the disengaged air of one who has to a certain extent divested herself of responsibility.

Madame Arvilla gazed at her with mingled dismay and curiosity. "Were n't you frightened when he proposed things that you could n't do?" she asked.

"Why, I did n't have to do them," said the girl ingenuously. "And he is awfully fond of me," she added indulgently.

"And you were staying with them?"

"Oh, I came as the children's governess. Mrs. Rossiter and I were great friends. She spent a summer in the town where I lived — and it was the only way I could get away from home."

"And you had to leave home?"

"Oh, I could n't *stand* it!" exclaimed the girl. "Such a hateful little country town, and my father thinks everything nice is wicked. He's a minister, you know. Every minute I spent there was a waste of time. I *had* to get away."

"And now the only thing to do is to go back," said Madame Arvilla. "That is as simple as can be."

"Not at all," said the girl. "I don't suppose my father will have me. He said that I should n't leave, you see, so I ran away. He wrote me one letter that I thought very unkind, and since then we have n't had anything to do with each other."

"And have you no mother?"

"She died when I was a baby."

This, reflected Madame Arvilla, was one of the cases where she was called upon to act, and she had decided to see that the girl was restored to her father even before further questioning had elicited the fact that Christine was the daughter of Henry Barton, and that the "hateful little town" was her own native place: the place associated with the recollections of her childhood and with the romance of her youth; the place of all others which she remembered with affection and revisited in her dreams.

As for Christine, she thought it odd that Madame Arvilla should have known

her father, and very good of her to take so much trouble; but for her part, she was sorry to go back. "Is n't there anything else I can do?" she asked plaintively.

"You can't possibly do anything else," replied Madame Arvilla.

"How dreadfully decided you are," remonstrated Christine. Then she laughed her light laugh. "At any rate Mr. Rossiter will be surprised. He won't know what has become of me and I hope they'll both worry."

"What an astonishing child for Henry Barton to have!" was Arvilla's mental comment.

When they looked out of the car window in the morning, a smiling landscape met their view: low, undulating hills checkered with parti-colored fields, some vividly green, others still showing brown between the furrows; here and there a patch of woodland or a group of fine trees. A tame landscape certainly; but Madame Arvilla gazed at it with the swelling heart of the home-coming exile. As they drew near the village and she noted one familiar landmark after another, her eyes filled. Looking at Christine through a mist, she saw that the girl was wiping away tears. "After all, she has some natural feeling," thought the woman, and leaning forward, she laid her hand gently on the girl's hand. At this mark of sympathy Christine sniffed audibly.

"Is n't it too horrid?" she said. "Oh, how I do hate this place! And you've made me come back to it. Why could n't I stay with you, Madame Arvilla, and learn to tell fortunes?"

Madame Arvilla laughed as she wiped her eyes surreptitiously. "By the way," she said, "you can call me Mrs. Simpson now. Not but what Arvilla is my name too. It's my Christian name, and I thought it answered better for my profession."

"Much better," agreed Christine. "We'd better not say anything about the palmistry before father," she added.

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"He is n't very broad-minded, you know."

Arvilla winced a little even while she smiled, and there was a silence, broken at length by the girl.

"I suppose I shall marry Geoffrey," she said discontentedly, "and goodness knows I don't want to."

"And who is Geoffrey?"

The girl's face dimpled. "He's just Solid Worth in every sense of the word. He bores me, and his family bore me, and father would be delighted."

"Go on," said Madame Arvilla, glad to be diverted from her own thoughts. "Tell me all about Geoffrey."

"Oh, well, he and his relations are the pillars of my father's church. They think most things are wicked. They have heaps of money and don't spend it — except a little on missionaries. I'd have to go to church on Sundays in a nice thick silk dress, and to prayer-meetings on week-day evenings in second-best. I'd never be allowed to dance or play cards any more than I am now, but I'd make calls — lots of them. And dinner at one and tea at six all the rest of my life."

"Then why marry him?"

"Now do you really suppose I can keep quiet and not do anything at all?" asked the girl with exasperation.

"No, I certainly don't," said Madame Arvilla.

"Besides, Geoffrey is rather nice himself, and he cares for me a great deal. And if I have n't anything else to do I'm afraid I might forget his surroundings long enough to marry him. But I'd certainly find I had married his surroundings too, for he is n't his own master, poor Geoffrey."

"But don't be in such a hurry. You need n't settle your whole life to-day. Do try to believe that to-morrow is coming — and more to-morrows after it."

"If I could stay with you," declared Christine, "perhaps I could behave. You are not so terribly serious."

Meantime the train was drawing up to the station. "Here we are!" ex-

claimed Arvilla. "And Christine, I'm sure your father will be glad to see you. Do be a little glad to see him."

Christine shrugged her shoulders. "I *could* be," she said, "but I know him better than you do."

When Henry Barton held out his arms to his daughter his agitation would have touched her more if it had not overwhelmed her with embarrassment. As it was, she experienced a shame-faced emotion, and when released from his embrace made all haste to fly to her room, where, to her great surprise, she at once burst into tears.

At first sight, Arvilla thought him little changed. The slight stoop, the thinning of the hair on his temples, and the lines on his face merely accentuated his type, which had always been that of the refined, ascetic Puritan parson of the old school. On the other hand, it was at first somewhat difficult for him to recognize in her the Arvilla of the old days, until her voice bridged the chasm, when he presently forgot that he had noticed any great change. She had dreaded the moment of explanation, but Henry, apprehensive though he might be of the allurements of the world, the flesh and the Devil, was, after all, not of a suspicious nature, and was too unversed in the ways of the world to picture its dangers except in a large and general way. So she told him only as much of Christine's adventures as she thought best; and if he fancied that his child's heart had turned to him and that she had come back of her own accord, why, so much the better, thought Arvilla.

On his part, warmed by gratitude to her and encouraged by her sympathy, he was moved, for the first time since he had known the doubtful joys and heavy responsibilities of fatherhood, to unburden his heart of all his anxieties and perplexities. Evidently he had been a painfully conscientious parent, stifling his affection and giving his sense of duty free play. And now he was wondering where he had failed.

"She has a light nature," he said, "but I have labored over her without ceasing."

"Poor Christine!" was Arvilla's mental ejaculation. Aloud she said, "You have taken her too seriously. That is just the trouble."

"Can one take an immortal soul too seriously?" he asked reproachfully.

"You must fit your tools to your material. If she is a butterfly, you must handle her as a butterfly."

He only sighed and shook his head in a discouraged way. Arvilla had already realized that he was more changed than she had at first supposed. Narrow, prejudiced, and dogmatic he had always been; but ardent, a fiery combatant, ready to defend his position, good or bad, with vehemence. Now there seemed hardly a glow left in the ashes, so subdued and weary was his aspect. He had gained in tolerance, perhaps, but it was at the cost of all his old enthusiasm. Her suggestion that he should try to provide some amusement for the girl, he met helplessly. "A girl is so hard to understand," he said.

Arvilla had intended to leave in the afternoon, but Henry begged her to spend at least one night under his roof, and she yielded. She always looked back to this as the strangest day she had ever spent. This was the parsonage where he and she had expected to live. There on the marble-topped centre-table in the stiff little parlor was the alabaster model of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, which some one had given Henry and which they used to say was the first thing they had toward housekeeping. When she went into the dining-room she recalled the tablecloths and napkins which she had hemmed; and there was the bay window which had been built for them and which she had planned to keep filled with blossoming plants. There were plants in it now, tended by the minister's old servant. But when she saw Christine's bedroom she thought, "*My* child's room would have been prettier."

It was not until evening that she went into the minister's study. Geoffrey had come to see Christine, and the parlor was left to the young people, in country fashion. The night was chilly, and in the study a fire had been kindled on the hearth and two armchairs were drawn up before it. Arvilla looked about the room. This, then, was Henry's study, the place where he really lived. Her glance lingered on the bookshelves, filled with serious volumes, on the old writing table, shabby in its appointments, but neat in its arrangement, and on the leather-seated chair in front of it. They sat down before the fire and at first were somewhat silent. They had already exchanged such confidences as are usual on the meeting of old friends — with, to be sure, important omissions on Arvilla's part; for she knew his point of view, and why should she spoil the comfort of one short day? For the moment it was pleasant to sit without talking.

As of old, his mood had lightened in the comfortable atmosphere of her cheerful and equable temperament, until now he seemed somewhat more like his former self, but gentler than he had been in the old days. It was of course impossible that both should not be struck by this phantasmal fulfillment of their early visions of fireside companionship; but whereas Arvilla thought of it half humorously, half tenderly, as a mere curious episode, Henry found a strange new hope springing up in his heart. His familiar room had taken on an unaccustomed aspect of homelikeness with Arvilla sitting opposite him, and now that he had seen her there he thought that it would never again seem like home without her. The old disagreements looked inexpressibly unimportant to him, and his former attitude toward them now seemed petty and obstinate. He thought of his child, whose heart, always closed to him, had opened to her at a touch; he thought of his people, with whom he found it more and more difficult to get on a footing of confidence. In

Arvilla he found the solution of all his difficulties, all his enigmas. Possibilities of a new life opened before him.

Arvilla was too versed in the study of human nature to remain unconscious of what was passing in his mind. "Poor Henry," she said to herself, "he is beginning to care for me again."

A woman is never too old to be touched by the faithfulness of an old lover, and Henry had been her first love, as she had been his. She regarded him with tenderness, though without illusions; and to her surprise, she found herself tempted. What warmth of comfort and affection she could bring into his lonely and colorless life. How successful a stepmother she could be to Christine, and how she would enjoy it. And, yes, what happiness for herself in the satisfaction of her innate longing for the peaceful joys of the domestic hearth. Viewed by the light of the study fire, the office on the Board Walk seemed a cheerless place, and she found herself suddenly tired of the study of unresponsive humanity. The pastor's flock would be a welcome exchange for her clients. Her old contentment was broken up. Then she pulled herself up sharply. She had no mind to deceive Henry, even if it were possible to do so for long; and she knew that her profession would be anathema maranatha to him.

But meantime Henry had made his resolution. His fear lest she should vanish once more into a world where perhaps he might lose her, overcame the principle which he had laid down for himself in earlier years as a bulwark against his impetuous impulses, of prefacing any important action by a season of prayer and meditation. He found delay unbearable, and it was with something of his old ardor that he asked her to marry him. The suddenness of it took her by surprise, and she hesitated. She was aware that the judicious course would be to refuse him without explanation, but for once she did not feel capable of being judicious. She was possessed by a desire

to have it out with him and see what would come of it.

"You know very little about me of late years," she said.

"No, but I can see what the years have done for you," he answered.

"I told you that I made my own living."

"Yes, and I respect you for it. You need not think that I care how humble your calling may have been. It has been blessed to you. When I see you, after all your trials, brave, cheerful, free from bitterness, I blush to remember the superior attitude which I assumed in the old days."

This was a tribute indeed, and appealed to her sense of humor at the same time that it touched her. "Wait!" she said. "My business has n't been so dreadfully humble, but I'm afraid you have a prejudice against it."

"What is it then?"

"I am a palmist."

"A — *what*?"

"You might call it a branch of psychology. I read the lines of the hand."

"Arvilla! Don't jest with me now." He stared at her in bewildered dismay.

"I should n't dream of jesting. I make my living that way."

"I don't think I understand you. You surely are not telling me that you are a mere fortune-teller — *you!*"

"Perhaps you would call it that."

"And that you make your living by trading on the credulity of fools?" His bewilderment was giving way to the deep indignation of the man who feels himself betrayed.

"Not quite so fast!" said Arvilla, flushing. Then she sighed. "Perhaps I ought to have explained in the very beginning," she said, "but I could hardly hope to make you understand — and I never expected to see you again after today. Now I am going to tell you the whole story. I was very poor when my husband died. I was alone in a big town — we had just moved there — and I had two little children to support. I tried

everything I could get — do you suppose I cared how humble it was? But I could n't earn enough to make them comfortable. There were times when I had to see them go hungry. Then one day this came into my head. I had once studied palmistry enough to play the gypsy at fairs, and people used to say jokingly that I might make my fortune that way. It was the last resort — and it succeeded. Then, when the children died and I felt as if I had no interest in life, it gave me an interest, and so I went on — and of course it was my livelihood too."

The minister looked deeply distressed. "How, after that, could you possibly continue to keep up the imposture?" he asked.

"But it is n't imposture. I want you to understand that. I keep my share of the bargain. I tell them all that I undertake to tell them."

"What can you tell them?"

"Their peculiarities; things that have happened to them — people love to be told what they know already if it's about themselves; and of course, future possibilities, dangers to avoid, things to hope for, warnings and advice — even sometimes something like prophecy."

"You ask me to believe this?"

"I am telling you the truth."

"You can't possibly believe in it yourself?"

"I suppose you would say, if I don't, it is fraud; and if I do, it's the Devil. Well, I'm not a Witch of Endor, but I do believe in it, though I hardly know how I do it. There really is something in the lines of the hand — however you may shake your head. And then people tell me more than they think, with their faces and gestures and the words they let drop. And sometimes when I take a person's hand in mine, things seem to come to me in a queer way — I'm sure I don't know how. Perhaps the chief thing is that people interest me so. Don't you remember how fond I always was of just mere human beings, and how we used to say what a useful

trait it would be in a minister's wife?"

"I remember." The minister's voice vibrated with an emotion which Arvilla did not stop to analyze.

"I try to do some good in the world," she went on, "and I have more opportunities than you would think. Sometimes it's a girl or a boy in trouble, and a little advice helps — and sometimes — well, I suppose there is n't a wickeder place in the United States than the Board Walk in summer, and when I think it's worth while I speak out plainly. And when it comes to scaring them about their sins, why, Henry, you're not in it with me. You preach the wrath to come, but after all, preaching is pretty general. The thing that tells is to go into detail. When I, an utter stranger, look into a person's hand and say, 'You've done this or that,' — something they think nobody knows but themselves, — 'and if you don't look out you're going to do something worse' — and tell them what it is they're going to do — I can tell you, it gives them a turn. Perhaps it does n't do any good, but who knows?"

She spoke with evident conviction, and the minister, who had listened with his eyes intently fixed on her, now rose to his feet and began pacing up and down the room. How often had she seen him jump up and pace the floor in the heat of discussion! She felt that the old fire was rekindled, and that anything she could say would be futile; but she could not forbear a last word.

"Of course I knew pretty well how you would feel about it," she said, "but I have a clear conscience. I feel myself to be no worse a woman — perhaps better — than if I had earned my bread as a washerwoman, for instance — though I would have done that too, for the children, if I could have got it to do."

He paused in front of her and again fixed on her the gaze of his deep-set eyes, in whose sombre depths a new fire was now burning. She looked at him reflectively and with something of her habitual humorous expression. "Well, I suppose

we are going to say good-by," she said, "and I don't imagine we shall ever meet again. But now, as between you and me, Henry, do you really think so badly of me? I am the same woman you praised a little while ago, and whatever was true of me then is just as true of me now."

She waited a moment for his answer. Then he spoke. "Yes, you are the same woman," he said. "For you it seems possible to lead a Christian life even when engaged in an unchristian business. Truly, to the pure all things are pure. Your palmistry — I don't believe in it. It is detestable. But I see how you have made it serve you — as you would have made anything else serve you in doing good. But you say it is good-by. Is that the answer you give me?"

"Do you want any other answer? When I said it I thought you disapproved of me too much to care to have anything more to do with me."

"I want you to marry me," he said vehemently. "I want you to go out into the world with me and show me how to work for humanity!"

"You mean that you would leave this place?"

"I have stayed here too long. I and my people have stagnated together. Once it seemed to me that I could ask nothing better than to spend my life in the service of my own people whom I have known from my youth up. There was a time when I had calls to other churches, but I refused them. Now I know that another man might serve my people better. I make no impression on them. Nothing that I can say goes home. Oh, they like me to be impassioned; it is all part of the Sunday entertainment — and I can no longer speak to them with force. For I am tired. I am tired of beating against a dead wall. I am tired of the measured thrift with which prosperous men provide for their souls' salvation. I am tired of the women and their church sociables. I am sure they are better Christians than I am, but I see so much of them! And I am ashamed of myself that I have not

sooner resigned my place to some man who could fill it better. I seemed stupefied until you came, and I did not know how to break away from the tyranny of old habit. Now I am alive again."

Poor Henry, thought Arvilla, how bored he has been. And yet he cannot understand Christine.

"I want to go to a great city," he went on. "I want to labor among the poor, the wretched, the degraded. I want to go where I can feel the beating of men's hearts. It is you who have waked me up — you, with your great love and understanding of humanity. For a long time I seem to have been paralyzed. All freshness of feeling seemed gone forever and I have gone on using mere phrases — speaking the language which I had been taught, but without realizing its meaning. I began to think that my God had forsaken me."

He stopped speaking and resumed his walk up and down the room. Arvilla's eyes followed him. This indeed was the Henry of her youth — this impetuous man with the fiery eyes. The years seemed to fall from him as he straightened his shoulders and held his head erect. He was some few years her senior, but she, sitting back in her easy chair, felt immensely older than he. She looked about the room with a rueful smile. For her part, she was tired of the turmoil of the world. She longed for the sheltered quiet of the country parsonage, the very parsonage where she and Henry had ex-

pected to begin life together. She was not afraid of being bored by the congregation. Human nature was as interesting here as elsewhere; and it would be sweet to end her days in her own native place. How had it happened that she of all people had so stirred Henry up?

He came and stood before her again. "I am not altogether visionary," he said. "I have a little money which my father left me. I can take care of you and Christine."

Arvilla reflected comfortably that she too had a little money. Well — at least she would rather work in the slums with Henry and make a home for him and Christine, than go back to the loneliness of the office on the Board Walk. And if Henry seemed to be thinking more of the interest of a fresh field of work than of her personally, why, perhaps she had thought almost as much of the old parsonage and the little town — and Christine — as she had of him. It was as broad as it was long — and after all, they were neither of them as young as they had been.

She looked up into his face as he stood before her. "Yes, Henry, I will marry you," she said. "And I hope I shall make you even a little happier than you expect."

After all, she was mistaken in thinking that his ardor was all for his work. He stooped and kissed her with surprisingly little embarrassment — considering that they were neither of them as young as they had been.

THE IDEAL OF ORIENTAL UNITY

BY PAUL S. REINSCH

To personify a nation and to invest it with certain definite attributes has always been an attractive short-cut to knowledge, and a convenient basis for sweeping judgments. It is not surprising that this method should have been applied with even greater boldness to a whole continent, for the infinite variety of Oriental life makes patient inquiry exceedingly perplexing. Such aphorisms as "The East is the East" afford a welcome solution, but, it must be confessed, not one which will long satisfy the inquiring mind, or afford a reliable guidance in political action. It may therefore be worth while to make some search as to whether amid all this diversity of social phenomena there may actually be discovered a bond of unity. Are there elements in Oriental life universal and powerful enough to constitute a living unity of sentiment for the surging multitudes of the Orient? What thoughts can they summon up which will stir in them such feelings as overcome us when we see the luminous masterpieces of the Greek chisel, or the soaring arches and pinnacles of Bourges; when we think of the civic wisdom of Rome, the blossoming of Christian ideals of the middle ages? What names are there to compel homage and undying admiration, as the great ruler after whom all emperors are named? What philosophers to compare with the two master-spirits in whom all our thoughts and systems have their source? What representatives of an Oriental world-literature as universal as the divine bard, or the exiled Ghibelline of Florence?

Whether such a unity of thought and sentiment, such a common tradition of powerful personality exists in the Orient, appears at first sight very doubt-

ful, indeed. We must constantly be on our guard against misleading similarities and antitheses. Truth resides neither in "Yes" nor in "No," neither in difference nor in identity, but in the shade or manner, the subtle relations of thought which lead one race or generation to emphasize classic form, while another dwells on inner force or romantic charm, both believing after all the same religion of beauty. Thus the analogies between Christianity and Buddhism are many, and Confucius solved the great moral problems in a manner not unlike that of other great moral teachers, so that his wisdom often appears trite to those who are looking for the strange and unaccustomed.

Indeed, it may be said that whatever has been thought has, at some time or other, been thought in Asia. But though the periphery and the contents of two theories may be almost identical, their import may nevertheless be immeasurably diverse, according to the *nuance* of emphasis imparted by the psychological background of primal motives and beliefs. Thus the theories of the advocate of Stuart absolutism and of the sentimental herald of the Revolution are almost identical in their component elements, when statically compared; yet how vastly different in import and result, through distribution of emphasis and grouping of their various concepts! Even thus it is with Gotama, Kapila, and Confucius; and we shall probably get closer to a real understanding of Asiatic unity and of the relations of East and West, if instead of enumerating and counterbalancing qualities and characteristics, and setting up a fixed standard called Oriental, we should rather try to seize the subtle and Protean temper ani-

ming Oriental races; and instead of dilating upon the whole complex of their beliefs and institutions, attempt to appreciate the shades and gradations of meaning, and to understand the temperamental background of Oriental life and thought. We may then perhaps find less Orientalism in Schopenhauer, as we have enough of pessimism in the West to supply sundry philosophers; nor shall we probably be confident enough to strike a balance between East and West that will settle categorically all questions of superiority and power of triumphant control. No glittering aphorisms will reward us; nor sensational thrills and excitements. These joys we must forego, if we desire to approach the Orient in the spirit typified by a Humboldt rather than in the excited fancy of the exorcist of war clouds and many-colored perils.

The Orient has always had a dangerous fascination for the West; it has filled the Western mind with vague longings, fantastic imaginings, and lurid forebodings. As fair Italy with Circean charm enticed the rough riders of the Alemanian forests, even so the Orient has always cast a powerful spell over the nations of the West. Her deep philosophy, her venerable history, command their wonder and respect; her potential energy and wealth arouse their cupidity. The Russian mind has been especially prone to such entrancing dreams. "The grand and mysterious Orient — it is ours, it is through us that its destiny is to be realized." Thus spake they, and they were the first to feel the mysterious power which they hoped to bind to their will and make the instrument of a boundless ambition. Such vague aspirations make the romance of history, but they also make the heart-rending misery of the patient poor.

Two utterances by prominent British statesmen have recently caused a great wave of discussion in the intellectual world of the East, particularly in India. On account of their deep effect — due to

very different causes — they deserve our attention, and may reveal to us some interesting views of the temper of the Oriental mind. When Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon, fond of imperial display and realizing the importance of an impressive ceremonial, was always ready to take advantage of occasions of public moment. It being a part of his official life to personify both the grandeur and the wisdom of the British *raj*, he was not satisfied with the mere outward pomp and trappings of royal splendor, but also addressed himself to the intelligence of his subjects in dignified discourses. But the homily which, shortly before his resignation, he delivered at the Convocation of the University of Calcutta seems to have gone far towards destroying whatever assuaging effect his former diplomatic utterances had exerted. Speaking before a select body of the intellectual aristocracy of India, he pronounced his views on some aspects of Oriental character. Though he directed his remarks to the graduating students, his words were interpreted by all his hearers, as well as by those to whom they were reëchoed through the Indian press, as an insult deliberately offered to the moral character of India.

The words which thus stirred up the resentment of a whole nation, and which are even now being discussed throughout Asia, would not at first sight strike us as extravagant, accustomed as we are to the most harebrained generalizations about Oriental races. But their solemn recital in the face of a representative Indian audience, on an occasion generally consecrated to soothing commonplaces, is a poignant instance of the traditional defectiveness of the British sense of humor. Such sentences as the following aroused the storm which has not yet subsided:—

"The highest ideal of truth is to a large extent a Western conception. . . . Truth took a higher place in the moral codes of the West long before it had been similarly honored in the East, where

craftiness and diplomatic wile have always been held in repute. We may prove it by the common innuendo that lurks in the words 'Oriental diplomacy,' by which is meant something rather tortuous and hypersubtle." Lord Curzon then specified that the most ordinary forms which falsehood takes in Indian life are exaggeration, flattery, and vilification.

The retorts to this salutatory address were legion, and ran through the whole gamut of feeling, from bitter recrimination to dignified regret at the Viceroy's absolute misunderstanding of native life and ideals. There was no scarcity of material for retort, when the records of the British conquest in India were raked up. Lord Lytton's definition of a diplomat, and such well-known epithets as "perfidious Albion," not to speak of more pointed and personal charges, were cited to neutralize the innuendo; while a strange light was cast upon Western veracity by recounting the methods of American fraud concerns. Comparisons between the Greek and the Indian epic readily revealed the unfoundedness of Lord Curzon's allusion to the historic development of the sense of truthfulness; Greek practice, too, was very unfavorably contrasted with that of Asiatic nations like Persia. General surprise was expressed at the rash generalizations of the Viceroy: "The idea of summing up a whole continent in a single phrase can occur only to the very ignorant or the very confident." Lord Curzon had given rein to the "ignorant conceit of pigment and power," and had emulated the modern Elijah in berating a whole nation. Sarcastic references to Western forms of speech are now common in India, such as: "a new liquor-shop, — they call it a saloon in the more truthful phraseology of civilized Europe."

The occurrence, however, stirred up feelings deeper than a mere passing resentment and irritation. It led to an earnest self-analysis, and an accounting

was taken of the Indian intellectual temper in its relation to the European rulers. While the most serious-minded among the educated Hindus freely admitted that the strictures of Lord Curzon were not entirely unfounded, they with bitterness of heart advanced the charge that if the character and the national self-respect of the Indian people had been impaired, such was the inevitable result of unfreedom and political subjection. "The greatest evil," they said, "that has been wrought by the political dominion of England over India is the loss of our old oriental dignity and reserve — that nobility of knowing reticence." Despotism and lying go together, as the national spirit is debased by subjection, and the individual who is oppressed will, like the boy, look upon a falsehood as an abomination unto the Lord, but a very present help in trouble. That the head of the alien government should charge a nation with weaknesses which might largely be attributed to its position of dependence, was to add gratuitous insult to an injury for which his own people were in part responsible.

But aside from a certain degeneracy imposed by unkind conditions, the full tragedy of which they keenly felt, the leaders of Indian thought would not admit that veracity and honesty are held in less esteem in the Orient than among European peoples. They pointed out, however, a highly important difference in valuations, the spirit of which Lord Curzon most strangely had failed to perceive. While freely admitting the greater exactness of the Western mind in observation and statement, they attributed this not to superior honesty but to a keener perception of the utility of accurate thought. Veracity is a social and commercial commodity in England and America, in many cases scarcely involving any moral valuations at all. If, on the other hand, the Oriental is prone to exaggeration, this is not due to a deliberate desire to deceive and to impart false impressions. His temper being emo-

tional and idealistic, he makes known his impressions in a language, not mathematically precise and coldly accurate, but designed to awaken the same emotions of surprise, wonder, admiration, or fear, which he himself experiences. He is not dishonest, though his statements lack accuracy. In the words of an Indian writer, "It will not do to exaggerate the heating power of the sun, if you want to roast your beef by his rays. When, however, you do not desire to install the luminary of day as your chef, but to contemplate his majesty and glory, to meditate on the promise of his morning rays, and read the message of his dying splendors, then the play of the poetic imagination becomes an essential condition." Educated Hindus are inclined to doubt whether the standard of utility is higher than the emotional and spiritual standard of the Indian mind.

In considering the question of the valuations of the ideal of truth, I need not repeat Max Müller's brilliant vindication of the essential truthfulness of Oriental races, nor should we perhaps be ready to follow him in every detail of his apologetics. But we shall find that most fundamental honesty which requires that our actions should correspond to our profession and our beliefs, in as high regard among the Oriental peoples as among those of the West. The ideals of their beliefs may be less elevated than our own, but at any rate there is less variance between actions and belief among Confucians, Shintoists, and Buddhists than among the majority of good Christian people. Moreover, a more honest attitude towards the problems of life than that which characterizes the thought of Buddha and Confucius can hardly be imagined; the relations of life are clearly seen, social duties are faithfully met, and no facile optimism is allowed to gloss over life's tragedies. Buddha faced unflinchingly the misery of existence, and without appealing for salvation to a future state, worked with a will to discover the path by which men

can gain peace and an ennobled life here below. Such a system, if not true, is certainly at least honest.

Nothing has set up a more impassable barrier between the peoples of the East and the West than the profound discrepancy between Christian profession and practice. The deceitful selfishness, the rapacity and bloodshed, with which Christian nations have established their power in the Orient, the viciousness of the earlier adventurers and traders, have thoroughly alienated sympathy and destroyed confidence. When, after the revolting record of the Chinese War, the Western nations offer themselves as moral exhorters, the cultured Oriental is tempted to smile at the incongruity. But the disillusionment which is thus created has its tragic side, too. How pathetic is the blighted hope and utter despair of an ardent convert like Nilakantha Goreh, whose high expectations of Christian life are disappointed! After cutting loose from his earlier beliefs, and thereby bringing deep sorrow on all his beloved ones (his father took the vow of eternal silence, so as not to have to pronounce the curse against his son), this young Indian scholar came to England to live in that atmosphere of love and purity whose ideal simplicity had attracted his soul after he had fought his way through all the systems of Indian philosophy. But, after six weeks in London, he came to his Oxford mentor with the sorrowful words, "If what I have seen in London is Christianity, I am no longer a Christian." His noble and brilliant intellect was ultimately wrecked through his great disillusionment. So it is possible that under the law of compensation we may have lost in honesty of life while we have gained in exactness of statement and thought.

Though the appreciation of scientific exactness has of late increased very much in the Orient, yet Oriental thinkers are not ready to give it quite an absolutely leading importance among their ideals. It is in this connection that the other

utterance I have mentioned — a recent address of Mr. Balfour as president of the British Association of Science — created a powerful impression in the Orient. He discussed the electrical theory of matter, the latest result of the advances of physical science, according to which the world is motion or energy, expressed in terms of electric monads. Under recent discoveries the supposed solidity of matter has melted away; with proper light we may now look through the heart of oak, nor will the massive fortress wall resist these penetrating rays. The solid mountains and ancient strata of our earth are themselves but imprisoned energy, and all our perceptions are the result of winged motion. After dwelling on the marvelous vistas thus disclosed, the philosophical prime minister said, "It may seem singular that down to five years ago, our race has, without exception, lived and died in a world of illusions, and that these illusions have not been about things remote or abstract, things transcendental or divine, but about what men see and handle, about those 'plain matters of fact' among which common sense moves with its most confident step and most self-satisfied smile." Thus our sensual sight and touch have been deceived, and it is only through the inspired vision, the penetrating imagination, of great scientific seers, that the truth of the real constitution of the universe is beginning to dawn upon our intelligence. Mr. Balfour further notes that through evolution our senses have not been prepared for the vision of the inner and absolute truth of things. The common sense of humanity lives in persistent illusion; "matter of fact" means deception. The needs of self- and race-preservation lead to all the falsehoods and deceptions involved in the shrewdness of competitive life, the illusions of sexual selection, and the master fallacy of narrow patriotism.

When Western thinkers express and suggest such thoughts as these they awaken a strange echo in the philosophy of the

East in both Hindu and Buddhist lands: — the vanity and illusoriness of sensual existence, the veil of Maya cast over us which produces the delusion of the ego, of finite personality; and the Buddhist belief that the desire for individual existence is the root of all suffering, that true happiness comes alone from the perception of the transitoriness of all things and from the gradual conquest of the error of self. As the implications of these views have been fully realized in the East, the attitude of the Oriental mind towards the practical, scientific knowledge, which we value so highly, has differed greatly from our own. The usefulness of science for increasing the comforts of life is indeed admitted, and use will be made of its guidance for practical purposes; but to the Oriental, soul-life will always be more important than bodily existence. Buddhism, in the words of one of its adherents, finds its goal rather in the delights of a deep appreciation of the realities of existence, in the exercise of the higher mental faculties, in a life transfused with every-day beauty, than in the possession of innumerable means of advancing wealth and commerce, of gratifying sense, of promoting mere bodily comfort.

As the Oriental strives to overcome the fetters and limitations of personal existence, so his mind yearns rather towards the vast mysteries that surround life on all sides; it loves to dwell on the problems of infinitude and of the ultimate springs of human action, rather than to confine itself within the narrow limits of a detailed scientific investigation. Notwithstanding the sane and positivist teachings of Buddha and Confucius, their insistence on the duties of present life, their refusal to pass in thought beyond the awful gates of life and death, the yearning of the Oriental mind had been towards the mysterious. From the Tantra devils of Thibet, through the awestruck philosophies of Hinduism, to the subtle imaginings of ghostly Japan, this tendency to contem-

plate the mysterious, the grand, the far-away in time and space, is powerfully present. Day with its solar splendor, with its clear and bright illumination, reveals the form and color of things near by, of household, meadow, and forest; yet this very brightness and effulgence is a heavy curtain that conceals from our sight the universe, the myriads of worlds which the clearness of night will unveil. Compared to these our empires are but fragments of dust. Even so to the Oriental the clear light of experimental science seems but a shred of that veil of *Maya* which hides the real, the universal, the absolute, from our sight.

The reason for this peculiar Asiatic bent toward the mystic, as compared with the white-light intelligence of Europe, may perhaps be found in the constant presence of overawing natural phenomena. Europe, with its narrow valleys, its rivers across which any strong-limbed man may swim, its equable temperature, its normal succession of seasons, is indeed the place where human intelligence could learn to respect itself, and man conceive the thought of measuring his powers with those of nature. But stand before the heaven-conquering walls of the Himalayas; gaze across the continents of sand in Asiatic deserts, shifted again and again by storm so as to sweep away or create anew veritable mountain ranges; contemplate the torrents which without warning bring destruction to thousands, and the inundations in which hosts lose home and life; think of earthquakes, typhoons, tidal waves, and the black scourge of famine and pestilence as constantly impending; and then apostrophize man and his intelligence as the master of it all; and you will find few believers among the cowed sufferers from the imperious caprice of nature.

Overawed by such forces, surrounded by a nature bountiful and caressing at one moment, bitterly cruel and destructive the next, the Orient could not avoid a temper of mind which looks on hu-

man contrivance as weak, on human existence as valueless, and sees real force and permanent sway only in the vast, mysterious powers of earth and sky. Personality, a mere plaything of the grim and irresponsible, cannot have any importance in itself; and the best solution is that all this terror-inspiring existence is but a phantasmagoria, an illusion, a procession of incongruous dream-states. And yet it is an emanation of the universal force. The impersonality of the Orient has for its counterpart an intensive appreciation of the universal force, whatever it may be called. For as the individual counts as nothing in the philosophy of the Brahman and the Buddhist, in the polity of China and Japan, it is the realization of the universal spirit or force, in some form or other, that constitutes the chief yearning of the Asiatic mind.

The Hindu spiritualizes and personifies nature in his crowded pantheon, and sees in all phenomena the expression of one mysterious will; Buddhism, admitting neither spirit, human or divine, yet finds peace and happiness in the elevation of the individual mind to the plane of universal thought, to the contemplation of universal law. In China and Japan the universal is worshiped in the form of ancestral achievement, in that strange identification of ancestral spirits with the soul of the country; so that, in the minds of the people, sacred Fuji and the groves and rivers and seas of Japan are united with the qualities of that silent but ever-present choir of ghosts from which Japan draws her inspiration and strength.

From our one-sided point of view, we would say that humanity in the Orient, overpowered by destiny in the shape of natural catastrophe, famine, pestilence, and war, has not yet found itself. It has never enjoyed the shelter of the Greek city in which Western humanity first became conscious of its powers and its individuality. For though the great master Gotama had a clear vision of

human spiritual development, his simple and austere faith has been overlaid by the powerful impulse of Asiatic nature, with a rank growth of animism and mysticism. And though Confucius, too, clung to the practical, his very authority in the course of time deadened individual striving and advance. Oriental humanity has indeed found itself in the nation of Japan, in that brave race which, drawing courage and poetry from the very terrors of the grave, with all the deep suggestiveness of Asiatic insight, has still the iron grip of self-control and the clear vision of the practical.

The Orient shuns limitations. Indeed, if we may be permitted to generalize, one of the chief differences between Oriental and Western civilization lies in the fact that the former has never strictly and consistently limited the field of its consciousness and of its endeavors, but has allowed all the sensations and passions of past and present, of the indefinite and the infinite, to crowd in upon it, so that the sense of individual form in thought and life has not been developed. While in the West, expressing itself in the idea of classicism, and in the concrete sense of form of the Greeks, there has been a steady effort to confine human thought and sentiment within certain lines, to dwell on certain aspects of life which seemed to be most closely connected with human personality as a dominant factor; excluding the fierce and untoward moods of nature, and suppressing certain weird and uncanny tendencies of thought as abnormal and in fact insane.

But such classic limitations of individuality are not of the spirit of the Orient. Rather than limit the individual formally and thus allow the development of characteristic individualism, it would identify him with the social body, and his soul with the world-soul. Thus also, while most punctilious of social forms, and bowing to a super-refined social etiquette, it does not countenance the tyranny of shifting fashions, or the conventional

respectability founded on a certain exclusiveness of the individual.

It is considered a meritorious thing for the householder and father to leave behind him the confining relations of family life and to become a hermit or monk. The man who leaves his home and family, dresses himself in rags, and ravages his body with hardships and ill-usage, may become an honored teacher, the intellectual and spiritual guide to many. Men love to cast off the shackles of respectability and take to the highways and the woods; and they gain merit by so doing. They are the religious, the philosophers, the inspiration of the multitudes. To the people they appear to realize various immunities. In India, hermits come year after year from the mountains to visit valley towns, showing no signs of aging as long as generations can remember. This same longing for the unlimited, the unrestrained, together with the influence of terrific natural phenomena in Asia, lies at the bottom of the uncanny horror and mystery of Asiatic life. In the delicate ghost stories of Japan this feeling has assumed a graceful and poetic aspect, the æsthetic possibilities of awe and terror have been realized to the full. But in India, where coarse magic flourishes and preys on a superstitious multitude, the awfulness of the abysses of human consciousness may be divined.

The Greek portrayal of death has in this respect sounded the keynote of our civilization. The terror, the heart-rending ugliness of dissolution, the hopeless void, are not in the remotest way suggested; the gentleness of grief, the sweetness of consolation, the companionship of loved ones, are represented; while death himself is a friendly genius summoning to rest. And so in our history we early outgrew ancestor-worship, and resolutely turning our back on the past, with all its degrading memories and bestial struggles, we faced the morning of hope, the promise of a sunny day.¹

Deep in the night of subconsciousness

there is still a dark and unclean deposit of wilder ages, of sordid life, cruelty, ignoble conquest, and harsh passions. In the elemental fury of war, these lower instincts awaken, and men whom we love as friends and brothers may be dragged down to the level of a bestial age. But the total effect of our civilization and education is to draw our consciousness away from such impulses, to concentrate our vision upon our present ideals. For how could we preserve a sense of individuality and spirituality, were we to be dragged back constantly into the terrors and passions of primitive ages?

Much of the potent charm of Japanese life and poetry comes from the ever imminent sense of an abysmal void which threatens to swallow up her flowery meadows and her silent temple groves. May the earthquake never come that will again bring uppermost the dead past in Japan. The Orient, through constant musing on the mysterious and hidden, may have fortified itself against the coarser aspects of the primitive in man, but its development, yes, its very existence, has been jeopardized by this lack of limitation. Japan, it is true, has transused these elements into a marvelous poetry of life, of which Lafcadio Hearn is the eloquent interpreter; but the other peoples of the Orient have thus far failed to attain such a balance.

While the psychological unity of the Oriental nations has not been so clearly and definitely worked out as it has been in the West, notwithstanding all minor national idiosyncrasies, still the Orient has also had its share of international unifying influences. The sacred places in India where the great teacher lived have for two thousand years attracted pilgrims from all parts of the Buddhist world; and earnest students have sought deeper wisdom by communing with the monks of famous monasteries in Burmah and Ceylon. Ever since the embassy of Emperor Ming-ti sought for the new gospel in the year 61, and the sage Fa-hien undertook his great journey,

India has thus been visited by seekers after new light. Also the apostles of India's missionary religion, in its first age of flourishing enthusiasm, spread the teaching of Gotama to all the lands of Southern and Eastern Asia, even from Palestine, where they implanted the germs of the Western monastic system, to the far islands of the rising sun. Thus Buddhism became the greatest unifying force in Asia, and no name or personality commands a wider and more sincere homage than he who found the light and pointed the way, the great teacher "who never spake but good and wise words, he who was the light of the world." And so it is that also in more recent epochs, down to our own day, his thought and life have been and are the chief centre of the common feelings and enthusiasms of Asia.

The great age of illumination under the Sung dynasty in China saw the beginning of the attempts to merge and fuse Taoist, Buddhist, and Confucian thought, in Neo-Confucianism, called by Okakura "a brilliant effort to mirror the whole of Asiatic consciousness." It was Buddhist monks and missionaries who acted as messengers between China and Japan in that great formative period of a thousand years, in which all the currents of Indian and Chinese civilization made their impress upon Japanese national character. And under the Tokugawa régime the independent spirits of Japan trained themselves for the demands of an exacting epoch in the thought of Wang-yang-ming, or Oyomei, which, informed with the noblest ideals and the deepest insight of Buddhism, joins to these a zest in active life, an ardent desire to participate in the surging development in which the universe and human destiny are unfolding themselves. In this school, which combines a truly poetic sentiment for the pathos of fading beauty and fleeting fragrance, for the ghostliness of an existence made up of countless vibrations of past joy and suffering, with the cour-

ageous desire to see clearly and act with energy, to share to the full in this great battle we call life, — in this school were trained the statesmen and warriors of Satsuma and Choshu who have led Japan to greatness in peace and glory in war.

The unity of Asiatic civilization has found an actual embodiment in the spirit of Japan. There it is not the product of political reasoning, nor the discovery of philosophical abstraction. All the phenomena of the overpowering natural world of Asia are epitomized in the islands of the morning sun, where nature is as luxuriant and as forbidding, as caressing and as severe, as fertile and as destructive, as in all that cyclorama of storm, earthquake, typhoon, flood, and mountain vastness which we call Asia. Even thus has Japan in the course of her historic development received by gradual accretion the fruit of all Asiatic thought and endeavor. Nor have these waves from the mainland washed her shores in vain; her national life has not been the prey of capricious conquerors — imposing for a brief time a sway that would leave no permanent trace on the national life. Her mind and character have received and accepted these continental influences, as the needs of her own developing life have called for them; they have not been received perforce or by caprice, but have exerted a moulding influence and have been assimilated into a consistent, deep, and powerful national character. A psychological unity has thus been created — an actual expression of the flesh and blood of life — in touch with the national ideals and ambitions of a truly patriotic race.

This is a far different matter from the mere intellectual recognition of certain common beliefs, ideals, and institutions throughout the Orient. On such a perception of unity at most a certain intellectual sympathy could be founded. But in Japan the Oriental spirit has become flesh — it has ceased to be a bloodless generalization, and it now confronts the

world in the shape of a nation conscious of the complicated and representative character of its psychology, and ardently enthusiastic over the loftiness of its mission. We know Japanese patriotism as national, inspired by loyalty to the Mikado and by love for the land of Fujiyama; we may soon learn to know it as Asiatic — deeply stirred by the exalting purpose of aiding that Asiatic thought-life which has made Japan to come to its own and preserve its dignity and independence through all the ages. Must we view with apprehension such a broadening of Japanese patriotism? Does not danger threaten the world from having Japan inscribe upon her banner the unity of the Orient and the preservation of its ideals?

It is said that Asia is pessimistic. Yet her pessimism is not the sodden gloom of despair, whose terrifying scowl we encounter in European realistic art, and which is the bitter fruit of perverted modes of living. The pessimism of Asia, which makes the charm of her poetry, from Firdusi to the writers of the delicate Japanese Haikai, is rather a soothing, quieting, æsthetic influence, like the feeling of sadness which touches the heart at the sight of great beauty, and which perhaps is due to the memory of all the yearnings and renunciations in the experience of a long chain of lives. The pessimism of the Orient is tragic, rather than cynical, and Japan at the present time gives proof of the fact that the spirit of tragedy belongs to strong nations.

As tragedy was the art of the Greeks before Pericles and of the Elizabethan English, so modern Japan draws strength from that deep undercurrent of tragic feeling in her nature. The attitude of the Japanese mind is further apparent from its conception of suicide; the *hara-kiri* is not a cowardly escape from the burdens of life, it is rather a supreme effort to concentrate all the powers of personality towards the righting of a wrong, or the achievement of a high purpose, which no other sacrifice would attain. Nor is

Buddhism itself in any sense nihilistic, as is so often supposed. The goal of Nirvana is not a negative—self-annihilation—but a positive ideal, “life made glorious by self-conquest and exalted by boundless love and wisdom.” The preponderance of ill is admitted, but there is no utter despair of redemption from care and suffering: the diligent development of right thought, the acquisition of that high training which enables the mind to extricate itself from vulgar error and to share the serene peace of impersonal vision—that is the way of salvation. Such tendencies of mind as these cannot indeed be branded as dangerous by simply stamping them with the mark “pessimism.”

It is said that the Orient is despotic. And yet nowhere are governmental functions more circumscribed than in countries like China. Oriental despotism does not mean constant governmental interference. The despot is, indeed, irresistible when he does act; but he will not choose to act contrary to the general customs of the realm, because these customs are sacred, and on their sacredness his own customary authority depends. It is the people who through continued action make the customs, and they are little interfered with in the management of their local affairs. Though China has no parliament, its social organization is thoroughly democratic. Nor is the Orient subject to industrial tyrannies. Its industries are carried on in the family home, and form part of the family life; the joy of work has not departed, for the workman does not toil in a dreary prison-house, and the soul has not been taken out of his work. As the object of his labor grows under his hand, he rejoices in the perfection of form, and to the satisfaction of the artisan is added the delight of the artist. Thus it is that in the Orient art with all the joy of beauty that it brings has not gone out of the life of the people, has not become an exclusive and artificial language understood only by the few, a minister

to luxury and indolent ease. It has retained its true function of pervading all human life with a subtle aroma of refinement and joy.

In ideals such as these it would be difficult to discover the rampant and infuriate dragon of Emperor William's imagination. Indeed, the temper of Oriental civilization is preëminently peaceful. China has imparted her civilization to all the peoples of the Far East, but she has never attempted to impose her rule upon them by conquest; and of Buddhism alone of all great religions can it be said that it never carried on a propaganda with the sword. The great peoples of the plains of India and China have been too peaceful to resist the conquerors, but they have been strong and patient enough to subdue the victors to their own civilization. The conquering hordes of Asia have come, not from the civilized plains, but from the rude and inhospitable mountain haunts of Turkestan and Mongolia. At their hands peaceful Asia has suffered even more than turbulent Europe, and Japan alone has never been forced to bow before a victorious foe.

If the Orient is allowed more fully to realize these inherent tendencies of its spirit, and to develop along its own natural lines, in a life of peace and artistic industry, true humanity should rejoice, for its purposes would be accomplished. The unity of all human life, the brotherhood of man, is the essential doctrine of the most potent religion of the East. Only if diverted from these ideals by continued injustice and aggression, by a rude attempt to subject these ancient societies to an alien law of life, could the spirit of the Orient be led to assume a threatening and destructive attitude.

After her great successes, Japan was acclaimed by the peoples of the Orient as the Lohengrin who is to champion and protect the honor of Asia; and though there has since been much doubt as to her real purposes, it is not too late for

Japan to realize the responsibilities of her position over against the countries to which she owes so much in her civilization. Thus far the ideas of Asiatic unity have been vague and conflicting; the Orient has not possessed that definite stock of common concepts and ideals which constitute the psychological unity of Europe. And hence, also, the conventional and vulgar antithesis of Orient and the West, with its sharp delineations of ideals, has been altogether misleading. As the perception of a certain unity of Oriental development becomes clearer, and as the historic sense is strengthened through the rise of a strong political entity in Japan, we may look for powerful conscious efforts to realize an Oriental unity of spirit and civilization. But when we examine the chief elements upon which such a unity would have to be founded, were it to take as its basis the historic facts of Asiatic life, we can find in them no strident contrast to our ideals.

Nothing, indeed, vouches so much for the ultimate unity of the human race as the fact that the most characteristic expressions of Asiatic thought are not utterly alien to us, but on the contrary they powerfully touch the most secret heart-

strings and appeal to our deepest emotions. This is, of course, not surprising when we go back to the Aryan background of Indian civilization. The images and ideas of the Vedic age find a ready response in our poetic experience; Indra, Varuna, and the goddess of dawn appear familiar figures. But even the favorite words of Buddhist devotion uttered to-day by hundreds of thousands as they place their gifts of fresh flowers before the image of the Great Teacher,—a meditation rather than a prayer, for there are no gods to invoke in pure Buddhism,—even these have not an utterly alien sound to us:—

“These flowers I offer in memory of Him, the Lord, the Holy One, the Supremely-enlightened Buddha, even as the Enlightened Ones in ages past, the Saints and Holy of all times have offered. Now are these flowers fair of form, glorious in color, sweet of scent. Yet soon will all have passed away—withered their fair form, faded the bright hues, and foul the flowers’ scent! Thus even is it with all component things: Impermanent, and full of Sorrow and Unreal.—Realizing this, may we attain unto that peace which is beyond all life!”

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THE WHITE BIRCH

BY CANDACE WHEELER

Shakes from white shoulders, green reluctant leaves.

THE white birch of our northern woods seems to hold within its veins more of the elixir of ancient Pagandom than any other of our impulsive, untended wood-growths. Its waving elegance, its white smoothness of limb, the misty inefficiency of its veil of green, even its shy preference for untrodden earth and unappropriated hillsides give it a half-fleeting suggestion of the fabled days when nymph and faun danced with the shadows of the song-haunted forest.

Coleridge calls the white birch "the lady of the woods," but beyond the poetical suggestion of sex and award of beauty given by such a phrase from such a source, there is a hint in the young white birch tree of something far apart from the present of simple perfect tree-life. One is haunted by visions of slender nymphhood always young and always beautiful, dancing joyously through rainbow-colored days and sleeping lightly through mists of star-threaded darkness, waiting for the golden call of the sunbeams to begin again the rhythmic waltz of motion. One has only to sit long enough with a birch tree in the bewilderment of summer hours, to hear and see and feel its relation to the dreams which long-ago peoples have dreamed. Its relation to a life without self-made law, lived as the birds live, with their only code written within their natures by the hand which made them.

The exceeding beauty of the birch tree is apparent at all times, but there are places, and enrichments of circumstance, which bring it to a point where the enjoyment of it is lifted to a plane which covers all our faculties of feeling. There are days in my memory which I call my

"white-birch days," as full of sensation as they could possibly have been if filled with the finest human companionship.

One misplaced windy day in late May I went walking over the hill-pastures of New Hampshire looking for arbutus, sometimes stumbling through a scum of dried leaves blown from neighboring woods or breaking through a knee-high crust of low-growing oak twigs, buffeting the wind as I climbed, and turning every now and then to see where slopes of the hill waved their breadths of long ochre-colored last-year's grasses against the inspiring blue of the sky; enjoying all the yellows and browns and ash-colors and faint greens of earth spread out expectantly under the blue promise of a May heaven. Suddenly I came upon a long line of tumbled stones, and then an angle of still-standing old stone wall, where a sudden dip in the ground made an inconvenient corner long forgotten of plough or scythe; and there grew a young birch forest.

How intent they were upon growing! The small unfolding leaves were quivering with effort, and I noticed for the first time, how the gradual darkening of the bark at the ends of the twigs made them invisible, so that for a space of the innumerable small branchings, the young green leaves seemed unattached to the tree and were like a swarm of leaves fluttering around it in a mist of green. They were transparent with early spring — the sap in them had not hardened into the green enamel of summer, so that it was a cloud of gauzy wings which fluttered between and around and above the white branchings. They were not separate trees, but an intermingling of wonderful tracery, a space in air filled with a silvery net of crossing and branching and inter-

laced and beautifully ordered lines of living growth, a tangle of ethereal and material beauty which I knew would not melt like frostwork under a breath, but go on living and growing, higher and constantly higher, toward the sky from which came the command of their being.

When I walked down among them, fingering their white young bodies as I passed, I came to a slice of lichen-covered primeval rock in the midst of them, and then into the heart of a cloud of heavenly fragrance, and there hiding almost under the rock, ran the *arbutus* which had called me from home.

"Oh how dear of you to be here! just here!" I said as I parted the thick rounded leaves and came upon the perfection of spring blossoming; then I sat me down and listened to and answered the silent utterances which swarmed up from the ground, and swam level from the branches, and fell in small celestial drops from the tree-tops. It was a transubstantiation of me into the something which filled the air, the very life of life of the natural world. What mortal voice could have drawn me to the height where my heart sang with the trees and rose with them to higher levels. All the blessed morning I stayed with them, and all the seasons and years since then I have remembered that birch-day as one of the special joys of my life.

Birch trees do not love to grow alone, although they do not care greatly for the companionship of other trees. Two will grow together, contented with a dual life, but more often they grow in groups of sixes and sevens. They are much more often spoken of as "a clump of birches" than as "a birch tree." If by chance one starts to grow alone, it will stand straight as a hickory, cleaving the air in perfect perpendicular until it has reached man-height, and then it begins to waver — looking to east or west or north or south for companionship; and failing that — grows into a permanent lean. This semi-crookedness seems to add character to

the tree, instead of taking from it; what it lacks in uprightness it gains in a certain confidingness, an innocence of spirit emphasized by its attitude.

The primitive races of North America established a closer relation with the shy birch tree than we have been able to do, and it served for them many important and friendly purposes.

First and foremost it carried them along rivers and over lake-crossings with a security which we should never have imagined, or experienced. A man with shoes on his feet could never have trusted the frail bottoms of Indian canoes to hold him safely; in fact, only the stealthy certainty of an Indian foot can tread them without fear or care. The Indian strips the bark from the wood, and fashions it to his mind, or the mind of some forefather of his race, and straightway the birch tree has entered upon an enlargement of its existence, a period of the life of motion; not as in the days of its nymphhood, — a dance in Elysian fields, — but a blissful floating over shining surfaces — where blue of sky, and white of clouds, and green of trees, and brown of water-depths are mingled and fused in sun rays, and the canoe casts the record of its woodland life upon the water and becomes a part of the poetry of the woods.

The birch tree connects itself at many points with what we call savage life, meaning that which finds its satisfactions in nature instead of civilization; its unmanufactured parchment has borne pictured messages of war and warriors, love and lovers, and has been a partner in the mysterious incantations of primitive healers. It has served as material and background for curious embroideries of Indian women, done in color with dyed quills of the porcupine. It has been fashioned into vessels which carried food and water to sick or starving men, and has lit the fires and cooked the meals of the human creatures of the wilderness. First and last, wild creature as the white birch continues to be, it ministers well to body

and soul of man with its beauty and its uses.

The baby white birch wears a bark of yellow or brown, covering its slender, branchy twigs; but the moment youth approaches, the tree dons the white livery of the nymphs and joins the ranks of its fellows in silvery uniform.

In a middle aged birch tree the bark is written all over with hieroglyphics of its experiences, — whether the black marks record inner or outer history we know not, since no man has found the key to that sign language; but as the days go on, and seasons succeed one another, and happenings arrive, the hieroglyphics grow, until some day perhaps the birch tree becomes a roll of history hidden in secret places of the deep woods, covered with signs as inscrutable as those of ancient papyrus in Egyptian tombs.

One of my white-birch-tree days I shall always remember as having been curiously influenced by a present and past of world-thought which seemed to infest it. It was in that part of the forest of Fontainebleau which lies neighboring Barbizon. The forest itself was purely a forest; instinct with tree-life, and bird-life, and animal-life; although the latter had a smack of conventionality, or even artificiality, which was not a natural condition. One had a feeling that the animals had been wound up, to walk through prescribed deer-paths, and cheat the sight with a semblance of wild life, like a forest glade in a theatre. Yet in large quiet, and amid rocks and springing tufts of wood-growths and patches of undisturbed mosses and ferns, there stood a group of white birches, beautiful to behold. The shadow of the gray rock against which it braced itself, smelled softly damp, like the shadows of rocks I knew in far-off mountains; and small vermilion-colored umbrella-shaped toadstools grew in it, and over it was a sky as ethereal, as deeply blue, as unstained, as the sky which bent over the great mountains of other birch-tree haunts of the wide, wide world. These trees had

reached middle age, and were old enough to remember the forest pageants of the latest Napoleonic period. They might have seen the beautiful Eugénie as she sat in Winterhalter's portrait, with a forest setting for herself and her favorite ladies.

"That is what makes of these birch trees ladies instead of nymphs," I said to myself, as I unfolded my camp-chair and spread the legs of a folding easel, and opened my color-box. "They look like New England trees, but they remember sophisticated people; the air is full of thoughts and motions of courts and kings and of to-day motives and strivings. Some painter with a mind full of thoughts of technique, and flitting fore-dreams of personal success, has painted them. His mind has wrestled with advanced painters for admission to the Salon, while his eyes were noting the transparencies of June drapery, and the wonderful symmetry of limb of these ladies of the woods. The air is still instinct with his flying thoughts and glittering with little snapshots of his bodily presence. I may get a portrait to-day, but I shall not have a vision." And all the while the blues were deepening on my canvas, and the grays and greens and golds coming forward into sunshine or going back into shadow, and the long white stems growing into birch trees.

By and by I began to feel their own reserved life; I absorbed a subtle understanding of its individual and personal reality. Of course the trees were not living in lower air; they were rising above it into the pure ether which is attainable by all earthly things. I was conscious that the tree-sense lived and dominated the little ambitions and vagaries of human life both past and present. I recognized the God-thought, planted and growing upward, and unconscious of lower things in its pure instinct of beauty, simplicity, and truth. All the insect trivialities which multiply in the imagination of man, and fly forth and become an almost imperishable environment, were scattered. While

I painted and pondered, a deer walked out into the open on delicate feet, and withdrew again silently into the misty obscurity of the forest; but he was no longer to me a suggestion of man's contrivance; he was a real, heavenly-conceived creature, made to consort with and enjoy other wild things of his creation. In the stillness rabbits chased one another across my very foreground, and a woodpecker walked upside down along the arm of an old oak which projected across my sky line.

There were no more fashion plates or wrangles of methods or ambitions in the air — nothing but the group of birch trees with its beautiful, silent, upward reach into heaven, and the blue and gold and silver of a June day in the great historical forest.

But at night, when I had set my birch-tree portrait up to dry on the stone shelf above the cottage fireplace, and stretched myself upon the smooth hardness of a cottage bed, and darkness filled the small one-windowed room, I lay and wondered in the deep of my heart, how much remained of the uttered thought and completed acts of our precedent fellow-mortals? Had they only a fleeting and perishable existence? or was the air filled with the active and transparent ghosts of them as I had felt them in the forest? There all the space around me had seemed thick with foregone life, only the serene spirit of the trees was unconscious of it.

Even the branches which reached within touch of humanity seemed to make their own atmosphere, and stand in beautiful and perfect harmony both with solitude and society, loving the one and accepting the other. It reminded me of some dear misplaced souls I have known, planted, and fast-grown amidst unworthy things, — who have kept themselves unspotted from the world, and by some alchemy of spirit brought out hidden gold from life's unworthiness.

And after all, if it is our instinct and mission to seek for, and enjoy, and profit by beauty — we must realize that it lives everywhere, that it pervades the earth. It is easy to understand that our eyes, trained to recognize only material form and color, and the wonderful combinations of them in God's material world, may fail at times to recognize beauty in colorless miracles of spiritual growth, while in the sight of wide-eyed angels they may be the perfection of which the beautiful things in nature are but a type.

The spirit of a heavenly-minded man may outgrow the height of the tallest elm — and the love and brooding of a man-loving man may spread its arms beyond the breadth of the broadest oak.

Is it not our true privilege in life, not only to love the highest beauty, both in nature and man, but to grow within ourselves the most perfect form and shape according to our kind, and to love with all our hearts the spiritual growth of other mortals, according to their kind? They may be like baby firs, beautiful and enticing in youth, growing ragged and unsightly with stress of years; or slender half-naked elm bodies, growing finally into power and strength; or helpless human saplings, choked by the world — but they have been planted in the world of spirits, and may be helped by wakeful love, or hindered by the want of it.

All these suggestions came to me from a group of captive and tamed birch trees in the forest of Fontainebleau. Still in my mind its sisters remain forever and always nymphs of the woods and mountain; the sap of the forest coursing through their veins, vital with conscious life, and their graceful feet dancing the nymph-dance, in flecks of shadow, or gilding of sun. Sometimes on a windy day I have seen a group of them bending as if they longed to join the chase of the winds; and remembered my group of birches in the historical forest and was glad at heart to have known them both.

IN HELENA'S GARDEN

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

THE SUNSET WINDOW

THROUGH the garden sunset-window
Shines the sky of rose;
Deep the melting red, and deeper,
Lovelier it grows.

Musically falls the fountain;
Twilight voices chime;
Visibly upon the cloud-lands
Tread the feet of Time.

Evening winds from down the valley
Stir the waters cool;
Break the dark, empurpled shadows
In the marble pool.

Rich against the high-walled grayness
The crimson lily glows,
And near, O near, one well-loved presence
Dream-like comes and goes.

“THE GRAY WALLS OF THE GARDEN”

The gray walls of the garden
Hold many and many a bloom;
A flame of red against the gray
Is lightning in the gloom.

The gray walls of the garden
Hold grassy walks between
Bright beds of yellow blossoms,
Golden against the green.

And in the roof of the arbor
Leaves woven through and through, —
Great grape leaves, making shadows, —
Shine green against the blue.

And, O, in the August weather
What wonders new are seen!

Long beds of azure blossoms
Are blue against the green.

The gray walls of the garden
Hold paths of pure delight,
And, in the emerald, blooms of pearl
Are white against the night.

THE MARBLE POOL

The marble pool, like the great sea, hath moods —
Fierce angers, slumbers, deep beatitudes.

In sudden gusts the pool, in lengthened waves, —
As in a mimic tempest, — tosses and raves.

In the still, drowsy, dreaming midday hours
It sleeps and dreams among the dreaming flowers.

'Neath troubled skies the surface of its sleep
Is fretted; how the big drops rush and leap!

Now 't is a mirror where the sky of night
Sees its mysterious face of starry light;

Or where the tragic sunset is reborn,
Or the sweet, virginal mystery of morn.

One little pool holds ocean, brink to brink;
One little heart can hold the world, I think.

THE TABLE ROUND

I

What think you of the Table Round
Which the garden's rustic arbor
In pride doth harbor?
And what its weight, how many a pound?
Or shall you reckon that in tons?
For this is of earth's mighty ones:
A mill-stone 't is, that turns no more,
But, on a pier sunk deep in ground,
Like a ship that's come to shore,
Content among its flowery neighbors
It rests forever from its labors.

II

Now no more 'mid grind and hammer
 Are the toiling moments past,
 But amid a milder clamor
 Stays it fast.
 For the Garden Lady here,
 When the summer sky is clear,
 With her bevy of bright daughters
 (Each worth a sonnet)
 To the tune of plashing waters
 Serves the tea upon it.

III

And when Maria, and when Molly,
 Frances, Alice, and Cecilia,
 Clara, Bess, and Pretty Polly,
 Lolah and the dark Amelia,
 Come with various other ladies,
 Certain boys, and grown-ups graver, —
 Then, be sure, not one afraid is
 To let his wit give forth its flavor,
 With the fragrant odor blent
 Of the Souchong, and the scent
 Of the roses and sweet-peas
 And other blossoms sweet as these.
 Then, indeed, doth joy abound
 About the granite table round,
 And the stream of laughter flowing
 Almost sets the old stone going.

THE SUN-DIAL

On the sun-dial in the garden
 The great sun keeps the time;
 A faint, small moving shadow,
 And we know the worlds are in rime:

And if once that shadow should falter
 By the space of a child's eye-lash, —
 The seas would devour the mountains,
 And the stars together crash,

“SOMETHING MISSING FROM THE GARDEN”

Something missing from the garden?
But all 's bright there;
Color in the daytime,
Perfume in the night there.

Something wanting in the garden?
Yet the blossoms
Bring the hum-birds to the sweetness
In their bosoms.

And by day the sunlight golden
On the granite
Glistens, — and by night the silver starlight
From some near planet.

Something missing from the garden?
But the mountain
Ceaseless pours a secret streamlet
Filmy from the fountain;

And that streamlet winds blow, wave-like,
Down the flowers,
And — in the mist — faint, flickering rainbows
Flash through mimic showers.

Something wanting in the garden
When all's bright there?
Color in the daytime,
Perfume in the night there?

Then what missing from the garden
Spoils its pleasure? —
Just a breath of something human;
Just one presence.

THREE FLOWERS OF THE GARDEN

Three blossoms in a happy garden grow, —
Have care, for this one, lo, is white as any snow:
Its name is Peace.

Three flowers, — and one, in hue, a delicate gold;
A harsh breath, then its golden leaves shall droop and fold:
Its name is Joy.

In Helena's Garden

Three flowers,— and one is crimson, rich and strong;
 This will, if well entreated, all others outlive long:
 Its name is Love.

EARLY AUTUMN

The garden still is green
 And green the trees around, —
 But the winds are roaring overhead
 And branches strew the ground.

And to-day on the garden pool
 Floated an autumn leaf:
 How rush the seasons, rush the years,
 And, O, how life is brief!

THE LAST FLOWER OF THE GARDEN

One by one the flowers of the garden
 To autumn yielded as waned the sun;
 So prisoners, called by the cruel Terror,
 To death went, one by one.

Roses, and many a delicate blossom,
 Down fell their heads, in the breezes keen,
 One by one; and the frost of autumn
 Was the blade of their guillotine.

And at last an hour when the paths of the garden
 Grew from green to a wintry white;
 And a new, strange beauty came into the garden
 In the full moon's flooding light.

For a radiance struck on the columned fountain
 As it shot to the stars in a trembling stream,
 And a rainbow, leaping across the valley,
 Was the dream of a dream in a dream.

And we who loved well that place of flowers
 Looked with awe on the wondrous birth,
 And knew that the last flower of the garden
 Was something not of earth.

WINNOWING GOLD

BY JUDITH GRAVES WALDO

THE arroyo ran back from the river, among the gray hills, clear to the high basin which dammed in the early floods. There it held, deep in the rocky walls that leaned above it, wells of sweet, cool water which a traveler, avoiding the river-way for reasons of his own, found with great profit and relief. Adam was looking for these wells when he came upon Santa Olaya, dry-washing along the arroyo's upper edges.

He was so close, leaning to gaze at her across the ridge of rock that had hid the arroyo from the deep trail till now, that he thought she must see him or have heard the sound that leaped to his lips at sight of her. But she never lifted her intent gaze from the gyrating dust that shifted rhythmically from her pan at the quiver of her bended wrists, a-top the straight young arms.

Along the slopes rising out of the Agua Caliente, Adam had often come upon the Indian women, in the early mornings when the soft wind of the hills is grown persistent, winnowing their pounded wheat in just that way. But it was pounded gravel Santa Olaya winnowed. She stood at the upper edge of a tanned bullock's hide, spread on ground that sloped a little; then, poising the pan above her head, she leaned to the current of the wind, and, with that permeating quiver of the wrist that some believe belongs only to the Indian women, sent the dust in heaps of graded fineness across the hide at her feet. Adam knew she was no Indian maid, although her feet were moccasined, and her hair, parted from brow to nape, hung in two thick braids across her breast, as many an Indian girl in her pride wears hers; she was as lean and supple as he, with clean grace of limb and posture, and her hair was fair

with the sun upon it, and under the tan of her cheek and throat and slim bare arms there was the glow of a white girl's blush. Adam watched her in delight of heart.

The winnowing was nearly over, the last bits of gravel rattled on the edge of the pan and skipped to their place on the hide, the pan swung down, slowly, to her side, and Santa Olaya turned her head and smiled into Adam's waiting eyes.

"You are looking for the wells, señor?" she said, in sweet, foreign English. "Follow the trail you are on — it ends there."

Now Adam knew that, because his canteen clanked empty since the night before and he *was* looking for those wells, there was nothing for him to say but, "Thank you very kindly," and go on his way. If he had said anything, it would have been that he had already found the wells he sought. But he did not, he only slipped his pack to the ground and leaned a little further over the ledge and smiled back at Olaya.

"The water there is still deep," she said. She stood quite still, the pan at her side. She was waiting for him to go on. It roused in Adam a desire to put that rocky ledge from between them, at least. He leaped upon it, lightly, and was about to drop into the arroyo when the girl's voice stopped him.

"Don't come down here."

It was not loud, not frightened at all, but very quiet and sure. Adam, half-way over, caught his balance on the ledge with knee and hand.

"Why?" he said.

"Because I don't want you here," said the girl.

"Oh." Adam stayed on the ledge, but swung his legs over and came to a sitting position.

"I don't want you there either."

She did not smile now, but her grave-ness covered neither anger nor fear.

"Does this belong to you?" Adam asked. He did not smile, either, in deference to her lead. His tone instinctively fitted to her rather quaintly measured one, as one comes to the mood of a child by affecting its speech.

The girl hesitated a moment.

"Yes, it belongs to me."

"You are not quite sure?"

"It is you who doubt, señor," she answered quickly. She still looked directly into his eyes, and hers were so deep with unexplored sweetness that Adam's quivered before them.

"Are the wells — yours, too?" he asked, to regain his self-possession.

"No — the water is free to all."

"But gold is not?"

The girl's face changed now. Her glance fell to the heaps of dust at her feet, a smile tugged at the corners of her mouth, fought with its gravity, and conquered it.

"That is true, señor. I do not wish to lose the gold."

"Ah." Adam dropped into the arroyo. "There is no harm in me," he cried. "I am not after gold. I was only a thirsty man following the morning track of beasts; but seeing you at your winnowing, think I have already drunk of cool water, sweet from the heart of the rocks."

He strode down to her, and Olaya's eyes stayed wide in his. She stirred, the pan rattled to the ground, and her two hands clasped each other.

"You must not come any nearer," she said, very simply. The hide with its dust heaps was between them.

"No, I will not," Adam promised just as simply.

"Did you miss the river-way?" she asked. Her eyes had not left his, but Adam felt she knew the whole of him, and it flushed him, cheek and heart.

"No, I kept away from the river settlements — I came this way on purpose."

"You did not need a hidden way?"

"Yes." He smiled at the startled trouble of her question.

She turned quickly, then, to where an olla was sunk in wet sand under the shadow of leaning rocks, and dipped up a gourd full of water. "The thing has not driven you hard," she said, handing it to him. "Why is your canteen empty?"

"I may have been afraid to go where men draw water," he answered, and she laughed.

"It was not fear of men," she said straight to him.

"No, it was not fear of men," he answered back; but how did she know it was not, and what did that wide gaze, fearless itself, and firm and sweet, know of such other fears? Adam drank the water and she took the gourd from him, and they stood, staring openly at each other. There was no question in the girl's eyes, just a glad acceptance of his presence and a very girlish satisfaction in the big breadth of his frame and comely accoutrements. But Adam's eyes sought for an answer, and the persistence of their seeking pierced her unconscious pleasure and sent her, suddenly bashful, to her work. She knelt at the edge of the bullock's hide, her face a-quiver with the revelation, and began, with a large horn spoon, to scoop up the dust and grains of a certain heap into the pan again. Adam came and knelt beside her.

"Is it pay-dirt?" he asked, and instantly her face was all for serious business.

"Yes — I have shaken it down three times and it is showing clean already. I can wash it through now."

"Don't you lose a great quantity this way?"

"Not so much," she answered speculatively. "I don't shake it down without a good wind. But if I lose I must — I cannot dig and haul in the mines, so I dry-wash the arroyos that catch the drift from some bed above or cut the ledge and lay it bare for me." She dipped a gourd of water into the pan and began draining off the refuse. "It is good

enough when I find an arroyo like this one," she added.

"Good enough?" cried Adam, "I should think it would be! Does it come often like this?" He bent over the pan with a more eager face than the girl's, calculating the weight of the heap of yellow grains.

"Yes — rarely better; but sometimes none at all. Yesterday I could not find where my good luck had hid away. You have brought her back to me, señor." She smiled at him over the little buckskin bag into which she dropped the gold.

They were very close to each other as they knelt there, and Adam wished to touch her hair, to wind the long braids about her throat, to leave his hand against her cheek. He remembered a Mexican girl washing her linen on the stones of a little creek where he had come one warm, deep-scented day in October, and how the delicate quiver of the flesh just above the hollow of her bending arm had held the pleasure of his eyes until he had stooped and kissed it, not thinking of the girl at all. She had hid her face in a pleased trouble and then suddenly lifted it to his, and he had kissed her and gone on, and laughed to hear her singing as he climbed the hill. But about this girl there hung some essence of herself, like a nebula that shields the starlight. It held his very thought in leash.

He stood up when she did and watched her knot the treasure-bag about her waist.

"What is your name?" said Adam.

"Olaya."

"You are not Mexican?"

"No."

"Nor gypsy?"

"No."

"What then?"

"I do not know," said Olaya, looking gravely at him.

"It does not matter," said Adam.

The girl turned away and lifted the crowbar to continue her work.

"I shall help you, Santa Olaya," said

Adam decisively, and he took the crowbar from her. Besides the pan and spoon it was the only tool she used, sharpened at each end, and so light as to be easily handled.

Olaya led the way to the ledge she was working; it had been exposed by a torrent cutting through the gorge in some spring wash-out. She accepted Adam's help as simply as she had accepted him; showed him how to follow the ledge, scraping the surface carefully; and with her spoon and pan she gathered up the earth he loosened and took it away to pound and prepare for the winnowing. She sang a little in the shade of the mesquite tree that leaned from the edge of the arroyo, and Adam sang, too, sudden bursts of sound, starting up in him like laughter that comes because it must and knows no reason for itself.

But when Olaya had spread the bullock's hide again and gone to the winnowing, Adam had to watch her. It was so lovely a thing to him, the lithe young grace of her, the buoyant ease and grace of every movement, that made what she did as alluring as the stepping of a young doe. Sometimes she turned to glance at him across her shifting-pan, and smiled with such artless pleasure and comradeship when she found his look upon her, that Adam had to hold himself to keep at work, and not fling it all aside and take Olaya by the hand and go away to where the sun was hot on the hills, and the river shone up to them from its tarrying between the banks of tufting arrow-weed, and the cottonwoods and willows flung their red bursting buds out on its brown flood. For it was spring in the desert, and the cattle left the flats to graze toward the mesas, in search of the first young grass just springing from between the stones. Adam could hear them lowing as they came.

Olaya put down her pan when the sun was straight over them and said, "Now you will eat with me, señor." And Adam answered, —

"Yes, I shall like to do that very much."

He had plenty of food in the pack left on the trail, but it was part of his pleasure that Olaya should share her meal with him. It consisted of tortillas with thick slices of bacon between; and there was a generous piece of cheese. Olaya divided it unequally and gave Adam the larger share. When he protested she said, quite seriously, —

"No, that is right;" and he laughed and took it.

She put the gourd full of water between them and they drank from it, turn about.

"I am very well content, Santa Olaya," said Adam.

"I am content, too," she said; "but why do you call me Santa Olaya? I said to you only 'Olaya.'"

"I do not know, Adam said, "only that it comes to me to call you so. Does no one else say 'Santa Olaya'?"

"Yes, Father Bernardino does, but that is all."

"Who is Father Bernardino?"

"My dear friend and ghostly adviser."

"The priest of the village where you live — or don't you live in a village?"

"I live in the settlement below here, and Father Bernardino lives close by the church, farther down the river. He is the priest for the reservations where there are Catholics, and for some of the river camps and settlements. He knows men and is very good to them. He is good even to Mexicans, and I know it is a great cross to him that there are so many in the country he loves. Often, I'm sure, he sets them a soft penance, because it punishes his own carnal desire to be cruel to them," said Olaya.

"Why is he carnally wishful to be cruel to Mexicans?"

"He is an Indian."

"I have never heard of an Indian priest."

"He was raised by white men, and they gave him all a white man has and made him a priest. But they always re-

membered what they had done for him, so the best of it was gone, and Father Bernardino came to speak of it himself, aloud, when they should have left it a warm, soft thing in his heart." Olaya hesitated a moment, considering. "Of course," she went on, "it is a very great thing to be a priest, but Father Bernardino says an untouched Indian is as much a spirit of earth and sky as the wind, and is so judged before God. There is great love and understanding between us," she added gently.

"And do you wish, too, that they had left him an untouched Indian?"

"Ah, he does not wish that, señor. The gratitude, too much spoken of, turns it about in his mind; and when there is the sound of wind in the brush where there is no wind, and the blue herons go up the river, he thinks about it and wonders — that is all. And I could never wish it — no other priest would have kept watch along the banks in high water; for my people came down the river in flood-time and were drowned, and Father Bernardino saw my little white head — he says it was white then" — she smiled tenderness for the little head into Adam's intent eyes — "bobbing about in the eddy, and he had no boat. Now this is a miracle, señor, for the padre had never learned to throw a lasso, and he was a baby when he was taken to the cities by white men; but he took the rope from his tethered cow and made the noose very deftly, and then cast it forth from the bank and covered my tiny head. There was never a rough scratch, even, on my baby flesh when he brought me in so safe. It was a great miracle."

"It was a very beautiful miracle," said Adam.

"Father Bernardino," said Olaya, looking thoughtfully at her brown, dusty hands, "says it was no miracle at all, because, from clear back in the beginning, his fathers had thrown the lasso, and he had to, that was all."

"I think that is the miracle," said Adam softly.

"Oh," Santa Olaya whispered, looking a long time into Adam's eyes and not seeming to know that he was looking into hers, "*I think that way, too.*" Then she looked off at the hills, her eyes shy and misty with this new discovery.

"And the padre called you Santa Olaya and took care of you, and you are dry-washing the gulches to get gold for his missions?"

"No," said Olaya hastily, "no, the Señora is my guardian. If I had been a boy he would have kept me, and taught me to be a priest, maybe; but I was a girl, and the Señora and her people took me — I do this work for them. But Father Bernardino had great care of me, always, and taught me."

"What did he teach you?"

"Oh, to read his books, and the meaning of wind and great stillness, and to know the stars for safety, and the use of herbs, and about the earth, and the difference between good and evil, and the needs of animals, and the knowledge of men."

"The knowledge — of men?"

"Father Bernardino knows men, and he would have me know them, too, because, *it is never to lack in time of need*, he says."

"But it is only a small settlement, Olaya. Whom do you ever see besides — do you see many — men?"

"Yes," said Olaya gravely, "always I have seen many men. The Señora herself has seven sons; and there are a great many white men and Mexicans — they come and go always, but always, too, there are many of them." She started up suddenly, with an anxious eye to the sun. "It is time for the work to go on," she cried, "and I have loitered too long;" then with some wistful apology, "but señor, there are days at a time that I do not speak to living things except the word night and morning — it was your kindness to let me talk."

They worked again as through the morning, and Adam wondered idly enough what the Señora did with all the

gold; for he knew from the pannings of that morning that the little buckskin bag carried, from day to day, what must be wealth in a Mexican village. It did not matter, he thought, but he would like to fancy the use of it so fair a thing to follow upon the beauty of the girl at work, as to bring a very certain delight when he knew it. She looked up at him just then from where she knelt, draining the last pan.

"Olaya," he said, "why do you take this gold to the Señora?"

Olaya answered him with the straightforward simplicity that marked everything she said: "Because she and her people cared for me in my little helpless days and have always been very good to me."

"Yes?"

That was all. She rose from her work with a glance at the cañon's side where the dusk was stealing on.

"It is time you made your camp, señor, before the dark hides it. Just above the wells, you climb along the walls there, do you see?" She came and stood by Adam and sketched his trail for him with outstretched hands. "There is the clump of *bisnaga* at the base — go just beyond it up the ravine ten steps, and there are two *palo verdes* on a little shelf — they will give you wood for your fire and 't is clean there and hid away. Once I was afraid to go home and I stayed there all night."

"I will camp there. Why were you afraid to go home?"

"Oh," said Olaya indifferently, stowing the tools away under a bush, "I had panned nothing for two days, and there is no beauty in an empty hand." Then, lifting herself, she unknotted a blue kerchief from about her waist, shook it out, and smoothed it upon her knee, and placed it cornerwise over her head. She caught the ends, fluttering by her ears, and held them under her chin.

"I thank you, señor," she said, smiling shyly at Adam. "Adios."

"I am going with you."

"Oh." They stood again to stare at

each other, Olaya, with protest struggling through desire, and the mastery of Adam's eyes over her. She turned slowly down the trail. He was at her shoulder.

"It is very far," she said, turning her head ever so little, "and it will be very dark even before we can get there."

"That is why I am going," said Adam.

The trail was narrow and rough, and slippery with loose stones that had been washed free of encompassing earth down the ragged ravines and gulches in many a roaring flood-time. But Olaya's moccasined feet did not heed them, and she set a swinging pace through the tumble of gray hills, which hurried Adam to keep his post at her shoulder. Against the coming night the brush and stunted chollas of the hillsides were beginning to crouch weirdly.

"Do you often go as late as this?" said Adam. The flutter of her kerchief was against his cheek.

"When I have found only a little gold it is later — sometimes very late — and the coyotes stand still on the ridges there, against the sky, and watch me — sometimes they howl."

"Does no one come for you when it is so late?"

"It is better alone," said Santa Olaya. In a moment she added, "One is not afraid of night and coyotes — but if they howl I shall be glad that you are there behind me."

"You feel safe with me, Olaya?"

"Why not?" she said, turning her wide eyes to him for a second; "a man who is not afraid does not make others fear."

And Adam pondered on the meaning of it.

They had come through the tumble of gray hills to an open valley close to the river and fed by its overflow, for the arrow-weed grew rank here, and they could hear the cattle chewing their cud under the mesquite trees. Now and again a gaunt steer stood across the trail and only moved on at the slap of Olaya's hand upon his flank. The air blew in

cool off the river, and the smell of damp earth and rotting twigs and pungent marsh things came about them.

"We are near the river?" asked Adam.

"Yes, beyond this turn I can see the lights from the houses." Olaya slowed her pace.

"I will see them, too," Adam answered.

"It will be such a blackness to make camp in," she pleaded.

"I do not mind the blackness."

"You will not know the way back."

"I can find it," said Adam. He had accepted the joy of her, in the beginning, without a thought of who she was outside of the golden arroyo. But now his mind was busy about her and gravely troubled. She had told her own story only for the sake of the priest's miracle. And who was this guardian and her people, who let her work so hard and so late that she must needs scurry through those wild cañons long after nightfall, or stay alone in the weird gorges of the "hidden way," because she was afraid to go home without gold? And among those Mexicans — she was of his own blood — Adam knew that —

"There are the lights," she cried, and stood still. He came beside her, and for a moment they watched the bleared lights from the low jacals of the river-flats. "There are the lights," she said again. "You must go back, and I thank you, señor."

"Is there no white man's house in that village?" he asked.

"No."

"Do you live in one of those jacals?"

"Yes."

"Which one?"

She twisted the corners of her kerchief into a knot under her chin. "Maybe we cannot see its light from here," she said; "it is — just one among the rest. Adios, señor."

"Olaya, will you come winnowing tomorrow?"

"Yes, but you will be gone early on your hidden trail."

"Will you be sorry?"

"Yes."

"Sorry to have me gone because I brought your good luck back — is it that, Olaya?"

"No," said Olaya. She moved along quickly and then stopped, and he waited. "I think it was because you came and will be gone to-morrow — and — I do not remember if the coyotes howled to-night."

"I shall be there to-morrow," he cried, "and the next day, and after!"

"Oh!" she stood still a second longer.

"What is your name?"

"Adam."

"Adios, Señor Adam," she called softly, and he heard the flurry of her feet down the trail.

In the days that followed in the arroyo d'oro — for that was what Adam called it, and Olaya smiled with eyes that tried to elude the import too bold in his — Adam forgot why he had fled from his own world of men and cities to wander up and down in unfrequented places. He even forgot, at whiles, to consider the mystery of Olaya's life away from their common one in the arroyo. He came down from his camp with the first light each morning and filled the olla among the rocks with fresh water for her, and waited there until she came suddenly out of the hills with no warning of slipping stone or rattling bush, and greeted him. She was never quite sure that he would be there the next morning, and the glad surprise of it was always in her eyes to give Adam fresh bounty for his dallying.

They worked together, he at the digging, she at the grinding and winnowing, and then, when the gold began showing clean, washed it through and murmured together in satisfaction if it were rich, and hopefully explained the reason to each other when it panned thin. At noon they ate tortillas and bacon and cheese together under the mesquite tree, and looked their contentment, one to the other, across the gourd-rim, and talked of whatever Olaya would — of the Indian priest, the river and sky and green-

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ing earth, and the secrets of the thorny, desert shrubs — never of her life in the village, or of the Señora and her people. But the omission was so uncontrived that it left in Adam an utter inability to ask a question without a show of most unseemly prying. And although Adam talked, too, and Olaya listened and forgot to look away from his eyes, inquiring, always, in her sweet unconscious longing, for all his meaning, yet it piqued him that never once did she ask a question or show that she thought beyond his wish to tell.

"It is the Indian training," he said to himself; it was this Indian training that charmed and baffled him by turns.

It was when night came on, and Olaya was troubled with the slimmness of the buckskin bag or elated over its bulk, that Adam's mind grew busy again with the desire to know what the need could be for so much gold that she should be allowed to come, unthought-of and uncared-for, except for the full bag she brought home, into those lonely cañons, to work at a man's work — that fair young thing, companionless in those solitary wilds. Adam's thoughts were very turbulent. This was at night when the shadows were deepening fast, and there was the long trail yet to take, and he fretted at the peril of her nights, and days too, past before he came to her. In the mornings the longing to be with her again reconciled him to anything that brought her, clear-eyed and joyous, back to the golden arroyo.

"Olaya," he said suddenly, as they were taking the homeward trail one night, "does Father Bernardino wish to have you work so hard, away off in these lonely places?"

There was a moment's hesitation before Olaya said, "Father Bernardino is the guardian of my spiritual being." And then, as though the intimacy of their companionship might have the right to a little confidence, she added, "If some one who has done you a big kindness remembers it so that it comes to be spoken ever

aloud, it cannot just be warm and still in your heart any more, and you must make up that kindness twice over in whatever way you may, señor. If you cannot, your soul will shrivel a little, ever so little, with the thing growing cold in you. Father Bernardino knows this, as I have told you, and he is very glad that the arroyos of the river hold gold that a girl may come by. There are other ways to pay the kindness — ways that might stain one's soul, too, as well as the hands. Father Bernardino and I have talked of these things," she ended simply.

Then Adam, given this, was troubled yet a little more, but hopeful, too, and asked no more questions until a little ripple of very girlish laughter came to him across Olaya's shoulder.

"What is it, Olaya?" he begged.

"When you remember, Señor Adam, what you have done for me, what a woe it will be, and the sweet that will turn brackish — for I can never repay."

"Olaya," Adam cried, with a sudden emotion, "it is you who have done the big kindness — you have kept me out of hell. I came in terrible need and you wiped out my trouble!" And straightway, being spoken of, the trouble began buzzing again, very dully, in Adam's brain.

It was the very next morning that Olaya glanced up from the shifting-pan at Adam, who could never let her winnowing go unwatched, and saw him, standing very still, looking with straining eyes through the rift in the hills to the river. He had forgotten his surroundings, and when he came back to them it was to go restlessly about, plucking here and here at the brush, or to kick a stone down a pathway, following it idly to kick it on again. He worked in sudden bursts of energy all day, but forgot to sing. When they ate their noon-day meal under the mesquite tree, he could not talk, and Olaya, too, was very silent. In the afternoon, as he wandered near where she was pounding gravel, he caught her watching him furtively, with troubled eyes. He

laughed, and sat down beside her, and told her he was as restless as a bad devil who had been cinched, and she answered, "Si, señor," and they worked silently together.

The next day Adam came late to the arroyo and the olla was unfilled. He was haggard from lack of sleep, and worn with tramping all night long. He sat moodily under the mesquite tree, his elbows on his knees and his chin on his clenched knuckles. Later, he tried to rouse himself and went to see how much Olaya had panned that day. He had avoided looking at her, having much shame in him, but he could not leave the arroyo, and she had been good to greatness in keeping her eyes off him, not to give him the irritation of being watched. She smiled, with the knowledge of brooding trouble wiped out of her eyes, and held up the pan she had just finished draining.

"It is the best of all, señor," she said. It was a rich panning, and the gleam from the tiny grains flashed like a line of fire across the blackness of Adam's mood. He was on his knees by her in a second. He caught up the yellow grains in his hand, fingering them eagerly, his lips moving in some quick calculation. He did not see that Olaya watched his face with wistful concern. He did not see her at all. When she held open the buckskin bag he dropped the gold in, the leaping fire dying from his eyes as suddenly as it had flashed up. He rose to his feet again, making some further effort to cast off the shadow of the past two days.

"You have taken many rich pannings from this arroyo, Olaya," he said idly.

"Yes, and they doubled with your coming, señor."

"Is the Señora very well satisfied with what you bring her?"

"Yes."

"What does she do with it?" The question was out at last, surprising Adam as much as it did Olaya.

She looked straight up at him from where she was getting her next pan ready.

"I have never asked you why you needed a hidden way," she said.

Adam started, reddening violently. When he could speak he said, "Olaya, I knew that was the thing you guarded; I did not mean to force you into chiding me — the gold brought it out. But it is the thing I have most wanted to know — what the Señora and those seven sons do with the gold. It has come to me more and more that it is not a good thing; if it menaces you I've got to know it, Olaya."

She answered him gravely: "It is not of me, so I have not told it. It is all of them; and it does not menace me, señor. Also it was not fair of me to say that I had not asked you why you came by hidden ways; if I had not known I might have asked you — I do not *think* so, but I might."

Adam glanced at her quickly. "Know why I keep away from the towns, why — how could you?"

"You have told me very often."

Adam laughed in some relief. "How have I told you?" he asked.

"Ah, how can I remember — a little word, your mouth; a look — your eyes that have so much in them way behind." Olaya stood up now and the girlishness slipped away from her — she was a woman, very stern and appealing. "You looked at me over the ledge that morning with eyes that were glad of what they looked at because — oh, you did not say it in your head — but because you were forgetting while you looked. It was some wrong to yourself, señor — it was not murder, it was not wrong to a woman, nor any hateful little thing like theft — it was a wrong to yourself that you love so you will not put it by — you will not, señor."

"Yes," said Adam, staring at her.

"'Yes,' you say; you could — for you so easy — you could say, 'It is over, there;' and make it over; but you love it so you will not, and let it chase you up and down like a coyote, over all the hidden trails. And two days ago I saw that

thing steal into this arroyo that — that you have called the arroyo d'oro, for its secret meaning to you and to me, and write its name on your face — I know it! I have seen that thing before!"

It was still light, but Olaya gathered her tools and hid them away in the brush. She knotted the buckskin bag about her waist and undid the blue kerchief and smoothed it deftly over her knee. Adam watched her. His face was drawn in lank, white lines, like a starched garment.

"May I — go with you?" He tried to smile at her, but his lips could not. The thing in his eyes was worse than tears. "You once said that a man who was not afraid did not make others fear. Now that you know I am afraid, will it be better on the trail alone?"

"You may always come, señor," said Olaya.

So they went down through the tumble of gray hills together without a word, passed the cattle, coming up from their night drinking at the river to chew their cud under the mesquite trees, and when they came to the turn of the hill above the village, the lights were beginning to come out in all the squalid jacals of the flats. As they stood there for the moment, together, Adam could have flung himself down and clung about her knees with the whole hateful heart of him poured out to its cleansing. But he did not. He only said, a little too gayly, —

"Adios, my Saint Olaya."

"Is it to drive you out again tomorrow, señor," she asked timidly. "Is it for always?"

"Yes," he said, pitching his voice so he could handle it. "I think it is. You have been very — it has been — the morning I saw you —"

"Do not say it," she cried, in a broken whisper, and then, rallying a little, "Adios, señor, I thank you." And she was away like a fleeing deer.

Adam did not go back to his camp, but sat down close to the trail and tried to think what he would do. Above all else

he must have Olaya. He knew that the moment she took flight. And then he put his head down on his knees and said to himself that she was right: if he could once say, "It is over," it would be; but he would not say it. He told himself, too, that if she had been kind to him he could have thrown off the curse then and there. It was an easy refuge, that thought, "if she had been kind to him;" and he stayed in it a long time. When shame dragged him out of it at last, he was up and started along the village road. He did not know just what he was going to do except find Olaya, and there was a dumb sort of prayer in him that he would find her soon. From all the jacals along the outskirts lean dogs ran out to bark at him and snap at his heels and run yelping away. He kicked against a bone or tin can every second or two, and tangled bits of wire caught on his boot and tripped him. He could see the dim outlines of donkeys and hear the thud of their hobbled feet as they nosed about the dooryards for refuse melon-rinds. Everywhere there rose the indescribable smell of a Mexican village.

The lights were very few and dim in the centre of the village. Olaya had said the place in which she lived was only "one among the others," and Adam wondered where to ask for her. A little back from the road, and shielded along the front by mesquite trees and palo verdes, there was a long adobe building which was not a jacal at all, but which Adam thought might be a store, only it was away from the central traffic of the highway. He went close to it and saw that there was light coming from the chinks in its wooden shutters. He went around this house, wondering how late it was, and if he should knock, and what Olaya would say—how she would look—when he found her. And then his thought lost any shape at all with the throbbing in his throat.

At the far side of the house, against the hills, there was an unshuttered window that drew Adam slowly to its

gray light. He went up to it hesitatingly, and peered through. The instant he saw the interior, he was on his knees with his face flattened against the pane and his hands shielding the reflection. The room was low-ceilinged and white-washed, with kerosene lamps hung at intervals from the rafters and on opposite walls; but what was filling Adam's eyes was the ten or more smooth, shining tables, the strained, sallow faces above them, the piles of silver, the little heaps of golden nuggets, and the cards. He looked until his eyes were red holes in his head and his lips dragged free of his teeth and his breath whistled in and out.

Some one came down the centre of the room and broke the spell only to fix it deeper. It was a Mexican woman, old and very fat, but with erect, complacent shoulders. A man at a table near-by raised his eyes to her and she went to deal there. Adam could see the man wet his lips with his tongue and glance furtively at his companion. He put his hand up to his own mouth and wiped away the slaver that was smearing it, and then began feeling through his pockets, hurriedly, and spying about the room for the entrance. There was a heavy, rough-hewn door at one end, and Adam thought some one leaned against the lintel there; but it was too dark to be sure—it might be a hanging garment. The trouble and fight of the two days past was out of his face now; his eyes were black with a gust of new life. He crept along the wall and around the corner and tapped, ever so lightly; then he leaned against the jamb, for he was trembling.

A firm hand unlatched the door and swung it back quickly, but Adam had time to think that it really must have been some one close to the door that he had seen—almost the hand on the latch waiting for his signal. He drew himself up from the door-jamb, and then caught at it again, checked with such sudden reaction that he leaned there bewildered, for Olaya stood between him and the light of the room beyond. Shame swept

over him first, and then understanding came in a great rush, carrying him out of himself, and with that, the full revelation of those days in the golden arroyo.

Olaya's eyes, scornful and appealing, searched his face.

"Will you come in — señor?" she said.

"No," said Adam. He caught hold of her hand. "Come away," he said, "come away from this — come," and he dragged her out of the doorway.

She swung the big door to behind her, and for a second they stood, breathing fast, and each blinking to see the other's face in the sudden darkness. And then Adam's hands groped for her and she was in his arms, being hurried, stumbling along, to the road. "Señor Adam! Señor Adam!" she kept whispering, but it was from out her own clinging arms that soothed him.

"You!" he said at last. "You to come out of a hell like that — you!"

"I have not been there much, señor. I dry-wash the arroyos to keep from it; only just now I have been — two or three times."

"How could you — how could you — if that harpy made you —"

"She did not make me, señor. I feared you would come — I knew you would come — I had to be there!"

"You knew I would come?"

"Yes, señor," she pleaded, and laughed through her pleading because his arms were so close they hurt her. "Where are you taking me, señor?"

"Where is that priest who taught you to know men?"

"Are we going to him?" whispered Olaya, turning her face down the river.

"Yes."

"This is the way, señor."

A NEW LIFE OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

BY PAUL ELMER MORE

THE LETTERS of Lady Mary, as edited by Mr. W. Moy Thomas, with the editor's Memoir, and the Introductory Notes of her granddaughter, Lady Louisa Stuart, had, I confess, never been able to dispel the impression of that female wit left by the two satirists, who in succession link the whole eighteenth century together with a chain of glittering scandal. So much is there omitted from her correspondence, so much of the panegyric must be taken on credit, that in the end memory still reads under the portrait Pope's "Furious Sappho" and Walpole's "Moll Worthless."

Unfortunately, it cannot be said that the new work¹ by Miss E. M. Symonds

¹ *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Her Times*. By GEORGE PASTON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1907.

("George Paston") clears up the real obscurity of her career, for at the very critical point of the story the documents are still in part missing and in part withheld. But it does add a good deal to our knowledge of another period, and so far serves strongly to justify the wife — at the expense of the husband. I say period, for Lady Mary's life, more than is commonly the case, was sharply marked off by circumstances. There are at the beginning the years of her courtship and early married experience; these are followed by the long journey through Europe and the residence in Turkey; then, for the third period, we find her again in Great Britain, now a confessed belle and wit, one of the leaders of the notorious circle of Twickenham; and, last, comes the lonely exile in Italy and

France, with the final journey home to arrange her affairs and to die.

Now, for one of these periods, the first, Miss Symonds has a mass of new and really enlightening material. By the kindness of the Earl of Harrowby she was permitted to examine the Wortley-Montagu manuscripts at Sandon Hall, where she found a hundred and more unpublished letters from Lady Mary, with some fifty or sixty written by Mr. Wortley; and it is no exaggeration to say that the portions of these printed in the present memoir give us the clue to one of the most extraordinary tales of courtship and elopement ever enacted.

Mary Pierrepont was born in London, in 1689, her father being the great-grandson of the first Earl of Kingston and himself afterwards the fifth earl. Her infancy she passed with her grandmother, but from her eighth year, her mother and grandmother being both dead, she grew up without any proper feminine oversight. Her father, she says in an autobiographical fragment, "though naturally an honest man, was abandoned to his pleasures, and (like most of those of his quality) did not think himself obliged to be very attentive to his children's education." But he was at least proud of his little daughter, and one of his acts shows her in a situation so picturesque in itself and so significant, that it cannot be omitted here, however familiar it may be from repetition. Lady Louisa Stuart tells the story:—

"As a leader of the fashionable world, and a strenuous Whig in party, he of course belonged to the Kit-Cat Club. One day, at a meeting to choose toasts for the year, a whim seized him to nominate her, then not eight years old, a candidate; alleging that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forbade them to elect a beauty whom they had never seen. 'Then you shall see her,' cried he; and in the gaiety of the moment sent orders home to have her finely dressed and brought to him at

the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking-glass. The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another, was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations; they amounted to ecstasy; never again, throughout her whole future life, did she pass so happy a day."

Poor little lady! it seems that even in childhood she was to be the victim of her wit and beauty; she little recked how ruthlessly in later life men were to deal with these lauded gifts. But there was an extraordinary trial of patience and submission for her to undergo before she came to the real battle of life. Among her girl friends in London were Anne and Katherine Wortley Montagu, at whose home she became acquainted with that small wit and unconscionable prig, Edward Wortley Montagu, the friend of Addison and Steele, the "Gripus" and "Avidien" of Pope.

When, in 1709, she went to Thoresby in the country she must of course exchange letters with her dear Anne at Wharnccliffe some thirty miles away, and what more natural than that the brother should take a hand in the correspondence? At first he merely directs his sister, speaking of himself in the third person; but he becomes more and more in evidence, and after the death of Anne, in that same year, we find him writing to Lady Mary as a professed but secret lover. He did indeed approach her father for her hand, and was at first favored. But an obstinate quarrel soon arose over the settlements; Mr. Wortley, who showed early the penurious traits that afterwards grew to a vice, refused to settle property

on an unborn heir who might — as indeed he proved in the sequence to do — turn out a spendthrift and wanton; while Lady Mary's father would not risk seeing his grandchildren left beggars. Pin-money and jointures also came in to embitter the wrangle. Mr. Wortley's arguments on that topic may be read in one of the *Tatler* papers, worked up by Steele from his notes, and the whole ignoble dispute furnished Richardson with his material for the episode of Sir Thomas Grandison and his daughter Caroline.

The twists and turns of the correspondence that followed between the young man and the young woman, the clandestine meetings at the house of Richard Steele and elsewhere, the secret messengers, the bribery of servants, the evasions and hesitations, the romantic elopement in the end — all these may be read in the letters quoted by Miss Symonds; a tale not easily matched in the tortuous-wooing fiction of the age. In the end Lady Mary comes out far better than her swain; it is clear that she fell heartily in love with her incomprehensible suitor, and endured his bickerings and insulting insinuations despite the protests of reason and pride. She has her maidenly reserves in language, and at times she can argue with canny prudence; but on the whole one gets from her letters the impression of a troubled common sense and of a natural girlishness playing the rôle of wisdom.

Mr. Wortley is simply an insufferable egoist; it is not easy to use language too strong for his ignoble jealousies. He has been compared, not inaptly, with Sir Willoughby Patterne, — a very stodgy and mercenary Sir Willoughby, one must add, — and Lady Mary in these early years might be likened not unfairly to Clara Middleton. Mr. Wortley's game is simply to draw out the lady's unshamed confession of love without compromising his own calculating reserve, and to subdue her to complete absorption in himself without surrendering any of his own

precious independence. It is, in the second part at least, a well-recognized masculine sport, but you resent the spectacle when the fairest and wittiest woman in England is the victim, and you are not unprepared to pardon if in due time she gets her revenge.

This intriguing despotism might be dismissed with calling the gentleman a cad, or a "puppy," to take the word of his own day, but you cannot help asking all the while what it is that so keeps his suspicions and jealousies on edge. Granted the initial wrong of deceiving her father, the language and acts of Lady Mary were, so far as they appear, without reproach. At first his complaints are inexplicable, and then, as you read, a certain note comes up so frequently that you begin to discern a reason which, if it does not excuse, yet throws some light on his uneasiness. "Could any woman," he says, "write with so much wit, and be so much upon her guard, with one she was afraid of losing?" And again, "I beg you will this once try to avoid being witty, and to write in a style of business, tho' it should appear to you as flat as mine." And still more frankly, "Shall I tell you how to deceive me, if you think it worth your while? Avoid seeming witty (which all do naturally when they are serious), and say nothing that does not seem probable."

The simple fact is that this dull, plodding fellow felt the superiority of Lady Mary's mind, and winced at it. He could not understand her vivacity, which at once attracted and disconcerted him. It is the same story that makes the whole triumph and tragedy of her life. As a wit precociously versed in the classics and endowed with the seemingly incongruous charm of beauty, Lady Mary first attracted her husband and afterwards conquered society; it was the same quality that awakened his suspicions and in the end helped to drive her out of England. She might well have wished the words of Ovid inscribed on her tomb: *INGENIO PERII*.

trusting that the world would not add: *tenerorum lusor amorum*.

But of her character as a wit it will be time to speak more specifically when she has returned from Constantinople in the fullness of her reputation. For a while after her marriage, in 1712, she was considerably kept in the country, while her jealous and already neglectful lord attended to business and pleasure — and commonly the two were one to that prudent soul — in the city. Part of the time she was alone, at other times she stayed with her husband's relatives or was graced with his own condescending presence. There were cares of house-furnishing and housekeeping to occupy her, and in due season the nursing of her son, who was to turn out one of the reproaches of England and the particular horror of his mother. She endured dutifully these years of surly neglect, but the experience left its sting, and apparently helped to harden her character. "I was then [1714] in Yorkshire," she afterwards wrote. "Mr. W. (who had at that time, that sort of passion for me, that would have made me invisible to all but himself, had it been in his power) had sent me thither. He stayed in town on the account of some business, and the Queen's death detained him there." The fretful ennui of "The Bride in the Country" forms the subject of one of her satirical ballads.

But release was near. She had aided her husband as she could, and even pushed him forward in his political ambitions.

In 1716 Mr. Wortley was appointed Ambassador to the Porte, and on August 1, he, with his wife, three-year-old son, and suite set out for Constantinople. I shall not follow them on their journey across the Continent, nor try to give an account of what Lady Mary saw, and so vividly described, in Paris and Vienna, in the wild regions of Hungary, and then in the home of the Turk. She was an ideal traveler, adapting herself facily to the customs of the place, and feeling no prud-

ish alarm at the different moral codes that met her. In particular she writes with curious complacency of the Austrian "sub-marriages," and remarks of the Italian ladies that "the custom of *cicisbeos* has very much improved their airs." It is only fair to add her amusing apology from Vienna: "I'll assure you, a lady, who is very much my friend here, told me but yesterday, how much I was obliged to her for justifying my conduct in a conversation on my subject, where it was publicly asserted that I could not possibly have common sense, that I had been about town above a fortnight, and had made no steps towards commencing an amour." And at Constantinople she found the ways of life peculiarly to her taste; the Turkish women she declared to be "the only free people in the empire."

All these things she described in letters of which, after the manner of the age, she kept faithful, or unfaithful, copies, or which she afterwards wrote up for the half-public from her diaries. On them her fame as a writer depends almost exclusively to-day, and it must be admitted that they fully deserve their reputation. Letters of travel somehow have generally less staying power than those from home; what they give can be better given in a formal treatise, while they miss the little touches of satire and friendship, the pleasant familiarities, the display of character at ease in its proper environment, which make the charm or the humor of the best correspondence. These qualities for the most part Lady Mary's epistles, as they may be called, do not possess. But they have other traits, rarer, if less engaging. She shows a kind of familiarity with things strange, which carries the reader with her. Her language is clear and firm, but less formal than that of Pope and Bolingbroke and the other professed epistolary authors of the day. She puts a curb on their incurable trick of dealing in moral platitudes. In a word, she strikes the happy and difficult balance between the general

and the particular, the descriptive and the personal. She stands to the front among the second grade of letter-writers.

One feels her excellence in a special way in the letters exchanged with Pope, who is here by no means at his best. For a short while before their departure for the East she had been permitted by Mr. Wortley to live in London and to renew her acquaintance with the intellectual society of whom Pope was the acknowledged chief, and it was under this exciting stimulus that she wrote her *Town Eclogues*, three of which the mysterious Curll published piratically, in 1715, under the title of *Court Poems by a Lady of Quality*, with the intimation that they were really composed by "the laudable translator of Homer." They were apparently handed about the coterie in manuscript, and were but one move in the dangerous game Lady Mary then began to play. At any rate, the intimacy between her and Pope quickly ripened to gallantry, and letters of the most exaggerated sentiment followed the lady on her Eastern wanderings. He would be a bold critic who should attempt to say how much of this philandering on the part of the little man was sincere, and how much a bad literary copy of the letters of Voiture; likely enough the writer himself would have been puzzled to discriminate; it was the prescribed rôle. We may give him the credit of believing that at times a note of genuine passion is heard breaking through, or making use of, the convention of the day — as in that touching appeal to her after a fit of illness:—

"This last winter has seen great revolutions in my little affairs. My sickness was preceded by the death of my father, which happened within a few days after I had writ to you inviting myself to meet you in your journey homewards. I have yet a mother of great age and infirmities, whose last precarious days of life I am now attending, with such a solemn pious kind of officiousness as a melancholy recluse watches the last risings and fallings

of a dying taper. My natural temper is pretty much broke, and I live half a hermit within five miles of London [at Chiswick]. A letter from you soothes me in my reveries; it is like a conversation with some spirit of the other world, the least glimpse of whose favor sets one above all taste of the things of this: indeed, there is little or nothing angelical left behind you; the women here are—women. I cannot express how I long to see you face to face; if ever you come again, I shall never be able to behave with decency. I shall walk, look and talk at such a rate, that all the town must know I have seen something more than human. Come, for God's sake; come, Lady Mary; come quickly!"

And how did the lady, addressed in these tones of almost blasphemous devotion, reply? In the extreme of good sense, it must be allowed. From Vienna she had written the 14th September, 1716:

"Perhaps you'll laugh at me for thanking you gravely, for all the obliging concern you express for me. 'T is certain that I may, if I please, take the fine things you say to me for wit and raillery, and it may be it would be taking them right. But I never in my life was half so disposed to believe you in earnest; and that distance which makes the continuation of your friendship improbable, has very much increased my faith in it, and I find that I have (as well as the rest of my sex), whatever face I set on't, a strong disposition to believe in miracles."

That is not just the answer we may fancy to have been desired by a gentleman who no doubt preferred the wit to be all on his own side and the simplicity on the lady's. If there is any one single-minded utterance in his correspondence, it is the exclamation: "A plague of female wisdom: It makes a man ten times more uneasy than his wont." Again, poor Lady Mary! she was yet to learn, what she might have guessed from such a confession, that superiority in a woman is an attraction that too often turns into what most repels.

There was, one sees, a pretty *casus belli* lurking under this exchange of courtesies from the beginning, and the quarrel, when it came, was sure to be bitter and relentless. In 1718 the Wortleys were recalled, and Lady Mary returned home reluctantly, carrying with her a daughter, — destined, after a season of anxiety, to give her as much satisfaction as her son was to bring disgrace, — the practice of inoculation, which with much difficulty she got naturalized in England, and — to join things disparate — a mind quite disencumbered of conventions.

In England, we soon find the family established at Twickenham, where Pope (it was Lady Mary herself who later on dubbed him “the wicked wasp of Twickenham”) had made himself the centre of a little society of wits, and from whence he shot his venomous bolts at any one who balked at his intellectual and moral supremacy. I should like, from the memoirs and letters of the day, to draw out a picture of that brilliant and perilous society. Across the river lay Richmond Lodge; Hampton Court and Kew, with their royal associations, were near by; Dawley, where Bolingbroke retired to sulk and scheme, was also within driving distance. And when the resources of these places failed, London offered its dissipations, was, indeed, already pushing its way up the river to absorb these half-rural retreats. Lady Mary, we may presume, was heartily welcomed into this circle. A “rake at reading,” as she called herself, she had at the age of twenty translated the Latin version of Epictetus under the direction of Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury. Her satirical poems had already attracted notice, and her fame had been increased by her letters, which, after the manner of the day, were passed from hand to hand. Now, at the age of thirty, she was returning, in the full flush of her beauty, and with the glamour of the East upon her. Pope had made “Wortley’s eyes” notorious, and was at no pains to conceal his passion and, so to speak, proprietorship.

It is not strange if the lady’s head was turned for a while, and if she fell into a way of life that invited scandal. “In general,” she writes to her sister, “gallantry never was in so elevated a figure as it is at present. Twenty pretty fellows (the Duke of Wharton being president and chief director) have formed themselves into a committee of gallantry. They call themselves *Schemers*, and meet regularly three times a week to consult on gallant schemes for the advantage and advancement of that branch of happiness. . . .” It is true they have the envy and curses of the old and ugly of both sexes, and a general persecution from all old women; but this is no more than all reformations must expect in their beginning.” The friendship of Wharton (“Poor W. . . . nipt in folly’s broadest bloom!”) was not without its danger for the woman who accepted it, and there are other names that have become associated too closely with Lady Mary’s. She may have reckoned on this peril when she entered the lists of gallantry, but, though warned, she can scarcely have foreseen the true nature of the calamity before her from the other side of that life.

“It was about the time of Cowley,” says Dr. Johnson, “that wit, which had been till then used for *Intellection*, in contradiction to *Will*, took the meaning, whatever it be, which it now bears.” Dr. Johnson needed only to consult the career of his favorite Pope to have spoken more precisely; or, indeed, he might have quoted Pope’s explicit words: “The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth.” And it was a war for hearth and gods; said Chesterfield one day in Parliament, giving at once a shrewd definition and an apt illustration: “Wit, my Lords, is a sort of property — the property of those who have it, and too often the only property they have to depend on. It is indeed a precarious dependence. We, my Lords, thank God, have a dependence of another kind.” The game was simply to raise one’s self in estimation by rendering a rival, or, if need be, a friend,

ridiculous or odious. Cleverness was the arms, vanity the motive. Personal satire was raised into the chief branch of literature, and the motto to all comers, *Woe to the vanquished*. Every feint of warfare was legitimate — so long as it was not made ignominious by detection. One of the commonest stratagems, as old in practice as the days of Martial, but now employed scientifically, was to write a libelous poem and accuse another of being the author, whereby you killed two birds with one stone —

Vipereumque vomat nostro sub nomine virus.

The result is a literature which would be deprived of all human interest, were not envy and malice, like an inverted charity, one of the strongest and most binding of social instincts.

Now, the tragedy of Lady Mary's life was just this, that, being a woman, and a beautiful woman of the world, she entered the lists and was beaten. Men could take their buffetings and continue in the fight. Mrs. Manley, too, might shock society and even suffer imprisonment for her libelous *New Atlantis* — she had no character to lose. Mrs. Astell might brave the world and the male "puppies" by her *Essay in Defence of the Female Sex* — she was never properly of the world. And, at a later date, Mrs. Montagu and the other *blues* might write and palaver to their heart's content — they were careful not to enter into real competition with their sensitive lords; they belong to the distinctly female current of eighteenth-century life. But it was otherwise with Lady Mary. She took the field where her name was at stake, and having lost that, she lost all. She found that in this game the men, like the Abbé Galiani's *grand fripon là-haut*, played with loaded dice. It may seem to us unjust, hard, absurd; it was the fact.

She herself knew the prejudice under which she fought. As early as 1710 she had written to her mentor, Dr. Burnet: "There is hardly a character in the world more despicable, or more liable to universal ridicule, than that of a learned

woman." Nor was she without intimate knowledge of the tenderness of a woman's name under scandal. There was, for instance, her neighbor, Mrs. Murray, who had been attacked by her footmen. — "A very odd whim has entered the head of little Mrs. Murray," writes our Lady; "do you know she won't visit me this winter? I, according to the usual integrity of my heart and simplicity of my manners, with great *naïveté* desired to explain with her on the subject, and she answered that she was convinced that I had made the ballad upon her, and was resolved never to speak to me again." It is an odd thing that so much of Lady Mary's trouble should have arisen from poems she did not write. And as for this indecent ballad, whether she was guilty of it or not, she certainly stands credited with an "Epistle from Arthur Grey, the Footman," which might well bring a blush to the "lovely nymph" to whom it is so flatteringly addressed.

And of the more particular source of danger Lady Mary certainly received due warning. Addison had written to her: "Leave Pope as soon as you can; he will certainly play you some devilish trick else;" but she preferred to dally with the fire. As to the causes of the quarrel, the new biography, unfortunately, leaves us as much at puzzle as we were before; the documents are still, and apparently will always be, wanting. According to the tradition preserved by Lady Louisa Stuart, Lady Mary's own statement was "that at some ill-chosen time, when she least expected what romances call a *declaration*, he made such passionate love to her, as, in spite of her utmost endeavors to be angry and look grave, provoked an immoderate fit of laughter; from which moment he became her implacable enemy" — naturally, and for the same reason that he raged at Colley Cibber's infamous anecdote. But there is large room to doubt Lady Louisa's story. It is notable, for one thing, that as early as 1722 Lady Mary "very seldom" saw "Mr. Pope," where-

as the rupture did not occur until about 1727, when, it may be observed, she was in her thirty-ninth year. As a matter of fact Spence gives quite a different, and utterly trivial, explanation of the breach, which he professes to have had from Lady Mary. And as for Pope, his story is that "he discontinued their society [that of Lady Mary and Lord Hervey] because he found they had too much wit for him" — which, in a general way, sounds like the truth. At least it tallies with the account of the matter that Pope repeated in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*:

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit.

More dupe than wit! No, that is too bad, Mr. Pope; let us take your manuscript version: —

Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
And liked that dangerous thing, a female wit:
Safe, as he thought, though all the prudent
chid;
He writ no libels, but my Lady did.

Now, whether the scurrilous ballads on Pope, published by the Duke of Wharton or Sir William Yonge, were written before or after the quarrel, and whether, as Pope believed, Lady Mary had a finger in them, does not appear. It is at least suspicious that Lady Mary has again to deny her part in verses that might have disagreeable consequences. Certainly there is good evidence to show that she wrote part or all of the *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, which came out in the full tide of the quarrel and incited Pope to retort with epigrams of almost incredible savageness. He fastened the name of Sappho upon her; he ruined her reputation for the time, and for the future.

One question raised by these incriminations can scarcely be passed over, delicate as it may seem. Was Lady Mary really the immoral creature he made her? Now, in judging Pope we must remember always that he was, perhaps, the greatest writer of personal satire the world has ever known, and that he acquired his fame and his terrors not by striking at

random, but by striking *true*. When Hervey, or Lady Mary, tried to injure him by comparing him with Horace: —

Thine is just such an image of *his* pen,
As thou thyself art of the sons of men,
Where our own species in burlesque we trace,
A sign-post likeness of the human face,
That is at once resemblance and disgrace.
Horace can laugh, is delicate, is clear,
You only coarsely rail, or darkly sneer;
His style is elegant, his diction pure,
Whilst none thy crabbed numbers can endure;
Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure —

they might pain him by laughing at his humble origin and his crooked body, but to the world at large their physical satire would appear merely stupid and brutal, for the reason that in its moral and intellectual parts it was so palpably false. To call his numbers crabbed was to discredit their own taste; to speak of the hard heart of the author of *Eloisa to Abelard* was equally to discredit their own feelings. Who, in those days, had not dropped a tear to the concluding lines of that poem, addressed to Lady Mary herself when in the Orient: —

And sure if fate some future bard should join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemned whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive
ghost;

He best can paint them who shall feel them
most.

To such satire as Lady Mary's Pope could say exultingly, "It is a pleasure and comfort at once to find that with so much mind as so much malice must have to accuse or blacken my character, it can fix on no one ill or immoral thing in my life." He did not himself proceed in that way. He might, he undoubtedly did, exaggerate and distort, but he started with significant facts.

She had, though in all innocence it may be, allowed a certain Frenchman to address letters of gallantry to her, and had invested sums of money for him in the unfortunate South Sea Stock; Pope writes: —

Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at
Paris
Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries.

Again, Mr. Wortley was notoriously avaricious, and his wife had early contracted something of his penuriousness; Pope writes:—

Avidien, or his wife . . .
Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
And humbly live on cabbages and roots:
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some lucky day (as when they found
A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was
drowned)
At such a feast old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so generous cannot bear:
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But sous the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

Again, Lady Mary's sister fell into a melancholy, and, having been wrested from the care of Lord Grange, her husband's brother, was kept in confinement by Lady Mary; Pope writes:—

Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt.

Again, Lady Mary grew with years into slovenly habits; Pope writes:—

As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask.

All this cunning in satire makes it hard to believe that there was not some basis for the more licentious lines, which need not be here quoted. And the common opinion of the day confirms such a view. Thus, one is not surprised to find the mild Mrs. Montagu, in one of her letters, alluding to the scandal of Lady Mary's life as a thing well known, or to see her mentioned casually in one of Chesterfield's *Characters* as "eminent for her parts and her vices." Lord Chesterfield was no common scandal-monger; he measured his words, and I confess that this chance phrase of his has had great weight in forming my judgment. Possibly her reputation was merely the result of Pope's satire. Now satire, however based on facts, has never scrupled to add its own superstructure, and we may close this discussion, already too long, by say-

ing that the lady was *indiscreet*. Even her latest panegyrist, Miss Symonds, grants as much as that.

The upshot of it was that in July of 1739, at the age of fifty, Lady Mary left her home and her family and set out for her long, lonely sojourn in Italy and France. No special quarrel with her husband has been unearthed, and she continued to write to him letters full of respect; they had apparently just drifted apart. Her daughter was married; her son was totally estranged from her. England had been made uncomfortable, and, when opportunity offered, she took herself out of the way. Her correspondence during these years of exile is full of interesting details, and pages might be made up of extracts on a variety of topics. It is not, in my judgment, as entertaining as the letters from the Orient, and it indicates, also, I think, a certain letting down of her character. The fact is, her career shows a slow and steady degeneration from the frank, fondly-wise girlhood which Miss Symonds has thrown into pleasant and artistic relief. More especially, her war with the wits had hardened and coarsened her mind. It is not easy, for instance, to forgive the complete lack of feeling she displays toward her son, however worthless and wild he may have been. It is not pretty to begin a letter, as she does one to her husband from Genoa, "I am sorry to trouble you on so disagreeable a subject as our son;" and she rarely mentions his name without some rancorous remark. The best that can be said is that her language is no more outrageous than that used by Queen Caroline in regard to her graceless son, the Prince of Wales.

On the death of her husband, in 1761, she returned to England to settle up his affairs; he left, it was estimated, £800,000 in money, and £17,000 per annum in land, mines, etc.: an enormous fortune for those days. She took a small furnished "harpsichord" house in Great George Street, and there for a while was the wonder of London. Walpole's ac-

count of his visit to her is one of the best-known *morceaux* in his Correspondence — a strange and terrible pendant to his portrait of her as he had seen her in Florence twenty-two years earlier: —

“Lady Mary Wortley is arrived; I have seen her; I think her avarice, her dirt, and her vivacity, are all increased. Her dress, like her language, is a *galimatias* of several countries; the ground-work, rags, and the embroidery, nastiness. She wears no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes. An old black-laced hood represents the first, the fur of a horseman’s coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy, and officiates for the fourth; and slippers act the part of the last. When I was at Florence, and she

was expected there, we were drawing *Sortes Virgilianas* — for her, we literally drew

Insanam vatem aspicias.

It would have been a stronger prophecy now, even than it was then.”

Again, and for the last time, Lady Mary suffered from the impertinence of masculine wit, and what a change from the picture of the young girl toasted at the Kit-Cat Club! We may believe that her latest enemy drew freely upon his imagination.

She died August 21, 1762, leaving, as Walpole wrote, “twenty-one large volumes in prose and verse, in manuscript.” The story of how her letters got into print is one of the puzzles of literary annals, but is not within our range.

THE AIR OF THE CITY

BY HOLLIS GODFREY

WHEN, on that long-past burning August day, the wide-mouthed crater of Vesuvius poured down an overwhelming cloud on little Herculaneum and greater Pompeii, the daily life of rich and poor was choked out suddenly by that terrific burial in dust. As we pass from some fierce dust-storm in our cities, gasping and coughing with the load of dirt which has enveloped us, as we behold dark wreaths of heavy smoke pouring from soft-coal fires on every side, the thought must sometimes come that our communities to-day endure a peril far too much like that which in that distant time engulfed city and town about the Bay of Naples.

What does the air of the city hold? How does it differ from pure mountain air? Wherein lie its dangers? What can be found to remedy its perils? All these are questions whose answers immediately concern every dweller in community

centres. We know, chemically speaking, that air in its normal state is chiefly composed of oxygen and nitrogen, approximately one-fifth oxygen to four-fifths nitrogen. Besides these it contains some carbon dioxide, a little watery vapor, a few inert elementary gases, and small traces of compounds formed from nitrogen. How much do we know of the uses of those substances or of the wealth of life which the atmosphere holds? Day after day we go trudging to and fro along our various paths, at the bottom of a gaseous ocean which surrounds us, eating and sleeping, working with hand and brain, yet giving scarce a thought to the essential part which the air plays in our common life.

Of all the engines cunningly devised by man not one can equal that masterpiece of construction, the engine of the human frame. To run that engine, air is the first necessity. Construct it how

you will, the greater part of the energy which feeds a power plant is lost before it reaches the applying machine. The body only has the power of using energy really economically and efficiently. Its food is its fuel. To be available, all the constituents of that food must be burned, producing heat and power. For that burning the oxygen of the air is essential. Equally true is it that nitrogen must be present to prevent the rapid combustion which would take place in oxygen alone. But whether the combustion be fast or slow, the action is the same. The body burns the carbon and hydrogen of its food and gives out the oxides of these substances, carbon dioxide (carbonic acid gas) and hydrogen oxide (water). The water that is formed within the body by the burning of hydrogen is of comparatively slight importance in a consideration of the vital questions of the effect of city air upon the individual, but the other factor, the carbon dioxide formed in the body, is of direct importance.

Farther and farther outward stretch the high city walls of brick and stone, — engulfing tree and shrub, — laying bare grassy knoll and living green. Higher and higher rise the chimneys, and with their rise increases daily the great outpouring of carbon dioxide and other gases, rushing into the air from the fuel burning in the fires below. Every type of fuel is carbon in its main essential, and every type chiefly produces carbon dioxide as the result of its combustion. Set a factory chimney in the midst of a grassy plain, or send forth huge volumes of hot gases from a steamer in mid-ocean, and the resulting carbon dioxide added to the air is of but little consequence. The wind scatters it to infinite dilution. The air of the city rising from hundreds of chimneys and confining walls has no such chance. The task is too heavy for even the sweeping winds to accomplish, robbed as they are of their chief helper in the disposition of carbonic acid gas, the living green of plant life.

Those city fathers who see nothing

but æsthetic value in park or tree-lined boulevard, recognize not all the sanitary value of such breathing spots. Every leaf, every blade of grass, is a highly specialized factory for the care and disposal of carbon dioxide gas. Their growth, their very existence, depends upon the power possessed by their tiny cells to take that gas from the surrounding atmosphere and break it down into its component parts. That done, the carbon stays within the plant, forming its structure; the oxygen returns into the air, ready to unite once more wherever oxidizable materials are found. Every moment of every day the never-ceasing "cycle of carbon" continues on its round. The carbon of wood, coal, or plant, be it used for fuel or for food, is burned with evolution of the compound gas, carbon dioxide. That gas is seized by the plant, is separated, and once more assumes the simple form. The carbon which was the beginning is the end as well. The modern city, with its bricks and mortar, in most cases leaves but little room for these billions of plant factories. Its high walls bar the cleansing winds. Excess of carbon dioxide is but too likely to result.

In a most careful study of *Air and its Relation to Vital Energy*, Professor Woodbridge takes up this point in a light somewhat different from that in which it has been most commonly considered. Carbon dioxide gas exists in the air in far too small a quantity, even when materially in excess of the normal, to act in any way as a direct poison. It is in the effect of such excess upon the structure of the human frame that danger may lie.

The air of the lungs normally contains about a hundred times as much carbon dioxide as does the atmosphere around them. Our lung-bellows, by double action, produce the draft which keeps alive our body-fires and takes away the products of combustion, acting over the great surface of some four hundred square feet. Their boundary walls hold venous blood on one side

air on the other. Through these walls the carbonic acid gas brought there by the blood passes into the air of the lungs, thence to issue with that air through nose and mouth. It is on the fact that the heavier carbon dioxide within the blood has a greater tension than the lighter air in the lungs, that the exchange depends. Lessen that tension, increase the heaviness of the air within the lungs by adding even a slight quantity of carbonic acid gas from the atmosphere, and the exchange may slacken. If the burned wastes of the body remain within the blood, they must clog the fires and produce disease. So finely are the body-fires adjusted that the least disturbance of normal conditions may tend toward injury. It cannot be denied that many scientists look upon the presence of carbon dioxide in excess in the air as of less importance than Professor Woodbridge imputes to it, yet in general the indication of the foulness of the air shown by carbon dioxide is considered of direct importance. In any case, where city walls, uncooled by oases of grass or trees, lie baking under our summer tropic sun, the gases from the city chimneys cannot but bear heavily on man and beast.

Device after device has been brought forward by inventors to secure a satisfactory regulation of temperature in houses and public buildings — cold-air regulators for furnaces, steam regulators for steam heaters, checks of various sorts. The principle of heat regulation in the body has been carried on for centuries effectively and well by three simple uniform methods. At high temperatures we perspire and evaporate the perspiration to cool the body. At medium temperatures we combine evaporation with variation of blood-flow, or change the condition of the vessels of the skin. At lower temperatures we must depend on increasing the body-fires to warm ourselves and burn our food more rapidly.

The variation of body temperature is affected by the outer cold or heat, by humidity or wind. Outside temperature,

humidity, or wind, important as they are, can be but little controlled by city ordinances or private efforts. Wind is shut off by walls. Inside temperature errs, if anything, on the side of excess. Humidity is commonly overlooked altogether. The water vapor of the air conducts heat from the body more rapidly than dry air, and interferes with the evaporation of perspiration. Those two factors seriously disarrange the regulation of the body heat. The discomfort of the "dog days," as well as no small amount of the uneasiness of a crowded room, comes from the excess of water vapor in the air.

With the outpouring of the city's chimneys has come another problem in these later days, a cloud which shadows all our cities, covering with its blackness wall and pavement, entering alike to house and factory, — the city's smoke. Life in the soft-coal cities comes to be existence in a gray, blackened world. Whiteness of cloth, cleanliness of face or hands, becomes a shadowy hope, not a reality.

The reason for these conditions is by no means hard to find. Soft coal differs from hard coal most of all in this: when burned, its carbon, turning but in part to oxide, leaves a cloud of soft black soot, that carbon uncombined which soots the study lamp or rises from the snuffed-out candle. The coating which such soot casts on the lining of the lungs is one of the hardships of the city-dweller, despite the fact that our breathing organs possess a most extraordinary power of taking care of foreign bodies which invade their midst. Of all the particles that enter, no small portion returns, coughed back from the mouth or else ejected from the nose where tiny filters held them as they entered. Those which persist and lodge in windpipe or in bronchial tubes find there a horde of soldiers placed to drive the invader back, the cilia. These are cells shaped like tiny fingers, each finger fringed on its free end with a myriad of infinitesimal hairs which swing unceasingly through life, and as they swing bear back and upwards towards the mouth-

invading solids. Besides the cilia the phagocytes, those sanitary engineers of the blood, stand ready to seize, encompass, and destroy any harmful substances that may enter.

Yet through all these defenses solids can pass, and many do pass. Once in the lungs, they settle on the walls where passes out carbonic acid from the blood, where enters air carrying life-giving oxygen to the fires within. Where they fall, they clog the way. In city life, the fresh pink of a normal person's lung is streaked and spotted with black lines which chart the blocked-up roads where breath of life once entered, where burned-out wastes once passed. In reason this may do no serious harm, because of the tremendous space through which the boundary walls extend. But as the coal-miner, from morning until night inspiring soft and clinging masses of black coal, dies long before his prime because his lungs, bounded by atrophied film, no longer serve their purpose, so the city-dweller, breathing day and night, year in and year out, an atmosphere charged with black smoke, shortens the course of life which should have been his own.

In smoky cities the proper ventilation of houses, one of the greatest essentials in stamping out tuberculosis, becomes more difficult. The doors and windows of the tenements are closed, and the stifled air within hastens disease and death. On humid days the smoke which fills the streets unites with the water vapor of the air to form the fogs which overhang the city. Fogs can exist only when the gaseous water of the air is liquified upon solid particles. The bits of carbon floating through the ways give such foundation, and the water condensing on them forms a mist. Probably without direct injurious effect, a fog depresses, renders resistance to disease more difficult, sets up a barrier to the cleansing, life-giving sun.

The pity of it is that all the evils which come from smoke are preventable. Smoke-consumers exist which have

proved their worth. Due care in running fires will do much. No more fuel is required under careful management to produce combustion which shall be practically smokeless. These statements have been proved over and over again. It is a matter of community supervision, of laws rightly framed and fearlessly administered. Fortunately inspection is by no means a difficult matter. One city, for example, handles that problem by means of a chart holding six pictures of a chimney above a factory, the first of which shows the chimney with no smoke, the second with a light smoke issuing, the other four showing greater and blacker volumes. The first conditions are passable. The last are dangerous. The inspector takes a photograph of any questionable chimney and compares it with the standard pictures. The comparison tells the story. The factory is pronounced "passed," or the owner is warned to conform immediately to the regulations, under penalty of the law.

The West as a whole is far beyond the East in its abatement of the smoke nuisance. In St. Paul some four years ago, the work was given over to the department of health, whose first act was to lay the following question before the local and national unions of steam engineers and firemen: "Can the smoke nuisance as it exists to-day be reasonably prevented without injury to trade and manufacturing interests?" This question was unanimously answered in the affirmative by the members of both unions. Notice was taken of all dubious cases, and fines were imposed when necessary: a minimum fine of twenty-five dollars for the first offense, doubled for each succeeding one. The work has been most successful, and besides an abatement of smoke, a saving of fuel is reported.

In Milwaukee an ordinance which has gone through periods of relaxation and others of strict enforcement, has been successful when properly managed. About half the city at the time of a recent report used smoke-consuming de-

vices; about one-fourth used hard coal or smokeless fuel. The general condition of the city was admirable. So admirable, indeed, that the title of the ordinance passed by the Common Council is worth quoting in full as an epitome of what such an ordinance should be.

An Ordinance declaring it to be a nuisance to cause or permit dense black smoke to be emitted from the chimneys or smoke-stacks of furnaces, boilers, heating, power or manufacturing plants, boats, vessels, tugs, dredges, stationary or locomotive engines, and creating the office of smoke-inspector, fixing his salary and prescribing his duties, and creating a board for the suppression of smoke.

Close as is the relation between the products of combustion and the public health, there is a yet closer one between the other burden which the atmosphere carries—dust—and disease. For many centuries the world believed that air was a vehicle of disease, and many a historian of pestilential years told of foul and heavy vapors which hung daily over doomed cities and seemed to carry death as they spread. From stage to stage passed the beliefs in the causation of epidemic disease, but with ever-recurring persistence they returned in one way or another to some belief in the transmission agency of the gases of the air. Only in that clarifying time when Schwann and Pasteur, Lister and Tyndall worked, was it made evident that the disease properties of the atmosphere came not from the air itself but from the burden of living organisms which it bore. From that great demonstration came the germ theory of disease.

In the rush of modern scientific research the work done a generation ago is likely to be lost to sight. It is well worth a moment's pause, however, to recall the brilliant research by which John Tyndall, in 1868, proved the presence of organic matter in the air. Like many another experimenter, Tyndall

found what he did not seek. He sought knowledge on the decomposition of vapors by light. He found the relation between dust and disease. The sunlight passing through a chink in the shutters reveals its path by the motes dancing in its ray. To obtain the results he wished, it was necessary for Tyndall to remove all floating matters from the air of his tubes. He attempted to do this in various ways, finally passing his air over the flame of a lamp. To his intense surprise the matter disappeared. It had been burned by the flame. His mind instantly leaped to the conclusion that it was organic matter, though practically every scientist had hitherto believed that the floating matter of the air was wholly inorganic and non-combustible. Tyndall created a living world at a bound, the world wherein moves the living matter of the air. He pushed his inquiry farther. He placed a lamp in a beam of light. Strange wreaths of blackness rose, blacker, as he says, "than the blackest smoke ever seen issuing from the funnel of a steamer." Carrying the inquiry on, he tried the same experiment with red hot iron, to preclude any possibility that the blackness might be smoke from a flame. "The same whirling masses of darkness rose, — smoke was out of the question." One conclusion remained. The darkness was that of stellar space, of the night which holds between the far-hung stars. The heat had burned the organic matter of the air, the inorganic had settled, no material substance remained to reflect light. Dust was in part organic. Nay, more. Dust was made up of two parts: the inorganic, matter like the rolling sands of the sea, the organic, germ masses of living organisms, infinitesimal, yet each complete in itself.

These micro-organisms of the air were soon proved capable of many things. Among other powers, they were proved to be carriers of disease. The surgeon's scalpel laid on a dusty shelf had time after time introduced the germs of evil into the wound it was meant to cure.

An operation was a dread event where death was almost as likely as recovery. Lister's discovery of the possibilities of bacteriological cleanliness meant exclusion of germ-life from wound and instrument, from surgeon's hand and winding bandage. It brought life to thousands. Swiftly the new theory made its way. Germ-life which could cause disease existed in the atmosphere. Methods arose to combat the various forms of ill which it brought. Knowledge grew as to the specific germs of evil and their brothers of good.

The marvelous life of the earth, the teeming billions of micro-organisms which inhabit the soil, have already been considered in "City Water and City Waste."¹ It is sufficient to recall here that by far the greater part of the earth's surface contains a vigorous microscopic life which serves many important purposes in the economy of nature. When earth is dried and driven by the wind about the streets, various types of micro-organisms rise with the dust clinging to sand or splinter or floating by themselves. Of these forms, the bacteria interest us the most. The great service which they perform lies in the power which many of them possess of taking dangerous or exhausted organic material and turning it into harmless inorganic form. That service is turned to account in every modern sewage plant. The great injury which they may cause comes from a few forms in which lie the beginnings of disease. Growing with intense rapidity, these tiny plants, shaped like balls, rods, or spirals, spread wherever they may fall. Moist surfaces hold the germs, and besides the soil, they abound in manure and all decaying organic bodies, while those which find suitable homes in the human body multiply there with serious results. They appear in dust in billions piled on billions, when the dried earth, sweeping into the air with the varying impulse of the breeze, carries with it dried masses of bacteria.

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1906.

The city street is a provider of bacterial hosts which has few equals. The concourse of the mart, the moving to and fro of many people, the constant throwing forth of human sputum, the dirt brought by the passing of many horses and domestic animals confined within a comparatively meagre space, all tend to furnish a constant supply of bacteria to the soil of the streets. When the soil has once been dried, the pounding of heavy wagons and the suction of the great wheels of motor cars form a fine pulverized surface powder on the road surface, ready to rise in clouds with every wandering breeze. The healthiest period which exists in city air is that during or just after a rain or snow. Moisture brings the germ content of the street most teeming with bacterial life to figures low in the extreme.

The germs which modern city air contains are chiefly of two classes. The first group affects the respiratory organs. Of these the tubercle bacillus, the bacterial form which underlies consumption, and the pneumococcus, the dreaded micro-organism from which pneumonia comes, are chief. The second group embraces those diseases which are eruptive in their nature. Scarlet fever, measles, and the like send, with drying scales, their quota to the dust around.

To oppose the entry of these germs stands that same chain of defenses which the respiratory tract raises against invading coal-dust, and, as well, that continuity of armor which the body holds. Cased in the air-tight coverings of the skin without, lined with the barrier of the epithelia within, the human frame is well equipped by nature for the war against disease. Those coverings must be penetrated before disease can enter. A ragged sliver in the hand or foot often produces injuries far from proportional to its size. Why? Because the poisoned arrow of the Malay, though swifter, carries no more toxic poison than may come from a splinter of the streets. The danger of the dust lies, beyond all else, in the fact

that every dust-storm, bearing thousands of small sharp grains of sand, tiny splinters of wood, and bits of stone, is a flight of poisoned arrows driven against the body covering of the passer-by. The poison which they bear may or may not come from the dried organic matter of the street. It may be lying at the point of entrance where the germs growing in the warm moisture of the respiratory tract lurk within the body like bandits beneath a fortress wall. In whatever way they come, it is most difficult for bacteria to pass through the body armor except when sharp particles such as those of dust make wounds or lesions in the inner walls. Once such openings are made, dangerous micro-organisms are but too ready to avail themselves of the opportunity. Once they are within, disease of major or minor type soon shows their presence.

Within the walls of dwelling, hall, or office-building, the direct dust-storm penetrates less easily, but only too often comes another danger from the difficulty of removing the fine cloud of dust which enters by every door and window from the streets, coating the furniture, hanging to curtain and rug and clinging there with a persistence which renders many a city home a veritable storehouse of ancient micro-organic life. Especially is this true where hangings of cloth, upholstered furniture, and heavy carpets furnish excellent abiding-places for the germs. Few sanitary reforms have meant more than modern hard-wood floors, light unupholstered furniture, and washable curtains.

One question must inevitably rise with any discussion of these points. "If such dangers exist about us in the city air which we all breathe, how can any escape?" It is easy to understand the freedom of individuals from specific contagion such as comes from impure water or impure milk. Disease from such causes can strike only in isolated spots or separate communities. It is far more difficult to understand the immunity which

is afforded the individual in the smoke- and dust-laden air of thousands of American cities. Yet there is no question that great numbers show no signs of harm. Their vital resistance is so great as to make them triumphant over any form of disease. On the other hand, since there are thousands in any community who are susceptible to these attacks, it is the duty of the whole community to shield those thousands.

One germ found in dust needs especial mention. Tuberculosis, which may be classed among the dust diseases, ravages our country beyond all other plagues today. The consumptive sheds hundreds and thousands of living tubercle bacilli every time he sends forth sputum where it can mix with the dust of street or room. Once mixed with that dust, deposited on sand or other cutting particle, the poisoned weapon flies upward, ready to cut through and enter the body through the lesion formed in the lungs. In case after case we find in the lungs of perfectly healthy persons small tubercular lesions which have healed, showing that they were able to combat the poison when attacked. But how about the time of low resistance? How can the citizen tell when that time may come to him or to his family? The magnificent crusade against tuberculosis is doing much to convince the individual of the necessity of care against scattering contagion. The municipality can do almost as much towards the stamping out of the plague by a steady constant struggle to achieve the cleanest possible street.

In the dirt of the assembly hall, of the theatre, of the hotel and the railway-car we find conditions in which the difficulties which exist in the private house are fourfold multiplied. For hours the crowds of people in such places sit breathing the accumulated dust brought from the streets, which, rising from the floor, floats in clouds into the air and settles heavily on the antiquated plush still in high favor for such places. It is but a year or two ago that the newspapers considered

briefly the dangers of that bacterial paradise, the Pullman sleeping-car. A brief spasm of remonstrance passed over the country, and disappeared as suddenly as it came. The peril from such sources was, however, recognized two decades ago by more than one; and these words of Dr. Mitchell Prudden, concerning the presence of tuberculosis in such places, written almost as long ago, are no less true to-day:—

“Sleeping-cars and the state-rooms of steamships and hotel bedrooms are almost always liable to contain infectious material, if they have been recently used by uncleanly consumptives or those ignorant of the danger of their expectoration. When the infectious nature of consumption becomes generally appreciated, hotels and transportation companies over long routes will be compelled to provide special accommodations for such persons as are known to be thus affected.”

Tuberculosis is but one of the contagious diseases which can be spread in this way. The outdoor treatment of tuberculosis is coming more and more to be recognized as consisting primarily of three things. First,—that the patient shall have an ample supply of good nourishing food. Second,—that the patient shall have an abundance of oxygen-laden air. Third,—that that air shall be as free as possible from bacterial forms. Climate and environment both seem to be secondary to these requirements, and the spread of outdoor treatment from its original field of tuberculosis to that of other respiratory diseases, such as grippe and pneumonia, is along the same line.

First of all steps to be taken in freeing the city from dust, is the laying of proper pavements. Most of our present pavements are little better than those of common country roads piled high in time of drought with shifting sands. So long as dry and unstable earth caps the broken stone of many a city street, so long the dust clouds will send many a patient to the doctors and the hospitals. The in-

creasing use of the automobile will inevitably make proper street-cleansing easier. To-day the roads torn up by the suction of the huge machines show little promise of advance, but the future should tell a different tale. Continuous pavements like those of asphalt are ideal, because of their smoothness for motor carriage, and when the horse passes from the city, streets so paved will be wholly available. And the horse in time will have to go, as almost all the other wild and domestic beasts have disappeared from community centres. An anachronism in himself, the filth which follows him acts as a shelter for disease. With proper pavements, with the dirt of animals excluded, street-cleansing can be properly performed.

Within the house the vacuum-cleansing processes are sweeping out and completely removing from many a dwelling and public building the accumulated dust of years. In the vastly greater extension of such devices, in such increase of service as shall bring them within the constant use of every household, lies the great possibility here. City rooms will no longer be considered rightly ventilated by the dusty air of the sidewalk driven in by fans blowing through open windows. Satisfactory air-filters will take their place, filters not left to the intermittent, semi-annual care of a janitor. One watchword of the model city of the future will be “Freedom from Dust.”

As the centres of population become more and more crowded, as the distance between the workrooms and the bedrooms of the city grows greater, more of our population burrow beneath the earth on their daily passing to and fro. The condition of the air in the subways of the cities has been a moot point since their first establishment. No subway has undergone more criticism in this respect than has the long winding tunnel which lies beneath New York. The trouble began with the first opening of the subway, while its stifling heat during the terrific summer of 1905 is a matter of

painful memory to thousands. That heat was made yet more intolerable by the peculiar "subway smell." From those causes grave questions inevitably arose as to the healthfulness of the air within the subway. Those queries have now been answered in large part by an investigation made by Dr. George Soper, which considered temperature, humidity, odor, bacteria, and dust. The first two of these divisions, important as they are, have comparatively little relation to our theme, but the last three are pertinent.

The belief in the injurious effects of the odor of the subway was a relic from the period when certain forms of illness were supposed to be directly connected with evil smells. With the exception of the ill effects which certain gaseous compounds of sulphur and carbon produce, there seems to be scarcely any ground for relating disease and evil odor. Constant exposure to any smell, be it bad or good, is likely to produce nervous irritation and exhaustion. On the great rose-farms of southern France for example, the stranger wandering among the fragrant fields soon feels the same heavy headache which a persistently objectionable odor like that of a soap factory is likely to produce. A lowering of energy from any type of odor may put the individual into a condition to invite disease, but is little likely to be the direct cause of contagion. In the case of the subway, the odor came chiefly from the smell of the trap-rock employed in the stone ballast of the road-bed, mingled with lubricating oil and gear grease, and combined with occasional slight infusions of human odor. Disagreeable as it might be when long inhaled, there was no reason to believe it dangerous.

The dust of the subway was quite another matter. It was very distinct from the dust of the streets, blacker, more clinging. As a horseshoe magnet was brought near a heap of dust the powdery mass sprang into magnetic curves. Following this line, two magnets of similar size were hung, one in the subway and

one in an iron foundry; and the first showed clusters of black magnetic stuff far heavier than the second. Analysis after analysis showed almost half as much dust again by weight in the subway as was found outside. Over sixty per cent of that dust was iron. A passenger traveling for half an hour inhaled on an average some .42 of a milligram of the dust, a very appreciable amount, and received into his lungs a goodly number of iron missiles. Add to them the tuberculosis germs forever floating in the cars, and you have a very dangerous combination. The iron came from the wearing down of the brake-shoes on the wheels, and it is computed that the huge figure of twenty-five tons of iron and steel is ground into powder in the New York Subway in the course of a month. Here is a type of dust almost wholly disregarded up to the present time, which may mean much in the tuberculosis campaigns of the future.

The bacteria found in the subway were commonly less in number than those found outside, but amounted to the fairly high figure of some five hundred thousand per gram of dust, sometimes running as high as two million. The passenger waiting for the train, however, was engaged in no more harmful occupation so far as danger was concerned than he would have been if waiting for a car on the street outside.

In summing up the situation, the engineer in charge states: "My own conclusion was that the general air (of the subway) although disagreeable was not actually harmful, except, possibly, for the presence of iron dust." An investigation of that exception is now going on, and it is the opinion of no small number of engineers that the word "possibly" in the quotation just made is likely to be stricken out.

One other point concerning subway air should be mentioned. The constant renewing of the atmosphere by the motion of the trains keeps the carbon dioxide in the tunnel so little more than that

on the surface that, on that account, no more injury should be charged against the subway than against the streets.

Of all the odors and gases which were considered perilous by sanitarians of an older day, sewer gas stands preëminent. The average citizen looks upon sewer air, or leaky joints in his plumbing, with more fear than he would upon a perfect bath of tubercle bacilli or a glass of water filled with typhoid germs. To a research recently completed at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology we owe much of our latest knowledge of the subject. During a period of over three months a current of air was passed through sewage under varying conditions, and the flight upward of the bacteria was noted. That was done in order to answer the following question: "What is the bacterial condition of the atmosphere where sewer air is present?"

Without considering the ingenious and effective way in which the experiments were carried on, we may pass immediately to the results; in brief they follow. With a very strong current of air it is possible to drag a few dangerous bacteria from sewage lying in a trap, and take them fifteen feet or more up through a drain. Even under the most favorable conditions, however, the number of germs so pulled upward is very small. Ordinary sewage contains something like three-quarters of a billion per litre of the organisms studied. In the maximum case, not forty of this vast number were found to have risen through the drain. The result of this research must lead us to believe that carriage of disease germs from a house-drainage system is extremely improbable.

There is, however, one record of an even more recent investigation which stands in opposition to these conclusions. Major Horrocks of England has recently concluded a study of a similar type in which striking results were obtained. Certain specific classes of bacteria not found in the atmosphere about the place in which the experiments were carried on, were drawn upward by currents of air

through traps in drain-pipes. Remarkable results were obtained. The tiny organisms were found in large numbers, spread from one end of the building in the military hospital to the other. Results so unusual as these, and so contrary to most modern conclusions, should be noted.

But no single experiment to-day can be taken as absolutely conclusive, either for or against. Especially is precaution wise, since there remains one further possibility. Can sewer gas so debilitate the human system as to prepare it for the inroads of disease? That remains a subject for further investigation, and, until that is settled by longer and more rigorous experimentation, it is wiser to be on the safe side and keep to thoroughly conservative plumbing regulations.

The whole problem of the air of a city tends to fall under certain definite headings: excess of carbonic acid, the smoke nuisance, the dust evil, the problem of sewer gas. For each, the city can provide a remedy. Limiting the height of buildings, widening the narrow streets, providing parks and squares with green trees, grass, and shrubs will do much toward diluting, scattering, and removing excess of carbon dioxide. Laws passed, and enforced, requiring smoke-consumers and proper firing will absolutely do away with the smoke nuisance. Proper pavements, with good street-cleaning, will diminish germ-laden dust to a minimum. Proper plumbing regulations will guard us from any possible danger from sewage in our houses.

It is all in the city's hands. Community life is apparently the inevitable sequence of our modern age. The fortunate who can, the intelligent who know, will turn more and more for their hours of recreation and of sleep to wide stretches of heath and hill, or to the comparative cleanliness of the suburbs. But for the thousands of the narrow streets the cleansing of the city air is a necessity. To every pallid weary worker should come the rushing breath of purifying winds, the free and open air of heaven.

THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY

BY DEBBIE H. SILVER

Saw you the stately palace that stands
Fronting the wind-swept sky?
The stately palace, reared on a height,
In the teeth of the winds of the sky?

Nobler than ever a lordly hold,
Greater than kingly keep,
Or the mightiest fastness, buttress-bound,
Where a thousand legends sleep;

For a legion camps there, eager-eyed,
Flushed with the spirit's fires;
They, whom the elder lands would not —
Younger sons of the sires!

Shoulder to shoulder — a stubborn breed!
There stirs in the atrophied vein,
The quickened pulse of a soul re-born —
The prophets' dormant strain.

Brother and brother — parched of their thirst!
They drink at the fountain head;
They taste of the manna long denied;
They eat of the fruit and are fed.

Again! Yet again — the waters of life!
You shall hear from them, country mine!
Hewers and builders, captains of men,
Thinkers, poets divine —

These, whom the elder lands would not!
Patience, fools! Ye shall see.
For a nation reapeth as it hath sown,
And the reaping is yet to be!

LITERATURE AND SOCIETY OF NEW JAPAN

BY K. ASAKAWA

No attempt will here be made to sketch the evolution of literature in New Japan, or to treat the present period as a chapter in the twelve centuries of the literary history of the nation. The former subject, dating as it does from about 1885, seems hardly to have acquired a sufficient perspective for historical treatment, while the latter is too vast for a single article. We shall aim to interpret some of the literary productions of the new era as a reflection of the remarkable transformation through which Japan's *social life* is just passing; for in this sense the young literature, otherwise of too local interest, would seem to possess an important and even universal significance. From this point of view, however, it would be impossible to do justice to the relative importance to one another of the individual authors and works, and we could not even exhaust the list of those whose merit is greatest. We are even obliged to exclude a few great works by Roban and Shōyō, for they touch themes of universal human interest rather than reveal the spirit of modern Japan. Our choice will be confessedly partial, but will include little that is not in some manner or other expressive of the society of the present day.

It might be thought necessary to define in simple words the meaning of the terms literature and society as here used. "Literature" is intended to comprise all or any artistic, as opposed to scientific, writing on man and nature, but, in this article, is confined to such essays and novels as seem to reflect the social life of New Japan. "Society" does not lend itself to a precise definition; the common sense would scarcely include the physical surroundings, the institutions,

and the domestic and foreign political relations of a nation, but would regard it rather as aggregate effects of all these things and of the nation's collective life upon the daily habit, material and moral, of the individual. It is unnecessary for our purpose to go further and make scholastic improvements upon this crude definition, — it sufficiently indicates the complex and largely inexplicable nature of the question. Hence it is that literature delineates, rather than analyzes or explains, society. Literature is, therefore, a mirror — often a dim and uneven mirror — of society, and an attempt, like the present, to interpret the object through the image, must needs be seriously defective.

No impartial account of the literature of New Japan should fail to accord Tsubouchi Yūzō (pseudonyms, Shōyō and Haru-no-ya) a distinguished place in its history. No other writer has been so reflective and so modest, and yet so unceasingly and brilliantly growing, and so largely a leader of the literary tendencies of the nation, as this sage poet of Okubo. For a quarter of a century he has been engaged in training the youth at Waseda University, whence thousands saturated with the natural but profound influence of the conscientious master have spread over the land, and hundreds have established themselves in the literary world.

We much regret that our present purpose forbids us to follow, beyond its very first stage, the marvelous literary career of Dr. Tsubouchi, first as a novelist, then as an essayist, philosopher, educator, and dramatist; for, so far as his own literary works are concerned, they are too universal in import to be expressive merely of the Japanese society of to-day. His first appearance in 1885-86 as a novelist,

however, should serve as the starting point of our account. The *Tō-sei sho-sei katagi* (*The Modern Student*) came as a bolt in a clear sky, caused consternation in the followers of the old literary forms, and powerfully turned the trend of thought of the novelists in a new direction. Hitherto most writers had been wont to assign different abstract qualities to different characters in the story, and arrange their acts and careers in such a way as to point toward some wholesome moral exhortation. Individual characters were often overshadowed either by inexorable Fate and unforeseen accidents or by the commanding power of the family or public institutions. The *Tō-sei sho-sei katagi*, except in the earlier portion of its story, completely ignored the worn-out conventions of fiction-making. A novel without a hero as it was, it revealed more than half a dozen young students with their different characteristics in full activity in the heart of bustling Tokyo. The student's salute and the jinrikisha-man's shout are heard on every hand; the society is new, crude, and bare; the virtues of the past feudal ages are not much in evidence, while the old vices remain and have gained force in the new age of egoistic hedonism. In this vigorous but unembellished society, each student is left amid temptations, and makes his own career according to his character and environment.

It is a decidedly *transitional* society that the rising novelist depicted in 1885 and that a host of others have since essayed to portray. It is a society in which old customs persist side by side with a new order of things, and old intellectual and moral habit obtains amid new laws and institutions. It is a society, what is more, in which the old social sanction has passed away, but the old social mind still subsists to a large extent, while a new social sanction and new social morals have hardly been developed. For although New Japan has, during the forty years of her existence, succeeded in rebuilding her legal, political, and educa-

tional organs upon new foundations, and pushing her economic life into the newest stage of the world's material progress, her art, religion, and social life, which from their very nature cannot be artificially changed by laws or by individual self-interest, are still far from seeing the dawn of a new era. For many years to come, the old and the new elements in each of these fields must exist in inharmonious juxtaposition, and, quite naturally, this condition is nowhere more evident and more intimately felt than in the daily social life of the people. It would, of course, be beyond our power to unravel this confused state of society. All we may hope to accomplish would be to make an attempt to point out some of the more striking aspects of social life and show them reflected in a few notable literary productions.

It is well known that Japan's feudalism was abolished by law not more than forty years ago, and yet in this short space of time it has been replaced by the new order of things perhaps more completely than in England or Germany. The transformation is, however, more institutional than social. Let us first observe that Japan has hardly had time enough to outlive the psychic habit which she acquired during the seven centuries of her feudal régime. For the last two hundred and sixty years of this rule, particularly, the land was parceled into nearly three hundred fiefs, largely autonomous and in a measure exclusive and jealous of each other, and the people were bound fast by a rigid system of social classes, order, and etiquette. Moreover, the country was during this period almost entirely protected from foreign influences.

The universal rule of status held down the ambition and stifled the competition of the individual, while little stimulus came from abroad to kindle in the popular mind yearnings for a wider horizon. If the natural competition of the fiefs and a long period of peace resulted, as they did, in developing greatly diversified arts of life, in diffusing culture among the

lower classes of society, and creating in the character of the average citizen a degree of both intelligence and chivalry, all of which have proved invaluable assets in the new career of the nation, the social conditions did not at the same time fail to circumscribe the range of the thought and feeling of the individual Japanese. It is the effects of this long process of limiting one's mental operation that the nation has not yet succeeded in outgrowing.

Unfortunately, despite the sudden extension of the sphere of her activity since 1868, Japan's economic difficulty of maintaining an increasing population with limited resources—a difficulty which is only beginning to be lessened by industrial openings abroad—seems to have retarded not a little the passing away of the cramped mental habit of old. The present Japan may indeed have so improved in this regard in recent years as to appear almost a strange land to the Japanese of half a century ago or to the Korean of to-day. An American who does not relish even the rather innocent gossip of the New England town, and feels at odds with the narrow-minded social thinking in some countries of the Old World, would be annoyed in Japan by the way in which every slight success excites unmerited applause from some and inevitable jealousies from others, by the readiness with which the native mind moves along small artificial channels of thought and feeling, and by the petty criticisms and intrigues by means of which not a few seek to climb the ladders of life. It would seem singular, but it is a natural result of their historic training, that the same people who have shown themselves to be capable at critical times of the utmost sacrifice and of an absolute national unity, should in their daily struggle of life allow their minds to run into old grooves that neutralize the growth of open coöperations and manly conflicts.

The *Ukigumo* (*Floating Clouds*) by Hasegawa (*nom de plume*, Niyōtei Shi-meï) appeared in 1887–88, and has been

regarded as the first novel in which the development of individual characters is the theme. This plain story, told delicately in a simple prose style, may perhaps be cited as an illustration, though not quite as adequate as one would wish, of the points we have been discussing. Uchimi, a young official who early lost his parents and has, since he was fifteen, been living with his uncle in Tokyo, falls in love with the latter's daughter, who is vain and light-hearted. He is, however, so reserved and so inflexible in his manners that the chief of the bureau under whom he has been serving places him on the list of men to be discharged. At once the aunt, who was formerly a professional singer, and has seemed kind enough to Uchimi, begins to make it manifest to him that his presence in the family is unwelcome and that he should not hope to become her son-in-law. One of his former colleagues, Honda, a smooth-tongued youth, who is a favorite of the chief official, now frequently visits the house, ingratiates himself in many ways with the aunt and her daughter, and skillfully plays upon the wounded feelings of Uchimi, who is dejected and growing pessimistic. One day the latter has a heated dialogue with the daughter. "Oh, yes," says she at last, "I like Mr. Honda, but what is that to you?"

Side by side with the limited mental sweep of the people, one will discern the survival of some old customs and institutions. If the former may be considered a potentiality inherent in the average Japanese, the latter are organs through which the nation habitually performs its functions of life. Of these old survivals, the most persistent and powerful are perhaps those of the family. The framers of the new Civil Code of Japan, which has been largely derived from European laws, have shrunk from making as bold changes, or introducing as novel provisions, in the family law, as they have in other parts of the Code. Although every member of the family stands under the direct rule and protection of law, the Code still ab-

stains from interfering with the old custom of the parents and their married children living under one roof, and with the moral pressure which the parent may bring to bear upon the child in the choice of the latter's life companion. It is expedient that in these matters law should not precede, but follow, changes in popular usage. Old customs about the right of the family as against wishes of the individual still prevail to a large extent in Japan, while her younger generation often resists their tyranny. Perhaps it might be said that almost every educated youth has some personal experience of the conflicts of the old and new family ideas. The difficulty is either settled amicably by the gracious consent of the older relatives to the youth's desires, or results in the latter's revolt or acquiescence. Of these conflicts, the writers of fiction naturally delight in depicting those particularly relating to marriage. In this connection, reference may be made to two of Kōyō's novels.

Ozaki Kōyō was a consummate master of prose style, and was so prolific a writer that during the seventeen years before 1903, when his lamented death occurred, he published not less than eighty-five novels and essays, a few of them running to several volumes each. His *Iro-zange* (*Confessions of Love*), published in 1889, is a story of a feudal age. The pathetic incidents would never occur in the actual life of to-day, but the customs described in it still remain operative, though in much feebler forms.

The solitary hut of a young, beautiful nun, Wakaba, is visited one summer evening by another unknown nun of like age, who begs for lodging over the night. The latter is touched by a letter pasted on a wall, which the hostess in her lonely nights is wont to read and ponder. It is addressed to Wakaba by her former husband, she explains, whom she had married only a few days before he departed for a battlefield, and states in affectionate terms that he is obliged to divorce her, and counsels second marriage to a suit-

able person. The visitor in return narrates her pathetic life-story, which the novelist puts in his own graphic words. A little away from the scene of a fierce battle, a wounded young warrior meets his uncle, who brought up the nephew in his childhood, after he had lost his parents, but who is now on the enemy's side. The lad is exhausted, and otherwise dares not raise his hand against his foster-father, who challenges him to fight. The bleeding Koshirō is carried away by his servant to the uncle's home, where he is attended on his sick-bed by the latter's daughter Yoshino, to whom he was once betrothed. When he regains consciousness, she gently torments him by such questions as these: "Do I hear aright that constancy is the greatest virtue for the woman?" "Pray tell me whether a gentleman may have more than one lover, while a lady should not marry twice?" She has been constant in her tender love for Koshirō, but he has married another.

He married another in order not to stain the name of his ancestry by marrying an enemy's daughter, but has also divorced his wife and set out for the war, with the full intention of falling in battle and thus atoning with death for his forced ingratitude toward his uncle. He has been ignobly saved by this very uncle in a moment of incapacity. Hearing now, however, that his lord has died in the war, he quietly commits suicide. When this narrative of the visiting nun is ended, the hostess exclaims, "Then you are the betrothed of my late husband." "And you are his wife," replies Yoshino. As they marvel at each other's destiny so deftly interwoven, the night slowly recedes and a new day dawns.

Kōyō's *Futari nyōbō* (*Two Wives*) is a modern story of the plebeian sort. An old official has two daughters, the elder pretty and lively and the younger homely but reliable. The former becomes the second wife of a high official. She bears no children, and constantly worries about her fastidious mother-in-law. The

trouble is increased when his sister, with her husband, an army officer, comes from Kumamoto to live with the family. Critical eyes watch over the conduct of the poor mistress of the house. The mother-in-law is so dissatisfied with things in general that she moves into the new home of the officer, who has lately established his own quarters, and receives her purse-money from her son. Soon she is at odds with the new people. In the mean time, the high official loses his position, and his mother, now receiving from him less money than before, returns to his home. The younger daughter, who is less pretty and more business-like than the elder, is married to an honest friend of her childhood who now earns modest wages at the government arsenal, and is happy and contented. There is no mother-in-law to harass her; she loves her husband, and has a baby, in whom she can forget the ills of life.

Let us now turn to certain peculiarities of the social mind of the Japanese people which differentiate it from that of the Anglo-Saxons. Seriously as one may doubt the oft-repeated assertion that the Japanese have a low esteem for human life, he cannot be blind to the fact that they have hardly attained to the full power of the conception of the dignity of the individual person which is felt among the more enlightened Britons and Americans. Here, it is true, one deals with a question of degrees; but of high significance is whatever little difference that exists between the Anglo-Saxon and the Japanese in regard to their ideas as to the worth of the individual relative to the institutions about him, to the manner in which the Eastern and Western societies view and discuss the conduct of their respective members, to the esteem in which their press holds the honor of the average citizen, and to the independence of thought, not necessarily its correctness or depth, of the masses about moral questions and public affairs. Behind this difference, however slight, there must be historic lessons of the greatest import.

Another no less important peculiarity of the Japanese social mind is its comparative weakness in the idea of service, — service to one's fellowmen as distinguished from loyalty to one's superiors. It may be said that here again is a question of difference of small degrees, for, on the one hand, Japan's annals contain noble stories of persons devoting their lives to the welfare of society, and, on the other, there is perhaps no civilized country on earth where the universal and practical acceptance of the idea of service would not cause a veritable social revolution. A nation, however, whose masses have inherited the notion at least as an ideal or a watchword, and whose few actually build their lives upon it and are never tired of reminding their fellow-citizens of its importance, may be said to be morally far richer than a people in whom the idea is well known but not so well as to form a predominant part of their collective ethical consciousness. The latter is the case with Japan.

Of her serious defects in this respect, at least one manifest cause is discernible in history. The two and a half centuries of the Tokugawa's feudal rule inculcated the idea of loyalty to the lord, and of the preponderance of each upper class of society over the lower. On the other hand, the ancient Chinese notion of the ruler's duty to the people lacked elements in both China and Japan to make it more than a rhetorical declaration. The idea that the official is a master, instead of a servant of the people seems, despite the clamorous arguments of the political theorists to the contrary, intact among the uneducated multitudes, and is naturally taken advantage of by the lesser or local officials in the present bureaucratic system of Japan. It would be difficult to discover among them many who regard their posts as a trust from or a service to the common people. For similar reasons, perhaps, the official is as meek to his superior as he is overbearing to his inferior. His position, too, is so shifting that his conception of governmental duty

is often remarkably mechanical and insincere. One visits the public office with an instinctive sense of its cold formalism and ponderous irresponsibility. It is little wonder that the average official seems soon to become an old, care-worn person. The lack of the sense of service is, however, not limited to his class, for an unconscious copy of the bureaucratic system and its clannish selfishness has the tendency to develop in any organization of power or wealth, or even of knowledge.

How to check this general spirit which dampens the cheer of society and hinders wholesome competition among the ambitious, is the serious problem that faces the otherwise gifted nation. As for the permanent introduction among the nation of the larger idea of service, as well as of the value of the individual person, perhaps nothing would aid it better than a powerful spiritual impulse.

Between these two great ideas we need not assume any historical relation, but it is not difficult to find a logical connection between them. For the sense of service, whatever its origin, implies relations to a group of persons each one of whom is an individual entity. The case of feudal Japan suggests that in a community where fixed status prevents the development of social and economic competition among its members, the whole fabric of its moral customs is apt to be founded upon the relation of the person to the institutions controlling him, — upon the exact grading of the classes and other social relationships, — rather than upon his relations to his fellow-beings, each one of whom has rights to enjoy, duties to perform, a career to make, and a personality to realize. For the sake of convenience, let us call the former the old and the latter the new view of social morals.

That this seemingly theoretical difference has a tremendous significance in the practical daily life of a society, seems well borne out in a careful comparison of some of the Protestant communities with Japan, where the old view dies hard

and the new principle is far from having taken hold of society. The very fact that the old view has partly died makes the absence of a new all the more evident. The old social system which brought its moral habit into existence has been nearly swept away during the last four decades, so that the latter subsists as a psychic potentiality, and does not coöperate with parts of the new social order. It is, for example, totally absent outside of organizations, official or otherwise, where any distinction of classes or other relationship is possible. A young man who is deferential to his father or his professor throws down his mask at the class banquet, where if the father or the professor were present his dignity would be scantily recognized.

The loss of the old principle and the absence of a new is painfully conspicuous in all places — in the House of Representatives, public meetings, debates, banquets, hotels, electric and steam cars, — where people meet on the basis of equality. There each person seems eager to enforce his sense of individual comfort, and seems to forget his neighbor; or else he puts so little restraint on his speech and conduct that one would wonder where is the dignity of their author and of the many persons who are compelled to hear and see them. Compared with the chaotic individualism seen in the second-class railway car in Japan, the busiest streets of Chicago present a picture of order. It would seem almost impossible to realize that the same individual who is so gentle to his elders and so loyal to his ruler should, as he does, as soon as he touches elbow with the rank and file, behave as if he had lost his moral sanity.

A natural effect of this state of things is the want, or else the weak immaturity, of recognized social customs regarding certain relations of life. In these matters, particularly in courtship and marriage, the social vagaries are often incongruous and ludicrous. Let us in this connection sketch two stories by Kōyō.

which seem rather too unreal even in New Japan, but yet which could have been produced nowhere else.

In the *Nen-ge bi-shō*, one reads of a young petty official, who, as he walks every morning to his office, meets on the street a beautiful maiden going to school in a jinrikisha. After a few months, they begin to bow to each other with a smile. One day he goes to see chrysanthemum shows at Dango-zaka with his mother and sister, and finds the young lady walking among the flowers with her mother, two maid-servants, and a gentleman. The last individual the official concludes to be the husband of the person he has silently loved. It is unknown what has offended her on his part, but after this incident she no longer bows to the young official at their usual meetings on the street, and he is compelled to pretend not to see her as she is passing. He is later told by his colleagues that the head of the bureau in which he serves had two daughters, the elder of whom was married against her wishes to a person of high position and soon afterwards died. Taking lesson from this sad experience, he sought to marry the younger daughter to any person she loved, and learned that a young official whom she saw daily on her way to school had taken her fancy. While the father was endeavoring to find out who the young man might be, the daughter saw him one day at Dango-zaka with his mother and wife. She was thereafter married to a young doctor who had just returned from Germany, and to whom she offered no particular objection.

The story of the *Ko no nushi* by the same author, published also in 1890, is as follows. Ono Shunkichi, twenty-five years of age, a student in the Imperial University, has no parents, and lives in Tokyo with his younger brother, Shunji, thirteen years old, and an old servant. The residents of the next house are wealthy and have a daughter, named Tatsu, who secretly feels an ardent love for the student. The latter, however,

is a stolid character who believes in celibacy. In spite of his strenuous obstruction, however, Tatsu succeeds at last in befriending his younger brother, whom she would use as a lever to move the elder. When Shunji is confined in his house from the wound inflicted by a mad dog belonging to her family, the maiden sees a splendid opportunity to visit Ono's home and inquire after the condition of her little friend. Her visits on seven successive days, however, fail to bring enough sense of gratitude to the student to meet and thank her in person. Shunji recovers from the bite, and secretly visits the kind fair friend. She hands him a letter to his brother, who, on receiving it, is so offended as to forbid him to go out except to school. During his forced confinement the lad plays the game of *fukiya*, which consists in blowing a needle through a pipe, aiming at some birds in the neighbors' garden. His brother joins him, and the needle accidentally hits Tatsu above the eye, and causes her to fall from momentary surprise. In his confusion the young man rushes to her, and raises her from the ground, when she declares her love for him and asks for a promise. "I will marry you!" exclaims Shunkichi, in great emotion, "you will be Mrs. Ono." "Banzai! banzai!" cries Shunji.

Perhaps no civilized society of modern times is, or should be, so sufficient unto itself as to present an appearance of a complete organic unity. There would be little progress where there were no new forces continually remodeling old customs and institutions. This is so true that if one should ask individual Americans or Germans what their social morals and social sanction were, he would probably get conflicting answers. Yet we venture to say that a society is rarely so inorganic, so indeterminate, and so full of friction, as in New Japan. A reason for this circumstance we have already found in the transitional character of the society. Another cause may be the smallness of national resources and opportunities in pro-

portion to the population, a condition under which success is not guaranteed to all worthy aspirants, and which necessitates a reduction of their numbers. Still another cause may be the inadequacy, especially in education, of the apparatus for the training, discipline, and application of individual talents. Too often a person fails to develop what is in him, and, moreover, his efforts do not always bring commensurate recognition from others, society being either excessively appreciative or totally unresponsive, or perhaps both at the same time. These irregularities are undoubtedly being removed by the growing wealth and enlarging opportunities of the nation, but are still potent and hinder the development of the individual citizen.

Under these circumstances it is little wonder that one cannot point out any such thing as the social morals and the social sanction of New Japan. Every man of strong will and few scruples is his own master, so long as he does not perpetrate crimes explicitly defined by law. Types of this character are occasionally found among the new wealthy classes, whose lowly forefathers were perhaps never subject to the rigorous feudal code of honor, and who themselves have worked hard to wrest wealth from the world, and would now find compensation in an unlimited satisfaction of their physical wants. No one, they would say, is entitled to a word regarding the manner of spending the money which they themselves have made. It is not only some plutocrats who avail themselves of the want of a social sanction, but all classes of people exhibit the same untidiness of social conscience. Observe the ridiculous conceit of the educated and the dignified, yet irresponsible, bureaucrats. A student, a merchant, or a soldier is a double-faced being; he may be highly conscientious individually and in relations wherein the old morals obtain, but be socially vicious where no common censure is heard, and be none the less honorable. The press, which has little regard for the individual

person, is glad to expose social wrongs; but the offender sustains a comparatively slight wound from the taunt, and soon recovers from it, for society does not judge and has a short memory.

We select one out of several novels which reflect these social traits. Tokutomi Kenjiro's *Hototogisu* (*Nightingale*), for the comparatively sound morals of its contents and also for the lovable character of its author, went through many editions within a few years after its publication in 1900, and has even been translated into English under the title *Nami-ko*.

Nami, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-General Kataoka, lost her mother when eight years old, and has been brought up by a stepmother, who has studied many years in England, and who does not feel a deep affection for her. Nami at last leaves her beloved father, and marries Second Lieutenant Kawashima, who tenderly loves his young bride. She is, however, under the constant circumspection of the old mother-in-law, in whose conservative mind family succession is an absorbingly sacred duty.

Young Chichi-iwa, First Lieutenant of the General Staff, was brought up as an orphan in the Kawashima family, and has always wished to make Nami his own, and so utilize the favor of her great father in his self-advancement. Inured from childhood to a cynical view of life, he hates the world and conceives an enmity for Second Lieutenant Kawashima, his successful rival in love. The latter knows it not. The First Lieutenant, in collusion with one Yamaki, a wealthy merchant, makes use of certain official secrets for speculative purposes. Kawashima, on his return from his honeymoon, is ordered to go on a cruise for half a year. During his absence, Chichi-iwa forges a document with Kawashima as surety, and borrows three thousand yen.

As the Second Lieutenant returns, Yamaki tries in vain to persuade him to invest twenty or thirty thousand in what he claims to be a profitable enterprise. On

Kawashima's refusal, Chichi-iwa, who is present at the interview and does not know that the former has already discovered his forgery, requests him to loan him three thousand, and Yamaki promptly puts his seal as surety on the legal paper which his friend produces. This money is intended for the payment of the other debt for which the very name and seal of Kawashima have been illegally used. The latter not only declines to accede to the bold-faced request, but denounces the evil principles of Chichi-iwa, and declares that he will from this day sever his friendship with him. Soon afterwards, his illegal collusion with Yamaki having been discovered, the young officer is transferred from the General Staff to a regiment.

Meanwhile, Nami is taken with consumption, the disease which killed her mother, and moves with her husband to Dzushi on the seashore. During their absence, Chichi-iwa frequently visits Kawashima's mother, and with villainous cleverness brings her mind to the conviction that the welfare of the Kawashima family forbids the continued presence in it of a consumptive bride. When her son visits her on the eve of another cruise, she gently broaches the question of divorce. The shocked son pleads that the divorce would kill Nami, and that, if she must die, she should be allowed to die as his wife. "Sacrifice the small to save the great," says the mother. "There are many cases like this in the world. There are divorces of wives who do not suit the customs of the families, or who bear no children, or who have bad diseases. This is the rule in the world — there is no injustice and no inhumanity in it." "If that is the rule in the present world," says the son, "the present world may be destroyed, and should be."

He argues that if he, instead of Nami, fell ill, and if on that account she was recalled by her parents, the mother would not like it. "That is a different matter," replies she. "Is not a man different from a woman?" "Do you command me,"

cries the excited son at last, "to bring death to Nami?" The mother brings out the mortuary tablet of the father, and calls her son unfilial. "But human nature —," begins he. "Nature and justice again? Do you think that the wife is more important than the parent? Which is the more important, the wife or the parent? What? The family?" The son at length makes the painful compromise of accepting the principle, but entreats the old lady to do nothing about the matter till his return from the cruise. He then goes to see Nami, and their parting scene is touching.

Nami is now as good as divorced. Yamaki, who has always wished, for his interest, to marry his silly daughter to Lieutenant Kawashima, succeeds in finding a place for her in the old Madame Kawashima's home as pupil of household etiquette. The advice the father gives the daughter on parting is instructive. When she marries the young officer, as he expects she will on Nami's divorce, the displeasure of the mother-in-law is to be warded off by not seeming to live on too intimate terms with the husband. "You ought to make her feel," says he, "that you are her daughter-in-law, rather than the wife of her son. The quarrel between the mother-in-law and the daughter-in-law usually arises from the too great intimacy of the young couple, which gives a solitary feeling to the old lady."

Despite the parting entreaty of her son, Madame Kawashima is so worked upon by Chichi-iwa as to divorce Nami. Finding out the fact on his return, the son at once responds to a call for going to war, and, fighting gallantly at the naval battle in the Yellow Sea, in 1894, sustains a severe wound. At the hospital, he receives an anonymous present, and writes brief letters to Nami. "There is not a day," says one of the letters, "when I do not think of you." The worn-out Nami, who has been so recently wounded by the divorce, sees before her nothing but darkness and misery, and is saved from a desperate attempt to drown her-

self, by a Christian woman. From the latter's sympathetic exhortations she begins to feel the dawn of her spiritual life.

Chichi-iwa has laid down his life like a true soldier in one of the battles of the war. Kawashima again goes to war, on recovering from his wound, and accidentally rescues Lieutenant-General Kataoka, his former father-in-law, from the hands of a Chinese assassin. No sooner does he return home than he is called to Formosa. At Yamashina, near Kyōto, from a train passing by, Nami perceives him in another train, and throws on his lap a violet silk handkerchief.

Soon afterwards she passes away, leaving for her absent lover a ring and a letter written in tremulous hand. Her last utterance was: "I shall return, I shall return, shall I not, dear? — Mother, I am coming, I am coming. — O, are you still — here?"

Returning from Formosa, Kawashima visits the tomb of the deceased, and there finds the Lieutenant-General, her father. "Lieutenant," says the latter, "Nami is dead, but I am still a sort of father to you. Be of good cheer — you have a long career before you. Everything is given for the training of a man. O, it is a long time since we were together, Lieutenant. Come, let me hear your stories of Formosa."

It should not be forgotten for a moment that, aside from the question of social morals, Japan possesses distinct *national* or ethnic morals which set her apart as a striking example of an absolute unity of national mind. One has not learned the greatest thing about her who fails to discern the overmastering trait of her psychic life which even so late as during the recent war with Russia enabled her entire population of forty-six millions to think and act like one man. This trait has thus far manifested itself as patriotism and loyalty, but we think that, potentially, its substance is an intensely chivalrous sentiment, which may change its mode of expression at different times and in different persons. The absorbing

passion seems to be too universal among the nation and too deeply rooted in the heart of the individual to have yet been adequately pictured in the novels.

We have reserved until now our discussion of some of the tendencies of a class of people which requires a separate treatment, as it is a species by itself, — the young men, especially the students, of New Japan. Their well-known zeal for knowledge, aided by the universal faith which the modern world has in the efficacy of education, has tended to put unusually large numbers of young people into the higher schools. These students, forming by themselves the most susceptible but least responsible class of society, reflect in an exaggerated form some of the social traits that have already been noted. Being naturally rather idealistic, and some of them gifted with keen moral sensibilities, the students feel, perhaps many of them unconsciously but all of them none the less deeply, the pangs of the moral desolation of society. Add to this the effect upon their minds of the merciless conduct of the government so insistently to encourage education in its own schools, as distinguished from private institutions, and at the same time to offer so few of these schools, that a vast majority of the applicants for entrance — perhaps as many as three-fourths of the total number — are thrust aside to shift for themselves. Moreover, the supply of schoolbred men is considerably larger than the demand of society for them. This material difficulty, the universal moral famine, and the unknown fate which so imminently awaits them at the gate of a higher public school, casts a sort of unconscious gloom upon the students even as early as in their preparatory grade. A tinge of blind pessimism — it may be cynicism — seems to be creeping over the mass of the poor students. Into this dangerous state they have been gradually led during the past few years, and will be further impelled in the new age of peace.

From this state, also, no great man nor

any great religion has so far been able effectively to rescue the best of the youth, nor has there appeared a *Werther* to express the common sorrow and awaken the young society to the realization of its malady. A worse time is probably yet to come. How serious, however, this dissatisfaction already appears to be may be illustrated by the marvelous fact that some of the young men were not diverted from their reflection even by the stirring events of the late war, and do not feel the least concerned with the commanding position which their empire has assumed in the East and with their greatly added responsibility to the fatherland. When one stands in the midst of a society in which a moral and spiritual chaos reigns, they would say, what leisure has he to burden his mind with such an artificial organization as the state? This is, of course, an extreme case, and should not be taken as typical. Another and the lowest extreme of the effects of the common discontent is the cheap sentimentalism among certain classes of students, who find a feeble justification of their irresponsible conduct in the words of some European poems and fiction. We should not, however, be detained by these rather exceptional manifestations of the moral unrest of the students, but remember its fundamental causes and its general nature, and look for some of the more normal modes of its expression.

If one may classify the intellectual attitude of man in general into three parts, that which studies the truth of things, that which judges their value, and that which makes new things, or, more briefly, investigation, criticism, and creation, it is the second attitude that appears to have largely characterized the thinkers and scholars of Old Japan, particularly of the Confucian schools, and to be deeply affecting the mental activity of the new students. Outside of such matter-of-fact studies as the natural sciences and medicine, a continual tendency of the Japanese student is to criticise things before learning their full

truth. How often the young man eagerly takes up a book or a subject of study, and is in its first stages so deeply impressed by its importance or apparent unimportance that he is unable to go forward to complete it! He takes, as it were, less interest in the subject than in the impression it gives him. His attitude seems to be essentially modal: he seeks more adjectives than substantives. In some respects, students of few countries perceive more quickly than he the general perspective of a complex subject, or are able to speak more wisely and display a readier appreciation of its value, although in a life-long competition of research the premature Japanese might probably fall behind his slow but steady foreign rivals. His propensity to criticise is by no means limited to his intellectual activity, but pervades his whole mental life.

Naturally and unfailingly the young man determines in his mind the greatness or smallness of a new instructor or a new acquaintance at the first meeting, and judges with great facility the value of a new course of study or a new literary or artistic production. All the magazines which he reads are thoroughly critical in their nature, as are the clever short stories he may himself write. If he goes abroad, his mind is occupied every moment with criticisms of men and things about him, an objectified picture of which would astonish the American with their precocious, intricate, and stunted character.

This sort of mental practice, which we have for lack of a better term called criticism, should be strictly distinguished from criticism in the scientific sense, for it does not consist in seeking and weighing evidence and judging the value of one's conclusion from the standpoint of objective truthfulness. On the contrary, it is the process of estimating the worth of things by a largely subjective standard, which may in some cases consist of certain philosophic principles that the student has learned from some source, or a set of moral ideas which controls his conduct and moulds his point of view, or,

not indeed infrequently, bold notions with which he unconsciously justifies his own temperament or that of his community. Critical habit in this sense has, it is not too much to say, taken hold of the student world of New Japan.

It is not implied either that the Japanese student is naturally dogmatic or that he is immovably bound to his opinions, for it seems he really possesses to a remarkable degree that fairness and catholicity of mind which frankly succumbs to evidence, and which might be, as it very often has been, trained into a transparent scientific attitude. We only refer to the interesting fact that the otherwise susceptible mind is extremely busy in passing judgments on matters and personalities from the throne of its limited knowledge and sentiment.

This critical habit of the young man has several times since the beginning of New Japan changed its forms of expression, according to changes in the social conditions. During the eighties of the last century, for example, when the difference of political views between the conservative government and the radicals absorbed the attention of society, many of the students applied their critical faculty to things political, protesting against the insufficient popular rights granted by the authorities, and severely condemning their behavior from the standpoint of the political theories they had learned from Europe. Champions of liberty, such as Kōno, Suehiro, and Ozaki, were acclaimed, and novels describing the persecution and the ultimate triumph of imaginary heroes of popular freedom, enlivened with a modicum of romance used to lend color to the narrative, enjoyed a large circulation among the students. Since that time, social conditions have altered, and the young critics have changed their visual angle more than once. What is of special interest to us is the latest development, which is becoming manifest under the general social tendencies already discussed in preceding paragraphs.

Several educated Japanese, some of them from sincere motives, have become professed socialists, and their generalizing arguments have found an incredible number of sympathizers among the students and even among pupils in the secondary schools. The practice of judging the iniquity of the existing social conditions in a brilliant, sweeping manner must indeed seem fascinating to the young man whose eye is ever turned outward and whose lips are always ready to denounce others. The apparent sincerity of the call, too, adds much to its strength. The students, who have once cursed the political injustice of the government, and devoured the novels by Suehiro and Shiba, now find the object of their reproach in the economic wrongs of society, and hence applaud the doings of Tanaka Shōzō and the writings of Kinoshita Shōkō, interpreting them in the light of their socialistic understanding of whatever kind.

Another set of young men is interested in the more refined work of the "criticism of civilization." Being untrained in economics and law, but inclined to literature, and having tasted the rudiments of philosophy, they readily, though superficially, appreciate the ideas of Nietzsche, Zola, Ibsen, Tolstoy, and other modern writers who have in different ways criticised the value of our civilization. Works of these writers and those of great living authors in Europe, it is strange to note, seem to be more extensively read and more quickly taken up in Japan than in America. Even more strange is the prevailing tone of the current literature among the young Japanese, which criticises phases of modern civilization in an extremely clever but petty and immodest manner that is to the foreigner almost bewildering.

Of this general tendency, an embodiment was found in the late Takayama Rinjirō, whose premature death took place in 1903. Highly intelligent and susceptible by nature, the young Takayama, after graduation from the Im-

perial University of Tokyo, perhaps in 1896 had already established his fame as a charming writer of philosophic and æsthetic criticism. From that time till his death, his ideas underwent the great change from those of an extreme advocate of nationalism to those of the most irresponsible individualist, declaring in 1901 that his earlier notions were but an expression of the superficial part of his true nature. This change, however, as was evident to any one who had followed his career, was a gradual unfolding of his temperament, the traits of which were discernible even before his entrance into the university.

During the last two or three years of his life, he was avowedly a subjective critic, and his standpoint that of "a species of individualism," as he himself termed it, "tinged with Romanticism." "If I were a poet," said he, "I would be a Körner, a Byron, or a Heine." He designated as "critics of civilization" Whitman and Nietzsche, the latter of whom he was at particular pains to introduce to the nation. He boldly denounced morals as self-contradictory, for, argued he, anything that ignored "the natural desires of man" obstructed the aim of human life. Human knowledge was foolish, and moral worth of things was dubious, the only absolute, intrinsic, and positive value being the "æsthetic." Of the purest æsthetic value was the gratification of the instincts, and the most perfect æsthetic life was love.

He bent his whole energy and his great talent as a writer to the exposition of this irresponsible doctrine of "the æsthetic life," and was enthusiastically received by the students. It is not difficult to see the reason for his immense popularity with them. The visibly sad undertone

of his writings, due probably in part to his incurable disease, appealed to the corresponding undertone among a large part of the young men. His theory of the gratification of the instincts found response among both the morally depraved and the over-literary classes, while his noble sensibility, which gave a certain elevation to his words, attracted even the more spiritual. His general attitude of doubting the fundamental nature of civilization was representative of the tendency among a large body of young people. He was thus hailed as the exponent of the student world, and his popularity, together with his remarkable susceptibility, led him onward in the chosen path, until his death intervened. From a certain point of view, however, he might be deemed a victim of the critical tendency of the student of the new age. He was caught and swallowed by it, and his high intellectual power, which might otherwise have been productive of permanent contributions to truth or poetry, was enlisted in the service, it is regrettable to say, of subjective criticism.

In no less real sense are many of the young men in the danger of falling moral victims to the general conditions of society. New Japan presents a picture of striking contrasts within herself. Politically and economically, on the one hand, the issues of the nation are growing larger and clearer, and its outlook brighter and more cheerful. In the same ratio, on the other hand, is becoming apparent the want of a new moral order of society. Fortunately, the brightness of the former is far too great to be visibly eclipsed by the darkness of the latter. The disparity between the two would, however, seem none the less interesting to the observer and dangerous to the nation.

FRESH SNOW ON LA GRIVOLA

BY W. S. JACKSON

A PILGRIMAGE TO COGNE

WHAT traveler in Switzerland — I do not say tourist — has not heard of Cogné? Who among the number has not wished to reach it and be at rest? How few the favored ones who have succeeded!

Our fathers have told us of the Switzerland of their day: a land of peace and quiet, of cheery welcome and honest hearts; a land where all men were friends. But the Grindelwald and Zermatt of old have departed. They have vanished forever with their kindly hosts and friendly servants, whose modest inns have given way to vast modern hotels with French cookery and advertised comforts. The cow-tracks have grown into streets with seductive shops. The eager populace roam about seeking for tips. The dress coat is nightly to be seen in the land. The saddened mountaineer hastens to hide his well-worn Norfolk in *cabanes* and *hütten*, with the memories of other days heavy in his soul. The sweetest sound in nature was the tinkling of the countless bells of the Wengern Alp, as it rose aloft to the climber on the Mönch, and swelled and faded with the light breeze. Now its silvery music is drowned by the raucous scream of the locomotive on the Kleine Scheidegg. The glorious view from the platform of the Gornergrat has been destroyed by the erection of the wooden barn of the Belvédère, where a noisy throng assemble daily and quack polyglot *banalités* on the giants of the Pennines. Wherever railway, boat, or diligence can force its way, there it disgorges its loads of trippers from the Vaterland, Birmingham and Manchester men with their interesting families, excursion parties from every state in the Union.

And the worst is not yet. Already the

greed of a company has tunneled the hoary old Eiger, and is attacking the Jungfrau, purest, peerless among maidens. A suspension tram is to haul its gaping freight up the precipices of the Wetterhorn. Trains on runners are to defile the sacred sweep of the Aletsch. The majesty of the Matterhorn itself is to be desecrated, if the ears of the legislators are deaf to the fervent appeals from within and without the land; and its tented roof will soon be gored by a many-windowed gallery, and a Guide — *bewahre!* — will lecture to the Personally Conducted on the distant scenes and the tragic history of the peak.

Cogné — variously pronounced in the neighborhood, Cön, Cün, and Cünzhe being the most popular varieties — owes its fame and attractiveness, not to its circling sea of ice and snow, nor to the charm of its valley and the gloomy terror of its gorges, nor even to the glorious trinity of La Grivola, Gran Paradiso, and Herbetet, but to an old-time simplicity still kept unspotted from the world by the difficulties and disagreeables of getting there.

To begin with, if untoward circumstances prevent you from reaching it by the natural means of a mountain pass, a back-breaking diligence must be taken for hours along a hot, white, dusty road, much beloved of scorching automobilists. Why, *par parenthèse*, do these odorsome gentry so particularly affect the dustiest roads? But it were as sensible to ask why they all seem to bear a striking family resemblance. Anyhow, the Italian Automobile Touring Club makes this a favorite run, and the wayside chalets from Aosta to Courmayeur are dotted with notices of *Benzina à vendere*.

The diligence and the motors are left

on the shadeless high road about half a mile above the village of Aymaville. The mule, that you have wired to meet you exactly then and there, is nowhere to be seen. After waiting for an irritating time in dust and sun, the conviction grows that, if your luggage is to get down to the village at all, you will have to carry it yourself, and you take up your burden. In Aymaville a horse has been standing all ready for an hour; and you had better not get out of temper with the owner. His charge is exorbitant of course; much more so, if you foolishly take a *petite voiture*, as he will eloquently try to persuade you, telling of the trials of twenty-five kilometers uphill along a rugged road. As a matter of fact, it turns out to be fairly good walking, is not at all trying for any one in decent condition, and could easily be done under four hours, if the driver would permit.

After mounting the first tiresome slopes out of Aymaville, the road becomes easier but narrower, till it is for the most part a mere ledge some eight or ten feet wide on the face of a precipice. In about half an hour the grim defile of the Val d'Eypia is entered. There is no pretense at railing or parapet, and it requires at times some address to pass the occasional vehicles and heavily laden peasants without going over the side into the abyss below.

The scenery becomes wilder. The road rises to a great height above the Grand' Eypia, which boils below in tireless battle with obstructing rocks, after the manner of headstrong Alpine torrents. A fine cascade and several smaller falls, glacier tributaries of the Eypia, are passed. The stones along the road's edge are margined with masses of delicate ferns; oakferns, hartstongues, spleenworts predominating. The sharp turns in the valley bring us from twilight into bright sunshine. Here butterflies rare and common, exquisite fritillaries, brilliant moths, nearly all of smaller size, flutter about the gayly colored flowers that fairly cover every available patch of soil.

Few things strike the stranger to the

mountains more forcibly than the altitudes at which the flowers and insects flourish. Every alp is a bright carpet of primary hues, though it freezes hard there as soon as the sun departs. I have seen hundreds of butterflies — I think they were the common red admiral — on the rocks of the Ruinette, at a height of over 11,000 feet. Mosquitoes have followed me high up the snows of Mount Temple. I have picked white flowers just below the abandoned upper hut on the Matterhorn (12,526 feet); and have a photograph of the Alpine saxifrage on the summit of Emilius (11,675 feet), which was long thought to be a flaw in the film.

In the ravines running down to the river bed grow ancient larches with curiously distorted trunks, twisted out of all resemblance to the slender arrowy tree we know, by the violence of the winds that sweep up the valley. Here, on the rock ledges, and wherever there is soil to be found, the thrift of the peasant raises his tiny plot of corn, vines, potatoes. Sometimes the melting of the winter's snows washes away a valuable field several yards in extent; sometimes it enriches a more fortunate proprietor with a corresponding increase of estate.

Imagine the wife saying to the husband in spring, as they inspect the future potato-patch — eight feet by four — two hours' perpendicular climb from the chalet, —

"At least three inches of soil have collected on this rock. Shall we not plant a hill here?"

Husband: "Well, my dear, it is perhaps worth the trial; but I am afraid the seed will be wasted."

The men plough, mow, reap. The women assist them, and carry the crops down to the valley below in huge bundles on their backs. Horses or mules are seldom used in the harvest; for they cost money, and the path is often too steep for either, at least in descending. The size of the burdens is enormous; yet the bearers step out lightly. They are accus-

tomed to it almost from birth. The little tot of four years old carries her tiny bundle on her shoulders like the rest. This early toil, added to the habit of tucking up the skirts round the waist, gives the girls a figure curiously distended about the hips. The women often go bare-headed, the men never — they even put on woolen nightcaps in bed. The younger girls have a fresh complexion, and often very pretty faces, both more suggestive of Switzerland proper than of Italy. But good looks and brilliant color soon depart; at middle age they are prematurely old, withered, and wrinkled; in old age they are crippled witches.

After a time we come to the little village of Vièyes, at the mouth of the picturesque glen of the Nomenon. Here there is a cantina, and the driver affects great concern for the welfare of his animal, which has been walking for nearly two hours under the oppression of a small portmanteau and a rucksack (total twenty-eight kilogrammes by the railway scales). Half an hour's halt for hay, wine, and tobacco. Keep your temper, and pay up like a man.

The Italian vetturino, if not a high-class driver, is certainly a magnificent whip. It rather gets on one's nerves at last, the incessant cracking of the lash which occupies the intervals between applying it to the poor beast's head and sides. Fortunately for him, he does not seem to mind it much, for he does not alter his pace in the least. There is something homelike in the continual cries of "Whoo-oo Gee!" varied occasionally by a sound like "Coom-ong." But the only really effective method of quickening the speed seemed to be addressing reproaches to him in a mild, pained voice. This caused surprise at first, till I discovered that it was the regular prelude to the final resort of twisting his tail, otherwise employed in towing his master uphill.

At one turn only in the road we are vouchsafed a view of La Grivola. It is the curved snow arête of her northwest-

ern side that she presents to us for a few minutes; an unbroken sweep of dazzling purity from summit to base. There is something so transcendent, so arresting, in the sudden revelation of that cold splendor high overhead in the blue sky, as for one brief space the night of the gloomy cliffs is split, that we hold our breath in silent homage. The driver, familiar as he is with the sight, stops to admire, and for the only time noises fail him.

But, fascinating as is this passing glimpse of her soaring spire, La Grivola is seen to best advantage from one of the near peaks to the northeast or southwest. Then the length of flanking rock-wall, which takes so much from her stature when seen across the Trajo glacier, disappears; and she becomes a graceful white lady, with dainty head bending slightly forwards, and slender, sloping neck; fit mate for the grim black Matterhorn across the way, broad brow erect, resolutely buffeting the blasts with aggressive shoulders.

The valley opens out at length into a fair green plain, a kilometer wide, girt with a cirque of fir-clad cliffs. Three mountain streams come parting the fields from north and south and east, and at the meeting of the waters is a rambling huddle of chalets and white stone buildings, overseen by a quaint church tower.

And that is Cogne.

There is not much embarrassment in the choice of hotels. There are just two of them, named of course La Grivola and Gran Paradiso. The former, which I choose, is kept by a Gérard, relative of the well-known guides; the other by the curé of the parish. There are no stuffy carpets in rooms or halls, but the white boards are riddled with the nails of a generation of climbers. Everything is scrupulously clean. Every one is charmingly hospitable and attentive. As I am vigorously removing the traces of the day's tramp in my room, enter two maids with fresh linen for the bed. Far from fleeing incontinent at the splashing, they

stop to chat and give eager information about recent ascents, the state of the *bergschrund* on Paradiso, the rocks on Grivola — for, of course, signore has come to climb?

Thank goodness, no one does come as yet for other purposes than climbing, tramping, or naturalizing; but how long will this blessed state of things last? The *sacra fames* is already compelling the foolish inhabitants, and they are agitating for a widening of the road and a tri-weekly vettura service, which shall introduce the German, the American, and the British tourist to this earthly Eden, which will then promptly cease to exist. Even so has many another restful nook of olden times perished by the high road that leadeth to destruction.

A similarly delightful state of patriarchal simplicity reigns in the other departments of the establishment; though there is no hay now in the bedrooms, nor do the chickens any longer flutter down from perches overhead to share your food, as old Séraphin Bessard tells of.

The dining-room is also reading, writing, and smoking-room. This is as it should be. Ladies who object, or don't smoke — I did not meet any — can always take their meals in comfort on the doorstep. A sweet little maid of fourteen presides, and is touchingly interested in your appetite. I think mine pleased her. The red wine, far superior to the ordinary Valdostano, may be described as a light Burgundy with a dash of Cape Madeira. The food is excellently cooked, and the dishes much too luxurious for people who are earnestly trying to train down to something like decent condition. That wholly good and indescribable gray-green soup that goes so well with Parmesan; fresh trout from a neighboring brook; a local dressing for spaghetti that is worth working up an appetite for — if they would only stop with these. The landlord discusses the guides, examines your nails, and grows reminiscent of the days when Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Yeld used to come to Cogne. And his charges

— but I am not going to give them away. No act of mine shall hasten the bitter end, and contribute to the ruin of this haven of peace.

Full in front of my bedroom window the snows of Gran Paradiso, visible through a V in the black cliffs, are crimson with the *Alpenglühen*, as I retire to early rest; for the Punta Tersiva is the morrow's training climb. But a few minutes, and the moon has transmuted them to purest silver. The growing cold tears me away from the contemplation of their lonely mystery, towering solemnly into the purple mezzotint of the sky. One more lingering look at Mont Blanc, shining starlike down the valley thirty miles away, and into bed with you. Prrr — No wonder it is cold. We are over five thousand feet above the sea. Even this absurd down quilt, which only reaches from breast to knees, is welcome. Let me try it diamond-wise.

The general population of the place are equally friendly. They give you "Good-day," when they meet you, and "Bless you," when you sneeze. They are replete with information when you start for a tramp; they congratulate and ask particulars on your return from a climb. Young and old profess surprise and dismay when they learn of your departure. For the time comes at length when you must leave Cogne, and, sadder still, return to Aymaville and the high road, to the dust and the motors and the diligences, to the wretched comforts of civilization.

Then the question of how to get back has to be faced. If the gymnastically-minded visitor requires a change in the nature of his exertions, let him drive back in a *petite voiture* to catch the morning diligence. If he is one of those lazy fellows who generally walk, he will probably be extremely surprised; and his aching body will suggest a source that might have inspired the first masseurs with the idea of passive exercise. If, in addition, the horse be one that is much given to shying at fallen trees, old women,

calves, and the like, he will not complain of the monotony of the way. The slabs on La Grivola are less exciting.

Crede experto.

LA GRIVOLA

It is a good many years since I first saw La Grivola. It was a case of love — hot, burning love — at first sight. Resting for breath on the rocks of Emilius, my gaze was attracted by a snowy spire that was beginning to rise Valsavarancheswards. The guide, an ancient duffer who knew no tongue but the Valdostan dialect, managed to explain that its name was La Grivöla. A beautiful name, that befits the owner: La Grivola, the famous, the Matterhorn of the Eastern Graians.

From the summit of our peak she presented a truly remarkable appearance. Two sides of her pyramid were visible: one a solid black rock-face from apex to base: the other an unbroken slope of purest white. She at once became the object of my climbing ambition. Nor was there any likelihood of forgetting her. There is no loftier rival to hide her lovely face from the kings of the Mont Blanc, Grand Combin, and Monte Rosa groups, the three great ranges that stretch east and west to the north of her. From many a summit of these I have since looked for her graceful figure, and seldom in vain. She is always visible, if your own eyes be not clouded.

"Our peaks are always clear on a fine day," says Pierre, as we throw ourselves down panting on a mountain-top, and see the ranges round us, from Dauphiné to Oberland, veiled in summery cirrus draperies.

So it came to pass that in the process of time I made a pilgrimage to Cogne.

There are two Gérards known to fame as guides; but on my arrival I found them both engaged. The landlord recommended a third brother, Pierre by name, — every one speaks French in Cogne, and very fair French, for they are carefully taught it in the schools, — and I had no

reason to be sorry for the exchange. He proved himself steady, capable, most attentive to his monsieur, and excellently acquainted with his own country. A fourth brother, Sylvester, turned up for this expedition as porteur, and we started for the cabane de Pousset. I learned later that it would have been far better to start from the hotel and do it all in one day. But good advice and experience are apt to reach us a little behind time.

There had been only one ascent of La Grivola so far in the season, made by Pierre himself with two English climbers. But much snow had fallen on her since then, and her black dress, usually showing so clean between the edges of her ermine mantle, was now wearing a suspiciously spotty, guinea-fowl look. The famous guide Burgener had arrived at the hotel that morning from Zermatt, with two German climbers, for the express purpose of doing La Grivola. He absolutely refused to attempt it, and they had to content themselves with a tedious grind up the Gran Paradiso.

It occurred to me at the time as rather a sporting act to wipe the eye of Alexander the Great, and Pierre, being young and enthusiastic, — I like keenness in a guide, and prefer to attend to the discretion myself, — was more than willing; but later we began to entertain respect for our superior's opinion, when we were clawing for handholds on ice-varnished rocks. It recurred to our minds with increasing weight, as we sprawled on those evil slabs of the last rib. It takes a truly great guide to refuse on occasion.

The cabane is reached by the usual four hours' weary zigzagging up the steep side of the Val d'Eypia. Drawing near it, I was rewarded with one of the most interesting sights in all my hill experience.

Some gray spots were seen moving along a ledge on the cliff ahead. The brothers grew excited, and proclaimed them as bouquetins. They might as well have been sheep at the distance; but just then two royal chasseurs came swinging down valley-wards, provided with power-

ful field-telescopes. One amiably made a rest with his cap on a rock and took careful aim with the *longuevue*, and I was soon able to watch four live bouquetins at a seeming interval of some hundred feet. The first was a noble beast with huge horns; the last was barely three parts grown. The elders were still wearing much of their gray winter overcoats: the junior had come out in a new summer suit. As they nibbled along in single file, the leader suddenly looked up at an invisible ledge overhead, apparently a dozen feet above him, probably between six and seven, and without taking a step jumped up to it "all standing." Numbers 2 and 3 followed suit, and finally the youngster rose to it without an effort, bird-like. The grace of the action cannot be described. After this a light-hearted chamois practicing dance-steps on the rocks all by himself provoked only a languid interest.

The bouquetin is the most daring and skillful mountaineer known. Formerly roaming all over the Alps, as the names of the Dent des Bouquetins, of exciting memory, and of other peaks prove, his comparative boldness has led to his destruction; while the shyer nature of the chamois has enabled the latter to prolong a precarious existence. The mountains about Cogne are a shooting preserve of the King of Italy, and here the last of the bouquetins are carefully protected. According to the natives, their numbers, now estimated at over two hundred, are increasing. They are frequently to be seen by the climber in this part of the Graian Alps.

The cabane de Pousset is not the worst climbing hut in the Alps. If the floor was clay, it was fairly dry. If the wooden tray in the corner contained neither rugs, hay, nor straw, at least we did not have to share it with unpleasant companions. There was neither stove nor chimney, but we had the stone fireplace all to our own cooking, and the brisk wind that blew through the holes in the walls soon drove the smoke out of doors.

Mountaineers who can do their climbing from a hotel, starting with a warm breakfast, after sleep in a comfortable bed, have much to be thankful for. The case is different when, after a sleepless night, with joints aching rheumatically from the hardness of the couch, unrested, half-frozen, and insufficiently fed, the climber has perhaps to face the hardest toil of his life; when, in spite of lacerated fingers, strained sockets, and quivering muscles, the eye must be clear and the head steady; when hand and foot, numbed and aching with the cold, must do their duty without a slip. Useful, necessary as the rope is on ice or snow, often though it may save one from the consequences of a stumble, woe unto him — and his guide — that putteth his trust therein on precipitous crags!

With thoughts like these I stumbled out at 3 A. M., in a wind that chilled to the bone, and followed Pierre's lantern to the steep snows that lead to the foot of the Col de Pousset. A glorious dawn was flushing the Graian snow-peaks to pink, as we breasted the slopes, and soon we were scrambling up the upright but easy rocks to the summit of the *col*. Arrived at the top, the rope was put on, for now the *névé* of the Trajo glacier had to be crossed diagonally. The snow was frozen hard after yesterday's thaw, and we made rapid progress to the foot of our peak, with the rays of the rising sun shining gratefully on our backs. Here the *névé* runs up to steep ice slopes that bridge the *bergschrund* and meet the mountain proper.

The ascent from the Trajo glacier is made entirely up the rock-face of La Grivola's pyramid. On the other sides it is made principally up snow and ice. The two edges of the rock-face are easy curves and from a distance look feasible and tempting. As a matter of fact, owing to deep clefts and slabby gendarmes, they are all but impossible. A broad central couloir and a smaller one to the right run far up the face between three precipitous rock-ribs. Under favorable con-

ditions it is possible to make much of the ascent by these couloirs, but on this occasion the new snow put their use altogether out of the question. The route begins on the rib to the left of the great couloir; when this becomes impracticable, the couloir must be crossed to the centre rib, and so on; till the original line brings the climbers out on the summit. Neither arête is touched from start to return. Ordinarily speaking, the only danger is from the falling stones that continually sweep the couloirs, but to-day it is the one that is wanting, doubtless owing to the fresh snow on the upper crags.

We found the rocks on the first rib upright but good, with but a little snow in the hollows, and stuck to them for several hundred feet, before it became necessary to cross the great couloir to the rib on its right. Here our troubles began. The rocks were less steep, but slabby and much harder, the downward and outward dip of the strata being very pronounced, and the cracks, which should have made them easy, filled with hard snow or ice. We soon had to cross the smaller couloir to get something simpler. But here the verglas began to make itself objectionable. The rocks of this buttress were glazed with a coating like brown glass, sometimes in ropes and lumps several inches thick. I have never seen worse. Gloves were not to be thought of, and, to add to my misery, each good prominent handhold was decorated with a tuft of snow, till frozen fingertips became sodden too.

Back again. But little improvement. Once more across the great couloir to the perpendicular rocks of the left-hand rib, with the summit crags overhanging us up in the sky. Still the hideous verglas everywhere.

"Ferme, Pierre?"

"Non, monsieur; mais il faut avancer."

Foot by foot, with painful caution, the top is neared. The rocks become harder and the holds less frequent, but the work grows pleasanter, for the ice coating is beginning to disappear in the sun.

It was about time. Not only were fingers in a deplorable condition, the memory of which was to abide for several days to come, but there were two awkward corners to be turned with a stretch of *varappe*—that is, crackless slab—between: a *mauvais pas* that can sometimes be avoided by taking hereabouts to the northeastern arête. As I was vainly feeling round the buttress with leg and arm for knob or notch, the thought kept intruding, "What will this be like in descending?" Fortunately Pierre is a good guide and does not pull on the rope, but leaves you to work out your own problems. At the worst corner we were horizontally placed, and a tug would probably have sent us both to the bottom.

This pulling habit is one of the worst vices in a guide. When on the knife-edge of a giddy arête, they will take a pull at the rope that nearly sends you into an abyss below. They think to give you support. They simply upset your delicate balance. Is it not Leslie Stephen who relates how on a peak one day he met a countryman, who piteously implored him to tell him the German for "don't pull"?

Immediately under the summit the rib leans inwards, and as we mount rapidly, I wonder how we are to get over the projecting edge. A convenient cleft in the coping comes into view, through which we crawl, and at nine o'clock stand on the summit of La Grivola.

A cloudless, windless sky greeted us as we clambered on to the little flattened snow cone to the right, that forms the *allerhöchste Spitze*, just big enough to hold two at once. Third déjeuner at once on the edging rocks, with our boots dangling over vacancy. All the old familiar faces are smiling at us to-day, from the black Viso in the Cottians to the grand old Finsteraarhorn, the monarch of the Oberland. The Meije, Ecrins, Mont Blanc, Aiguille Verte, Grand Combin, Dent Blanche, Matterhorn, and Monte Rosa are as usual most forward in claiming recognition. Before noon, however,

all our northern friends have retired into seclusion for the rest of the day.

The question of returning soon forced itself on our notice. The snows of the southwestern face looked tempting, and our shining ice-wall at the foot of the rocks half a mile below us, dead under the overhang of the edge, did not. But Valsavaranche is a good day's tramp from Cogne, and our rucksacks had been left below. It was my last day in the district, for Henri Garny was to meet me at Courmayeur the following evening, and the *petite voiture* had been engaged. A traverse was plainly out of the question. There was only one thing to be done. We waited an hour or so to give the sun, now well on the rocks, time to thaw out the verglas, and, with a wholly unnecessary admonition to caution from Pierre, lowered ourselves on to the face of the mountain.

As long as possible we stuck to the same route. I had not been mistaken. The two corners were worse in descending. It is still a mystery to me how I ever got round the last; and the glisten of the ice-wall at the foot kept catching my eye as I looked down.

But the holds were no longer glazed, and all went merrily till we reached the last crossing of the great couloir. Pierre was just about to step on it, when a small *schild-lawine* broke away, starting apparently from our steps above. It was not very big, but quite unnecessarily so for sweeping us to annihilation — or eternity. There was clearly a lot more to come from above; and come it did later on, with the grand roar that is so absurdly disproportioned to such a tame-looking thing as a snow-avalanche.

No help for it. We must stick to the bad slabs of the right-hand rib all the way to the foot. Thank the stars, there was no more verglas. Only a trickle of water everywhere instead. Unpleasant, yes; but what if it had still been ice?

With much relief we got down to our ice-ladder, and found the steps still sound.

We hurried down them and started on the looked-for *glissade*. Alas, the sun had so softened the snow that it was hopeless, and we had to dig in our heels — and sometimes our legs — till the *névé* was reached. The *bergschrand* seems to be kept well filled with avalanches descending from the couloirs.

The *névé* was by this time soft and tiresome, and progress in the deep snow very tedious. We unroped on the *col*, took breath and another breakfast, and then lowered ourselves down the rocks with lightsome hearts, looking on all sides for bouquetins. We saw none, for it was probably too early for them to come from the heights to graze. We made one more attempt to *glissade* on the last slopes. General result, partial disappearance. Personal result, solid burial to the hips. I had to be dug out to the boots by the slow aid of the ice-axes.

It was three o'clock when we got back to the cabane. Here we indulged in a square meal; that is, we ate up everything that was left. Apparently there was nothing left to drink. And then I had my first pipe that day. Smoker-climbers will understand without more words all that this statement conveys. Non-smokers do not deserve to know.

A cordial welcome from guides and hotel people awaited us at Cogne. It appeared then that there had been some doubts entertained about the success of the expedition, and they were doubtless pleased to have the temporary condemnation of their chief attraction reversed. For La Grivola is the general object of the climber's ambition in the Eastern Graians. Her height, 13,022 feet above the level of the sea, is surpassed only by her consort, the Gran Paradiso. The singular beauty of her form is conspicuous from the summits of the most magnificent peaks in the Cottian, Graian, and Pennine groups. And her conquest, whether by rock-face or snow arête, affords the mountaineer a climb of the most interesting description.

THE END OF THE STORY

BY LAURA CAMPBELL

THE matron's letter had said that a carriage would be waiting at St. Alban's station. But at a glance, as she stepped from the train, Miss Whitman saw that it was not there. She stood for a moment in indecision on the platform, nervously gathering her soft black skirts about her, and hoping, in a sudden rush of shame that thrilled her all the more sharply for its very foolishness, that none of the few persons standing beneath the shed had recognized in her a new inmate for the Old Ladies' Home on the hill. The swift, cold drizzle of a snow-threatening rain penetrated her veil; she shivered, stepping uncertainly toward the station doorway.

The waiting-room was empty — she was glad of that. Only the blue-capped head of the station-agent peered at her for a moment, in glimpsing unconcern, through the little cage-like window of the ticket-office. She crossed the room, gasping a little at the warm, fetid air, and took up her station, rigidly, before the farthest window. Straight before her, dim through the rivuleted panes, stretched the long vista of the hill road. She fixed her eyes upon its horizon with strained expectancy.

Now that the hour of ordeal had come, she wished, fiercely, for the culminating moment and its swift passing. The culminating moment, she supposed, would be that in which she actually stepped across the institutional threshold, when the doors barring her from further intercourse with the world of affairs and men had closed in finality upon her. There shaped for her on the blurring panes a picture, a colorless vision. She could almost feel, in the throes of her present imaginings, the depressing, lifeless monotony of that aged

atmosphere, made maddening by the pressure of the forbidding walls which helped produce it; already, it seemed, as she probed with restless intent into her future, the cold lengths of the public corridors invited her endless tread; and everywhere — in her half-morbid thought she searched among them — bent nodding, gray-streaked heads, peered wrinkled visages.

The picture flung back at her tormentingly with grotesque detail. Her face stiffened. Her hands sought the hard edge of the windowsill and closed upon it tightly. Unknowingly and half-aloud she breathed her utter despair: "Dear — God!" The whisper, with its accompanying relief, brought a quick flush to her face. "What a simpleton I am! and I so — old!" She repeated the last phrase determinedly, trying to accustom herself to the new thought; for surely it had been but a few months before that she had held up her head with the rest, an independent wage-earner carrying her burden of work with capable hand and an eager heart. She marveled — would she ever cease to marvel! — at the abruptness of the transition. Providence, she reflected bitterly, in so turning up her calendar without warning, had dealt more severely with her than was her due.

She turned toward the bench against the wall, half-startled from her reverie by the sudden, noisy entrance of a rugged-faced mother who, stepping heavily across the room, deposited her sleeping child, with quick adjustment, across the seats — looking up with expectant gesture as she took her place beside it. But Miss Whitman drew in her skirts reservedly, turning her head away in nervous distaste as the other coughed tentatively.

"You — you waitin' for the Old Ladies' Stage?"

There was a certain quality of rough sympathy in the voice. Miss Whitman rebelled against her impulse to turn, to grasp the crumb of comfort. The other watched her pityingly, taking no offense at the stiff, uncompromising nod. "I've heard," she said, nodding her eager assurance, "I've heard as how they sometimes have mighty good dinners up there, an' some have rooms that are as pretty as a young girl's. Mis' Elihu Legg, my neighbor that was, was through the buildin' onst. She says they stare at you as though they never seen a human bein' before. An' some of them are dreadful gossips, an' some don't talk at all;" — she looked at Miss Whitman quizzically; — "but she says that the most of them are real nice and sociable, considerin'. Are you — goin' in on relatives?"

"No." Miss Whitman writhed.

The other sighed. "It's terrible without any kin o' one's own. On friends, I s'pose?"

"No." It was not a lie. She held her head stiffly erect. They were not friends — those who had induced her to take the step, who had made it so honorably possible for her to end her days comfortably in this sheltered retreat; who, grasping eagerly at this circumstance in her life, had taken it as a providential accident whereby they might, with pious satisfaction to themselves, relieve their consciences of a certain delicately shaded social debt which they had owed her for long years since. Miss Whitman fought against a slowly-rising spectre of dutiful gratitude. Not friends, — she began to draw a finely nice line of sharp distinction.

"Not on friends!" The torturing voice trilled with large amazement. "Why, you don't mean to say" — again the roughly sympathetic quality quite dominated — "you don't mean to say that you ain't got no — friends?"

"I believe that — that's just it!" said Miss Whitman. This time she faced the

other, her lips quiveringly parted into a smile.

"You poor thing — you poor thing!" The phrase was softly muffled, and the woman sat quiet, pondering. Her hand wandered gently to the head of the sleeping child. She bent above it, crooning with clumsy tenderness. "Janey, you wake up! train's comin', dearie!" She stood before Miss Whitman in an embarrassed, unwonted silence, but the latter, to her own astonishment, held out her hand. "Good-by."

"Good-by." The handshake was sincere and hearty. "An' I hope they treat you right! I hope you'll be real comfortable."

When she had gone, Miss Whitman sat facing a clarified interval. She no longer questioned why. She dispassionately embraced the truth. For ah, *to have no friends!* Here was the keynote to her real agony of shame. Beside the staring fact of her own utter friendlessness, the dreaded institution reared up in parallel mockery — a concrete symbol. She began to wonder, to question and compare, looking back upon her life and its large cycle of activities in bitter realization of its emptiness. But she had always — she weakly defended to herself — been so exultantly occupied with her work.

She recalled the many men and women she had met in the business world — how skillful she had been in the daily competitive touch-and-go with them, or in reservedly holding herself aloof when the need had risen. Oh, she had been an excellent woman of affairs; excellent, she pondered keenly — her employer had even condescended to "use" her beyond the usual age-limit (she had really "kept her age" well, she reflected). — How tired she had been at night! — seldom had she been able to use those brief spare hours for social intercourse with her fellow beings. And at the end — she recalled, with a shudder, her long, long illness, her terror at her rapidly-dwindling "rainy-day" fund. She wondered now at her impracticability in having made

the fund so light. But — again she feebly defended — she had needed to live well, to keep constant to that always necessary “appearance.” Besides, she had contributed largely to charities. And here she started — clutching at the memory; she had surely given thought, in the light of human kindliness, to her fellow beings, had attempted to bridge the gulf. But this pale memory, though she continued to dwell upon it for a moment in dim hope, still left her empty at heart.

Greedily, as she sat on the station bench, she passed in mental review all the years of her life’s story, searching for some gleam of happy social contact that would save her from her final condemnation of herself, fast-stripping each experience till the final hollow day flung back upon her. Ah then, the lucid cause *was* in herself — some curious aloofness, a lacking of some mysterious common quality which served to make men kin. She felt, of a sudden, as one detached, apart. She groped in terror —

The door opened noisily. Miss Whitman faced it dumbly. A man in liveried uniform came toward her.

“You’ll need a light early to-night. I’m sorry your first day was so bad.” The matron, who had superintended the bringing up of Miss Whitman’s trunk, stood in the doorway, her capable, steady eyes inspecting keenly every detail of the new inmate’s personality. “If there is anything you want,” she continued, “anything you *need*, please let me know.” She glanced around the little room in satisfied decision. “You ought to be comfortable here. I think that your trunk had better go in that other corner.” She paused, considering, her skirts rustling stiffly as she turned to go. “You’ll find the rules beside your door in the corridor.”

Miss Whitman stood, immovable and quiet, when the matron had gone, a strange, dragging sense, as of some heavy anchorage, holding her for the first few

minutes incapable of action. But when the personnel of the little room began to intrude upon her, she looked up, her eyes meeting this object and that with questioning intentness, scanning the homely appurtenances swiftly. The room was only saved from utter commonplaceness by two quaint dormer-windows which recessed cozily into the wall. “I’m glad they face the east. I shall see the rising sun.” She framed the thought half in wonder; evidently old age was not to be without its few small pleasures of anticipation. The windows looked out over a low, narrow valley, she discovered, the near horizon being the smoothly undulating top of a bleak, brown-breasted hill.

Halfway up the hill — Miss Whitman absently followed the gray, ribbon-like path leading up to them — was huddled a dense cluster of sturdy white cottages — little homes. She let her eyes fall hungrily upon one red-lighted window, striving to picture to herself the drawing close of the family ties at the approaching nightfall. There was going to be some comfort for her, she found, in this outlook from her windows. Even on this first day, rain-driving and dreary though it was, there was afforded her a glimpse into that outside world from which, she felt, she was already so utterly buried. The glimpse, at the first, would serve as a slowly-assuaging balm. As the hill grew dim beneath the fast-falling dark, Miss Whitman’s mind, tired almost to the point of emptiness though it was, returned with sensitive dread to her present condition, and to the coming ordeal of the first meal. She remembered what the matron had said about an early light. And at the sudden, clear resonance of a gong in the corridor without, she began in a sort of guilty, half-childish haste to search upon the little table for a possible box of matches. When she stood at last in the bright glare of the gaslight, she laughed through her panting, at her foolishness. “Well — I *am* old! They usually get like that, I believe.”

She drew herself up, gasping bravely

for composure, determining, at all costs, to hold to the last shreds of her previous dignity of independence. She was still standing motionless, an erect, slender figure with quiet eyes and half-smiling mouth, when her door, without preliminary knock, was suddenly flung open. An unabashed old woman, curiously attired in a heavily embroidered red waist, stood leaning on a crutch on the threshold, taking advantage of the other's startled silence to flash her greedily inquisitive eyes from corner to corner of the room. At the last, they fastened with gelid penetration upon Miss Whitman's own.

"My! ain't you got your bonnet off yet? You came an hour ago, did n't you? Well" — she hobbled across to the one easy-chair. "I'll wait for you. But you better hurry. *She* only allows me five minutes extry 'count o' the tardiness o' my crutch."

"Is it — the dinner-hour?" The dread again upon her, Miss Whitman fumbled clumsily at her hair.

"Ain't you read the rules? Did n't *she* tell you? 'T is lucky I thought to stop in for you. I'm Mrs. William Sharp. I always stop in for the new ones if I like their looks. I saw you when you was comin' in. You from the city?"

Miss Whitman nodded, starting impulsively for the door. The other hobbled after. "You're kind o' young-lookin' to be here so soon. My sakes! but your back is straight! How'd you keep it?" Without waiting for an answer, she rambled on, the sharp tap-tap of her crutch making a clicking accompaniment to her voice. "No, not that way," she directed as they reached the foot of the stairs; "we have to turn here — the dinin'-room's through that door. An' if I was you" — she looked up, her eyes cunningly resentful — "if I was you I would n't hold my head so stiff. It don't exactly *take* here. They'll talk."

She held back the door for Miss Whitman, and as they passed down the long room together, the buzz of talk at the

tables subsided into a tensely suspended hush. In spite of her aged conductor's warning, the newcomer felt, as she ran the gauntlet of eagerly peering eyes, that she was holding her head up "stiff." To her relief, however, the hush was broken again, and old heads bending once more over their plates, even before she had taken the seat assigned.

"See that sparklin' old lady over there, — the one that's always showin' off her hands? She was once a prom'nent actress on the stage. They say her hands *was* great!" Miss Whitman glanced across the table to where a little old lady whose bright black eyes flashed vividly in her heavily wrinkled face was talking with vertiginous rapidity. Those around her, listening, were laughing and nodding in approval. "An' see that quiet one?" Mrs. Sharp went on — "the one with the ear-trumpet at her side? That's Mrs. —;" the old voice whispered it excitedly. "You remember her? It was all about her in the papers. She had six husbands and five divorces! They say —" Miss Whitman lost the rest, so absorbed had she become in placing in her mind's category of humanity this little world about her.

It was, indeed a world of a timbre peculiar to itself, a world in which, she swiftly concluded, the paramount interests, evidently, were tea, pedigree, and the latest stitch in capelines, these making stable points of common interest about which played a constant interchange of personal reminiscence and the lively, biting gossip of small daily occurrences in the Home. Snatches of sentences here and there, from the general drift of conversation, came to her: — "Did you hear what the matron found out this morning? You did n't? Old Mrs. Cassidy *smokes* in her room! Sh-h! Yes, a pipe! Is n't it easy to trace some folks' origin?" — "That airish Miss White came down with a red bow in her cap this morning. Did you ever? Some folks would n't know that they were in their dotage unless it was clubbed into

them. Next thing you know, it'll be a red rose! Ha, ha, ha! a red rose! Why, even in my young days —"

Listening, watching, Miss Whitman's heart grew heavy with foreboding. To be plunged — so swiftly — into this! She found herself presently, now reaching back again, wistfully, toward her busy, all-active life, now peering forward with fearful ease into the years ahead. Ah, it was such a simple chapter to read, that coming last one. Once again, she bitterly toyed with the pages, cowering beneath the prospect of her vast loneliness. For with these people, she felt, among whom the remaining years of her life were destined to be cast, the difficult adjustment of the measures of friendliness would require even more of a nicety than had been called for in the outside world. Apprehensively, in her tense quiet as spectator, she glanced from face to face; at the same time almost envying them, these fellow women, with all the small and everlasting weaknesses which bound them each to each in the leveling *camaraderie* of sheer femininity.

"Look — over there — at the end!" Mrs. Sharp's raucous voice and nudging elbow once again claimed her attention. "She's just come in! — with the piles of snowy-white hair — all her own, too! That's Mrs. Lucy Osborn, Lucy Sill that was; an' — ain't she the sweetest here? Ain't she got the *youngest* eyes you ever saw?"

Startled, even as she looked Miss Whitman turned away abruptly. The "young" eyes, deeply blue, interested and penetrating, had flashed in swift and friendly glance upon her own. Once again she felt her neighbor's elbow nudging, this time impatiently. "Why, she smiled at you!" Mrs. Sharp looked up indignantly. "Well — you're the first that never smiled back at Lucy Sill!"

Miss Whitman flushed, stumbling forth her eager apology. "Ah, but she *is* sweet, gentle-faced. Tell me about her. You knew her — before?"

"Yes. There ain't much story about

her. It's just her — herself makes up the story. I knew her in Lyndhaven when she was just a girl. My mother used to make her dresses. I used to carry them home to her." She looked across the table, smiling reminiscently. "But you must n't think that she looked down on me. She treated me like a — friend. She was — she was — why, Lucy Sill was the *friendliest* human bein' you'd want to meet. Ev'ry one liked her, loved her. An' that's what makes it so — queer" — Mrs. Sharp's wrinkled brows drew close in puzzled bewilderment — "so queer that she's *here*, you know, an' that all those heaps o' friends have died, an' she the only one left an' — here! Why, when I found 't was her, just after she come, I could o' dropped my crutch an' *stood*, I was so surprised. Well, we never dream when we're young what's goin' to come to us when we get old. There, look at her now, talkin' to that Miss White. Look at her face, all interested. That way of hers was what took so with folks when she was a girl. She's never exactly lost it. She's got such wonderful — manners!"

With effort, Miss Whitman broke away from her absorbed contemplation of the face opposite. "And you say she was beautiful — then?"

Mrs. Sharp shook her head with decision. "No — not beautiful; but just like that — herself; an' that same delicate lift to her head. She carried off the finest man in the county. Mr. Bob Osborn worshiped her. He died only a few years after they were married. 'I often wonder what he'd — think — if he could come upon her here. (Sh-h! am I talkin' loud?) See her eyes turn this way then — all smilin'? She caught his name." The old lady fumbled clumsily with her knife, ill-hiding her shamefacedness at being caught. "She *knows* I'm talkin' about her — but nothin' mean. She knows I would n't. I can't get over her bein' here. I tell her so all the time. She laughs at me. Oh, she's Lucy Sill, even if she has white hair. If 't was her sister Martha now who was

here — if she had lived ” — the old lady paused, her thin lips pressing together in one decisive white line; “ well, I could’ve understood *her* bein’ here. I did n’t like her. Not many folks did. She was all held-in, sort of, an’ silent, — stand-offish; an’ Lucy thought the world-an-all of her. Some said that Martha thought the same o’ Lucy, too; but if she did,” she shrugged her shoulders unbelievably, “ she never showed it. Martha died in the middlin’ twenties. An’ Lucy’s here! Now watch her, gettin’ up — the way she holds herself. She’s goin’ to the sun-room. They’re waitin’ for her. She plays the piano for us every Wednesday night.”

Old Mrs. Sharp was hurriedly folding her napkin. Miss Whitman awkwardly handed her her crutch, and slowly followed after as the grotesque little old woman led the way.

At the wide door of the sun-room where the lights fell warmly on huge green palms and nestling flower-boxes, Miss Whitman with shy adroitness stepped aside, seeking, on her usual impulse of reserve, the shadow in the passageway without. And when the little group had settled itself within, she watched it wonderingly, her eyes eagerly searching each withered face as the strains of music from the piano in the alcove vibrated softly through the room. She noted that one gray head, even at the first few notes, had already begun to nod. The others, sitting motionless, listened for the most part with spiritless, unresponding faces, — the reverie of age, so different from the reverie of youth, enfolding them, apparently, in a dull, uncaring apathy in which — Miss Whitman in difficulty decided — was surely neither pleasure nor pain. But was this, in its innermost timber, *content*?

In a swift revulsion of feeling she turned away, her hands clenching passionately in her sudden and overwhelming desire to escape — to be freed. When she reached the solitude of her dormer-room, she drew up a chair to the table,

half-smiling, bitterly, in her self-com-miseration at the weakness of her trembling body. She wondered how long it was going to take, this difficult readjustment, and where, eventually, the last casting of the swinging balances would place her. She looked shrinkingly about the quiet room which seemed so mockingly conscious of her presence and her mood. For a long time she sat there, immovable and stiff, in the chair beside the table, her chin sunk rigidly on her palms, her mind set grimly on her narrowly-margined future; from her past she was now learning to hold herself sternly aloof — her almost utter lack of those memories which are the solace of age terrifying her when she tried, in glimpsing hopelessness, to search for them. She grew more rigid in her reverie.

She thought, at first, that it was the light rain driving softly against the window that had roused her. Then, as she listened, tense in the silence, there came a gentle, imperative knock at the door. In her lonesomeness, Miss Whitman felt her heart leap intuitively: “ It’s that Mrs. Osborn — Lucy Sill.” But when, at her shortly ejaculated, half-rude invitation, the door swung softly open, and Mrs. Osborn’s friendly eyes were full upon her, she sat reserved and unapproachable, wordless before the other’s presence.

“ I’ve — invited myself to tea if you will — have me.” Hesitant at first, half-smiling, she interrogatively waited at the threshold; and then, as though in tactful interpretation of the ensuing pause, she stepped across the room, and in deliberative, unembarrassed grace made room on the little table for the tray she carried. “ I’ve invited the tea and the lady cakes too; they are — old-lady cakes. *Will* you have me?”

She looked back over her shoulder with a quaint, bird-like motion, her keen, compelling eyes searching the other’s face whimsically.

“ If — if you’ll have me!” said Miss Whitman; in the unaccustomed atmo-

sphere of intimate friendliness, she felt herself struggling for a footing.

The other laughed aloud. "Oh, you *are* like her." Then, cautiously, "S-sh!" — she tiptoed back to the door again, like a mischievous girl breaking the rules at a boarding-school, and turned the key in the lock. "It is n't exactly allowed, here, you know — *this*," she explained, as she took her place opposite Miss Whitman. She leaned forward, scanning the other's features in swift, eager inspection. "Yes, you *are* like her" — she nodded again, her wonderful crown of hair flashing beneath the light. "I mean that you are like my sister — she died — my sister Martha. I noticed it downstairs. Something about your eyes and mouth, and Oh! that — 'If you'll have me'!" She laughed again, holding her hearer breathless beneath her charm; "that was Martha, too, never certain of her own likableness. We were great friends, Martha and I."

She turned to the table, and Miss Whitman, fascinated, watched the delicate, finely-wrinkled hands, like masterpieces of rare old porcelain, as they manipulated the tray.

"You take — two lumps?" She held the sugar-tongs poised. "Martha did," she coaxed convincingly.

"Two." Miss Whitman smiled shyly in return, unconsciously drawing her chair up closer.

"This is old Mrs. Jessup's favorite brand. Oh, don't be frightened. I am not going to repeat that long dissertation we heard at dinner." The corners of her mouth wrinkled humorously. Then she grew serious, her eyes dark with grave concern. "How do you like it here? That, I know, is an unfair question on the first day. But — how do you find it?"

"I find it — hard."

Mrs. Osborn mused upon the pause. "But later, you know," — her voice fell softly low in gentle, persuasive sympathy, — "it is n't so bad; one gets used to it. And it's an excellent school for human tolerance. Indeed, after the last twinge

of the final readjustment is over" — she settled back comfortably in her chair, making a little gesture of contentment, serene in its implied resignation. "Believe me, life is sometimes very interesting here." Her face grew vivid.

Miss Whitman watched her breathlessly. "Oh, but you are different! You are — wonderful!"

Mrs. Osborn shook her head. "No, I've merely a sort of knack at living along. It was my Robert taught me. And here — the knack comes easily." She leaned forward, her finger-tips tapping slowly together in convincing enumeration. "You know, in spring, outdoors — it is delightful. Wild things all over the grounds. Down in the valley there it's one wild tangle-garden, — violets and columbine, rock-pink and maidenhair," — she paused, smiling — "all sorts of gentle-growing things for slow old ladies. Besides, there is the *live* world — squirrels, little red chipmunks, birds. And they all like *us*. Oh, they are most flattering, I assure you!"

She went on. As one athirst, Miss Whitman listened, her city-pent spirit becoming slowly enthralled before the joy of the coming season, before, the healthy good-cheerfulness of the other's philosophy of life. And Mrs. Osborn was not over-reminiscent. That, perhaps, her listener decided, was part-secret of her youthful-like vitality of spirit. And as she talked, dwelling upon this phase and that phase of her present life with humorous sympathy and kindly interpretation, enlarging, with every disclosure, the perspective of the new-comer's outlook, Miss Whitman found herself presently looking forward with her, unconsciously framing an eager question now and then, or disclosing, in the sweet freedom of this new intimacy, somewhat of her own frail hopes and fears.

At the final pause, before the other's courteous, interrogative smile, she bent forward, her eyes intent and piteous upon her visitor's face. "Ah, if I could

only—with these people—Mrs. Osborn, I've been all my life, in the midst of the crowd, so fearfully alone—without any—friend." She brought out her confession with awkward intonation, her sallow cheeks flushing. "Why, I did n't know people could be so nice!" She beamed with frank admiration upon her visitor.

Mrs. Osborn laughed, pleased. "Well, it's merely that—on your great highway, you somehow missed the pleasant little by-paths. Some do." Then, as she rose to go, "But we've lots of faults, you know. Oh, you've a whole unexplored country before you here. Tomorrow"—she looked about the bare walls of the room—"I am coming in to help you 'fix up.' Your room needs homing 'somethin' awful,' as our friend, Mrs. Sharp, would say."

Miss Whitman felt her cheeks tingling. "I—did n't bring many of my things. I did n't seem to think—it did n't seem any use. I have only a few books."

"Ah, you kept your books!" The friendly eyes lighted, seeking the other's shyly in a new recognition. A flash of mutual comprehension passed between them. "Well, I shall come to-morrow to help you fix your books."

She looked back, her head finely lifted, as in promise, from the doorway. But when at last she passed into the corridor without, there fell upon Miss Whitman a poignant, dream-like sense of unreality. Swiftly she opened the door, and peered into the dark hall, calling softly in a sudden, unreasoning terror. But when the other stood once more before her, she reproved herself, in shame, for her foolishness.

"I—I— Oh, I'm foolish," she feebly

explained. "I wanted just to see you—to make sure"—

Mrs. Osborn again held out her delicately assuring hands, pushing the other gently back into the room. "My dear—why, you are all unstrung! You need rest. You need some one 'magerful'—she laughed—"to order you about. It is n't likely that I'll leave just yet. We'll maybe have long years together. Oh, my dear"—She reached up her hands, placing them as in gentle benediction upon the other's shoulder. They looked into each other's life-tried eyes. Unconsciously, the knowledge of the dignity of their years caused their heads to lift to higher poise. A certain reverence fell upon them—

When Miss Whitman had turned out the light, she sat in quiet content by the window, smiling to herself in the dark, and watching, with musing absorption, the shadow-draperies shaping patterns to themselves upon the wall. There would be so much to talk about, to tell, to hear. "Why, I've never talked like that to a woman. I've never had a woman—the real kind."

The spell of Mrs. Osborn's youthful eyes was still upon her. Well, it had come late, this discovery of the need of warm relationship, of kinship, with other human beings, but not for all her youth would she have given it up again. With mind alert, and on the strength of her first lesson, she began to read the letters of the established bond, flashing forward swiftly and without terror to the last Great Hour. When that should come—she breathed deeply, serene in her sure intuition—she would not be alone. That comforted her.

ROUND THE HORN

BY F. H. SHAW

As far as eye can see there is nothing but a gray-green waste of turbulent waters, rising and falling with a mountainous sweep, surging and roaring, hissing and crashing, bearing the flaky foam-crests high in air and dipping them thousands of feet beneath the surface. There is nothing to stop that gigantic ocean roll. No resisting continents have erected a formidable bulwark to its advance; the sea goes on its way around the whole globe, for this is the most-dreaded stretch of ocean that the mind of mariner knows.

Over the northern horizon now out of sight, there lies a single hummock, cone-shaped, insignificant, not worthy a second glance. But this puny bit of land is Cape Horn, the last remnant of the mighty Andes, which, after rearing proud pinnacles to the tropic sky, sweep southward in an ever-diminishing chain until the last link dips under the sea. Still below the far horizon, but more to the west, a small clump of jagged rocks tear the turbulent swell to pieces; but the Diego Ramirez are not to be seen now — there is nothing save the gray-hard sky and the gray-hard sea. Nothing, that is, save a stately albatross, scornfully ploughing its way into the very teeth of the gale that is rolling over the world. It always blows a gale off Cape Horn; always is the sea torn into frothing anger; always, the storm-defying albatross soars betwixt sea and sky.

Far to the north, only a speck of silver suddenly shown up by a wan gleam of sun, which is so surprised at its existence that it instantly disappears, something shows — then vanishes into nothingness. The hours glide by; the speck becomes a blur, the blur becomes reality. Speeding out of the stormy north, bearing

steadfastly on to the stormier south, there comes a ship. Her long gaunt masts are swinging in a reeling quadrant; her vibrating hull cleaves the foamy waste like a thing of magnificent life. She lifts her roaring forefoot from the water, higher and higher, still higher, until the red keel is exposed to the very foremast; and then, crashing downwards in momentary homage to her master, the sea, she buries her bows from sight in a flurry of far-flung foam.

Now she is here, here where the albatross soars on far-spread wing. But that bird of omen makes no sound; for the silence of a great solitude is upon him; he utters no welcome, makes no plaint.

The ship still reels on, plunging deeply into the mountains and valleys, swinging her ponderous bulk through and above all the waves that leap hungrily in her track, that rise in volume of might to drag her down, that retire beaten to rush on and on in a world-encompassing circle. Her spars are stripped almost bare; only two puny rags of straining canvas are flung to the gale, but the white cloud beneath her forefoot is as mighty as though she were clothed with glistening canvas from truck to scupper.

The gale is at her stern, it is carrying her on to her allotted goal; nothing is needed for the skillful shipmaster to do, save let her run and keep his eye on those two sheets of dull brown sail-cloth that are spread aloft. But he must keep both eyes on them now, for there is a flurry in the gale. It no longer booms in a gigantic diapason; it screams and snorts, rising in a violent crescendo, flitting to and fro, now backing, now filling; until the distracted ship is bewildered, and slews giddily round on her heel.

Even the very sea conspires with the

gale to drive the ship up to where those cruel fangs are lurking, in readiness for their prey. The stealthy Pacific-Antarctic Drift — a baffling current — runs here, and woe betide the man who once lets his ship get into the grip of that whirling stream! It were better that he should throw her high on one of those pitiless icebergs that steal silently by in a ghostly procession to the south, for then a chance might remain for dear life; but no man strikes the Diego Ramirez and lives.

Close on three thousand tons, four-masted, manned by Britons, the ship cleaves her way onwards and ever on. She has a precious freight beneath her closely-battened hatches; her skipper is one of the true-blue breed, a man who revels in storm, who flings his gauntlet in the very face of death, and laughs as the challenge goes forth. He is standing now on the spray-swept poop, a burly, white-bearded figure, swathed in oilskins to the eyes, his feet defying the cold and wet in their stout sea-boots. Standing by the binnacle, with one eye on the straining canvas, the other on the wavering compass-needle, he feels the change in the temper of the gale, and knows well that what has so far been his friend is developing into his hate-filled foe.

The wind raises a mighty comber high on the beam, and licks off the top as if it were but a drop of water. A hundred tons of solid ocean come swooping over the vessel's decks, sluicing along with the roar of mighty thunder, carrying a mass of shattered debris to and fro, until the clanging wash-ports fling the unwelcome visitor back to the parent sea. Then the tautened canvas aloft quivers complainingly, the heavy chain-sheets rattle in their sheaves; the massive topsail yards groan as the down-bearing tension is removed; but long before the sound has died away, the voice of the watchful captain is booming along the wave-washed decks, and one by one, figures clad in oilskin emerge from snug hiding-places, stagger perilously along

the sloping planks, clutching at every chance rope and belaying-pin, until the entire crew is mustered at the break of the poop.

"Hands wear ship!" The breeze has flown to the northwest, dead in the teeth of the vessel, and she must either ratch off towards the ice-flecked seas of the Antarctic, or take her luck in her hands and endeavor to beat past the Diego Ramirez.

Each man has his place, and knows it. Without undue confusion, yet slowly, for the men must walk as fate allows them, — now staggering a few paces forward, now clutching frantically at a stanchion, while a stunning mass of living green pours pitilessly over the bulwarks, and descends on their shivering forms, insinuating itself between clothing and skin, and rendering the stoutest water-proofs of no avail, — somehow or other they get to their stations; numbed fingers cast loose the gaskets that hold the fore-topmast staysail in safe bondage; a couple of agile figures dart aloft up the quivering shrouds, and lay out on the great foreyard, casting off the ropes that have lashed the sail to the spar.

The weather clew of the foresail drops down, and a hoarse-voiced chorus rings out as the sail is sheeted home. The chorus continues and the insignificant triangle of water-soaked canvas jumps up the foretopmast stay in a series of uneven jerks, sometimes stopping for whole minutes; again, as the waves wash clear, climbing high on the stay, frapping thunderously in the lashing breeze. All is now in readiness. There is enough canvas ahead of the ship to ensure her head paying off before the wind, once the helm is jammed up, and the captain's voice rings along the deck: "Helm a-weather!"

The second mate leads his watch to the main-braces, and slowly, very slowly, for there is a great weight of wind in the sail, the main-yards swing round, until the shivering sail is flat aback. There is no resistance now to the swinging bow; the ship circles round gallantly on her heel;

a broad patch of smooth water to windward shows where she has drifted down to leeward. Then, high to windward, looming black and awful like some frantic spirit of the unexplored ocean, a huge mountain of greenish-black sea, foam-crested and menacing, hangs poised in air. It rushes on with a lightning speed, growing in volume as it comes; until the very sky is shut out by that dense threatening mass.

"Up aloft, all of you, for your lives!"

There was no need for the order. The men at the braces look once at the coming avalanche, then, with a nimbleness that is surprising, considering their ungainly appearance, they dart like squirrels into the rigging, and gain safety. They hang aloft breathless for a while, and the sea crashes over the rails, deluging the decks to the height of the topgallant rails; and the sore-stricken ship surges suddenly to the weight of another thousand tons of water. For as long as a man may count a dozen, she staggers under the furious blow, every bolt and rivet groaning its complaint; while the life-boats, swung high on their davits, are whipped free from their guarding lashings, swing out at the ends of their tackles, then disappear to leeward in a whirl of foam. A clean sweep! Smoke and ashes come eddying from the galley, and the seamen realize regretfully that there will be no hot dinner for them that day. Some daring spirit runs down to the deck, and wades arm-deep in the water to where the cook is lying half-stunned under a spare spar, surrounded by the implements of his trade. Nothing movable has been left in the galley: food and pots, pans and tools, all are lying in a chaotic heap under three feet of sea-water.

But for the moment the danger is past. A second wave rushes on to complete its fellow's work, but already the gallant ship has recovered from the blow. She dips her proud bow, and her stern climbs waveringly against the sky; then her prow heaves itself clear; the spidery bowsprit soars aloft like a rocket; tons upon

tons of water sweep over-side, and with a gloriously free action, like a racer recovering from a momentary stumble, the vessel reels on and on.

The second wave expends its energy on her staunch steel side, and retires discomfited; but the blow on the quivering plates has been like the thrust of a battering ram.

The men slide down the backstays, or clamber down the ratlines, and stand once more on deck, the tangled braces in their hands. The two stalwart veterans at the wheel have been washed to the limits of their stout lashings, but they have regained their post; and the captain, drenched and breathless, is clinging like a limpet to the mizzen backstays.

"Forrard, and get the foreyards round!" his voice cleaves the momentary lull, and the men obey. The foreyards are swung and pointed to the wind, the foresail is clewed up to the sound of that deep-throated chorus, the foretopmast-staysail is lowered, and the ship, answering to the hastily-hoisted aftersail, which a couple of gasping apprentices have loosed and flung to the breeze, comes slowly up into the eye of the wind. She is heading due north now, her bow pointing straight to Cape Horn, but her speed is diminished, and she merely crawls along. Her creamy wake stretches away to windward as she sags off before the booming gale and the battering seas; she will lose many a one of those glorious knots that preceded the shift of wind, but for the moment the work is done, and nothing remains but to wait.

"Steward! Splice the main-brace!" The bare-armed servitor of the cabin emerges on deck with the grog-bottle clutched to his breast, in his hand a tin pannikin, and on his face a smile of greasy complacency. The men struggle to the poop, and take their tots with the appreciation of men who have well earned their reward, wiping their mouths on the sleeves of their oilskins, touching their shaggy forelocks to the old skipper whose kindliness had prompted this re-

cognition of their arduous work. Then they disappear into their hiding-places, and the ship lays herself down to the gale and snorts along through the boisterous sea with many complainings.

Little is to be seen now, save that the serene albatross soars steadily around the mizzen truck, keeping its position without a single flutter of the mighty wings that can break a man's legs with one blow. The gale is only just beginning, for the moment it shows sign of abating the pessimistic albatross will be skimming the wave-crests, on the lookout for chance greasy morsels thrown over from the galley. A mob of chattering Cape pigeons, birds that have all the beauty of our own domesticated carriers, with the beaks and heads of gulls, flutter over the creamy wake, while a couple of Molly hawks (those birds which are, by seamen, supposed to contain the souls of dead skippers) wing their flight in the vessel's rear, croaking monotonously from time to time.

The dense cloud-masses ahead part for a second to give a glimpse of hard, steel-blue sky. Out of that momentary breach a fresh burst of wind comes roaring over the sea. It springs upon the staggering ship like a beast of prey, and every spar vibrates to the sudden blow. Clew-lines, braces, downhauls, sheets, and spilling-lines, every one of the numberless ropes that clothe the gaunt masts, sings a song of defiance to the gale; the unsteady frap-frap of rope on wood has given place to a constant chatter — the true voice of the storm.

Wave follows wave in unbroken succession over the bulwarks now; there is no inch of safety on all the vessel's decks. Clouds of biting spindrift whirl through the air, the ship heels over to the shock, over and over, until the heart rises into the throat, for fear that she will never right herself again. Still over she heels, and the men at the wheel are bracing themselves against the gratings, for the feet can find no hold on the sloping deck. The skipper is hanging

by his arms from the weather rigging, trying to make his deep-sea voice carry to the mate's ear, but though that officer is hanging to the next shroud, he can hear no word, and only shakes his head in dumb show. But his eyes never leave the weather-sheet of the foretopsail, for with that terrific weight pressing the ship down, something must carry away.

There is one tense, heart-stopping minute, and then, with a report like a cannon-shot, the foretopsail splits down its whole length. The rent widens, rags of canvas detach themselves and whip about frantically, until they are torn away and flutter off to leeward like tiny birds. The jerking of the fore-yard, with the battering of the suddenly loosened canvas, is a serious menace to the safety of the ship. At any moment the spar may carry away and descend to the deck like a falling death; even if it fall overboard, the iron chains of the sheets will hold it alongside while the furious sea beats it resistlessly against the thin steel sides. And then — a great chasm in the ship's skin, a sucking gurgle of escaping air, a downward plunge — and another vessel posted as "missing" at Lloyd's.

But this is not to be. The mate has already left his post, and is scrambling forward on hands and knees. Once more the crew emerge, look doubtfully aloft at the jumping yards, and then, tightening their belts and cramming their sou'westers on their heads, commence to climb the shivering rigging. The wind pins them to the ratlines, the breath is driven from their bodies, they hang powerless, gripping with tenacious fingers, until their further progress is possible. After gigantic efforts they reach the yard, and scramble out on the footropes, while the giddy dance of the ship recommences. The men spring up and down like monkeys, now lying flat on the yard, now clutching wildly at a slippery jackstay, until all are there. There is not much left to save, but they grapple the flapping shreds of the sail, and hold to them while the blood starts from their

bruised finger-tips. The bitter cold has frozen the sail to the hardness of steel, their fingers can catch no grip, and when they do secure a hold and drag the sail on to the yard, a sudden gust snatches their hard-won prize from their clutch, and once again the sail roars out triumphantly.

They do it again, and again, and again, gasping strange oaths into the storm, leaning recklessly over the turbulent sea, working with both hands and hanging on by their eyebrows, and gradually, an inch at a time, the rebellious sail is won into safety, and the stout gaskets are passed over the quietened cloths.

The ship feels the relief at once, and rises upright, only to plunge more deeply into the sea. There is little of her to be seen now save her denuded masts. Her decks are one mass of water, the ropes are lying in tangled masses in the scuppers, a fowl-pen has become dislodged from its lashings and is hurtling to and fro along the decks, battering dreadfully at the bulwarks. This standing menace to the safety of the crew must be reduced to order, and the mate leads a forlorn hope to the rescue. It is precarious work, this, for the thing has become ungovernable, and hurls back and forth like a Juggernaut, crushing fingers and toes remorselessly. After a wild, breathless struggle, the pen is secured in some mysterious sailorly fashion, one or two men run aft to the steward to have their hurts attended to, and the inaction begins anew.

Night creeps down on the tumultuous sea, and the horrors of the storm are increased tenfold. Before, men could see the danger that hung over their heads; now they can only imagine it, and the imagination increases the peril to an indescribable extent. They must lie in shivering groups on the poop, ready for an instant emergency, unable to secure sleep or food, drenched and salt-sore, now starting into instant activity as a loud thunder breaks out from the furled foretopsail, now sinking back into shiv-

ering lassitude as no order volleys to their ears from the wakeful man who clutches the binnacle, and gazes with unseeing eyes into the stormy night.

At intervals a couple of men detach themselves from the groups, and struggle aft to the wheel, relieving the nigh-frozen men there, while those who have stood for two hours win a hazardous way along the decks to their forecabin, there to snatch a smoke until some cry shall come to them, demanding their instant presence on the poop.

The angry dawn leaps up out of the sky, and men stare at men's faces with dazed eyes. The white salt has caked on hair and beard, the young men of the past day have grown old and grizzled, their faces are deep-lined with anxiety; but there is no sign of drooping in that sturdy old figure by the wheel.

The sea, terrible before, is doubly terrible now. During the night it has increased alarmingly; wave follows mountainous wave in unbroken rush, the ship throws herself about like a cork, now swooping into a watery cavern, now giddily topping a lofty wave, while men hold their breath in awe.

Bang! The lee clew of the maintop-sail has carried away, and the sail is lashing about like a flail of death. But the canvas of this sail is strong and doubly strong; though it whips about with a noise of artillery, the sail does not split; only a length of chain is leaping in the air and threatening to brain any man who shall venture within its sweep.

The work must be done, no matter what happens. The mate looks a question at the captain, the latter thinks for a moment. He dare not strip his ship of her canvas entirely: under bare poles she could do nothing save run down to the south among the spectral icebergs. There is one of them now under her quarter, looming like some fairy palace on the horizon.

"Goose-wing it!"

They do it — somehow, though no man, on descending, can tell how the

work was done. They have a vague memory of clambering up the ice-coated rigging, slipping down a foot and climbing up a yard, of dragging their toil-worn bodies out to the lee yard-arm, and there grappling blindly with the frapping sail, while that hurtling chain cracks and rattles above their heads. The loose corner of the sail is dragged on the yard, stout ropes are lugged from the forepeak and passed round and round sail and yard; men haul on ropes that seem to lead nowhere, and curse, with tears, the adamant hardness of the frozen cloths. But they do it — for they are British seamen. Within an hour the sail is quietened, the lee clew fast on the yard, the weather clew still set. This is goosewinging — and is only resorted to in moments of extreme stress, when it is impossible to attach another lashing to the clew that has carried away.

But the wind is shifting to the south, and the ship drives suddenly due north. She cannot hold on long at this work, for the Diego Ramirez are there in her direct path. Something looms out of the storm-haze ahead, it takes shape, and resolves itself into a gallant clipper homeward bound. She is carrying a press of canvas that threatens to drive her under; she cuts through the waves like a thing of life; her stately bow puts aside the encroaching waters as a parish beadle puts aside a crowd of inquisitive children. By her black low hull, built on the lines of a yacht, by her five masts and her yellow spars, her identity is disclosed at once. She is one of the German P. line of West Coast clippers, making a record run home. Men turn to one another and say that this ship has run from Valparaiso to the Lizard in fifty-seven days, beating the majority of steamers on the run. They say her skipper receives a bonus for every day he takes off the run; and would receive instant dismissal should he exceed seventy days on his passage. Other men tell how the commanders of those ships have driven their panic-stricken crews to the braces at the muz-

zles of leveled revolvers, daring them to refuse their duty. But a flag is flung to the gale from the onrushing clipper, and the red, white, and black ensign dips gayly thrice. It is the salute of one brave ship to another.

Then the spindrift hides her, she blurs away into nothingness, and the struggling outward-bounder is alone. What is that sudden cry that comes from forward? It blanches a dozen faces, and sends the suddenly-stilled heart into the throat. "Land on the lee beam!" There above the horizon, like a mouthful of venomous fangs waiting to crunch and grind their prey, the Diego Ramirez show momentarily, then disappear. The inaction of the ship gives place to sudden life. There is a ceaseless stream of hard-voiced orders; the programme of the day before is followed, and the ship wears round on her heel. It is terribly dangerous work now, for every rushing wave threatens to envelop the ship, and drive her to her doom; the captain begins to talk of rigging sea-anchors in order that the vessel's head might be wrenched round off the shore, but by dint of skillful manoeuvring the work is once more done, and the ship lurches drunkenly away to the south, leaving the rocks behind.

So it goes on, sometimes for days and weeks on end. Now an iceberg passes within a musket-shot, making men shiver at the thought of running headlong upon the ice-island in the dark of night; now a five-masted French clipper swings along, loaded to the scuppers, and keeping afloat by Heaven knows what means. But the gale dies away into fitful moanings, it veers to the south, one by one the ice-incrusted sails are loosed from their gaskets, and fall grotesquely down, while the toil-worn seamen drag the sheets out with hands that seem dead to pain. Tier on tier the canvas rises into glorious pyramids, every sail sings a booming triumphant song of dangers overcome, and with a fair wind and plenty of it, the good ship cleaves her way into the quieter waters of the Pacific Ocean.

SPIRIT TO SPIRIT

BY JULIA C. R. DORR

ÆONS, or centuries, or years ago —

We two were man and woman, thou and I,
On yon dear earth now swinging far below
The star-mists floating by.

But now we are two spirits, in the wide
Mysterious realm whereof all mortals dream:
The unknown country where the dead abide
Beyond the sunset gleam.

And I — I cannot find thee anywhere!
I roam from star to star in search of thee;
I wander through the boundless fields of air,
And by the crystal sea.

I scan all faces and I question all;
I breathe thy name to every wind that blows;
Through the wide silences I call and call —
But still the silence grows.

Dost thou remember how, one midnight drear,
We sat before a fading fire alone,
Dreaming young dreams the while the wan old year
Reeled from his trembling throne?

And thou didst whisper, “ Dear, from farthest skies,
From utmost space, my love shall summon thee
Though the grave-mould lie darkly on thine eyes,
To keep this tryst with me!”

Was it last year? O Love, I do not know!
The high gods count not time. We are as they.
All silently the tides of being flow;
A year is as a day!

I only know I cannot find thee, dear!
This mighty universe is all too wide;
Where art thou? In what far-removed sphere
Is thought of me denied?

New lives, new loves, new knowledge, and new laws!
I still remember. Does thy soul forget?
Heart unto heart if love no longer draws,
Then the last seal is set!

CONFESSIONS OF A RAILROAD SIGNALMAN

VI

BY J. O. FAGAN

At the present day, public attention is being constantly aroused and focused upon all questions that immediately concern the general welfare of the people. In this way the efficiency of the service on American railroads has, of late, been freely discussed, not only by railroad men, but by thoughtful people in all the walks of life. The reason for this universal interest is to be found in the fact that an inquiry into an ordinary preventable railroad accident entails, at the same time, a study of the actual working conditions that exist in America between the rights and interests of the workingman, and the more important rights and interests of the general public. Of course, figures and tables in regard to efficiency of service cannot always be taken at their face value, and yet the conclusions that one is sometimes compelled to draw from them are altogether too significant to be lightly dismissed from the public mind.

For example, in the year 1906, a total of 1,200,000,000 passengers was carried on British railroads on 27,000 miles of track, against 800,000,000 passengers carried on American railroads on a mileage of 200,000. Generally speaking, collisions and derailments form quite a reliable standard from which to make comparisons in regard to efficiency of service. It must also be remembered that the chances for accidents are naturally increased with increase of traffic

and consequent multiplication of train movements. One might reasonably expect, therefore, to find the density of conditions in Great Britain reflected in a startling list of fatalities, as compared with the United States. Yet if we take the year 1906 to illustrate our theories and anticipated conclusions, we find that there were 13,455 collisions and derailments in this country, and only 239 in Great Britain. In the same year 146 passengers were killed and 6000 injured in the United States, against 58 passengers killed and 631 injured in Great Britain. The number of employees killed and injured in train accidents was respectively 13 and 140 in Great Britain, against 879 and 7483 in this country.

It is not surprising, therefore, that figures and returns like the above, repeated from year to year with the same marked, and, indeed, ever increasing disparity, should give rise to widespread discussion and criticism, consequently leading up to a better understanding of the nature of the problem that is now submitted, with all necessary facts and illustrations, practically for the first time, to the American people. For it must be understood, to begin with, that from its very nature and from the circumstances connected with the safety problem, the intervention of public opinion and of some kind of public action is imperatively called for. Numerous difficulties,

mistakes, and inconsistencies relating to the handling of trains, to the conduct of employees, and to the present status of the railroad manager, have been exposed and explained during the course of these confessions. But after all, these are merely side issues and details of the service; the real heart of the situation, as insisted upon from first to last in these articles, is significantly outlined in a recent issue of the *Engineering Magazine*, as follows:—

“Even more serious as a predisposing cause of railroad accidents, is the lamentable lack of discipline which is becoming increasingly manifest in these days of labor-union interference. This has been carried to such a point that the officials of our railroads have no longer that direct control of the employees which is absolutely essential to the maintenance of discipline. Until this condition has been changed it is hopeless to look for any material reduction in the number of killed and injured on our railroads.”

Such, then, being the truthful and logical diagnosis of the situation, the final and most important question of all remains to be considered. From individuals in no way connected with railroad life, as well as from employees and managers in different sections of the country, the general interest in the matter has been expressed in the following inquiries: “What are you now going to do about it? Granting this and granting that, what is your plan of construction or reconstruction? What can you propose as a practical method of reform?”

After a careful review and consideration of the conditions that obtain on American railroads at the present day, these significant and final questions, in the opinion of the writer, must all be answered in terms of *external authority*. It is really too bad to have to come to the conclusion that no reform can be expected, or indeed is possible, from within. The men, the organizations, and the managements must now be called upon to submit to publicity and to correction, to

be administered by the stern arm of the law. A proper adjustment of the interests of the men and the management, with a view to the safety of travel is, under present conditions, absolutely impossible.

Ample opportunity and time have been afforded these parties to solve the safety problem between themselves, without outside interference. The Canadian government has already come to the conclusion that it is useless to wait any longer, and accordingly it has taken measures to safeguard the rights of the traveling public. In like manner, just as soon as the government of the United States arrives at the same conclusion and sees fit to designate carelessness on a railroad as a crime, punishable in the same way as carelessness in driving horses or automobiles on a crowded thoroughfare, a revolution will take place in the service on American railroads. When the management and the men are called upon to face public examination and public criticism, there will be no more hair-splitting in the interpretation and administration of discipline. The men and the management will then very quickly recognize the necessity of adjusting their differences and combining their forces in the interests of the public. In a word, *authority* will become supreme, and it will not take long for it to assert itself in terms of effectual discipline. Such, according to my view of it, is the only possible solution of the safety problem on American railroads.

All other topics and questions, although closely related to the problem, are in reality merely matters of detail. For example, the lack of adequate supervision means, of course, unchecked negligence and points the way to no end of trouble; and yet the most comprehensive system of supervision imaginable would be of little use, unsupported by a reasonable and effective system of discipline. While, therefore, my opinion as to the immediate necessity for the intervention of the national government holds good, a general description of the American

method of discipline, upon which the efficiency of the service is, in the mean time, absolutely dependent, should nevertheless prove interesting to all classes of readers.

To a great extent, a system of discipline represents a state of mind, the ideals of an individual or of a community, and sometimes, under certain special conditions, an economical habit or business necessity. In the old countries of Europe, where the public interests smother individual rights as well as the schedules of labor organizations, the railroads have taken for their motto, "He that sinneth shall die." Cassio, faithful and true, with an honorable and spotless record in the public service, falls from grace in an unguarded moment, and is sorrowfully yet absolutely doomed to dismissal by the high-minded Othello. "Never more be officer of mine." Such in spirit, and, to a great extent, in actual railroad life, is the European interpretation of discipline. The European officials work upon the plan and with the unswerving determination to protect the traveling public at all costs. The record of accidents on their railroads leaves little doubt as to the correctness of their methods of railroad-ing. On the other hand, in the United States, the railroad manager, backed to a certain extent by public opinion, says to an offending employee, "Your sin has enlightened and purified you, go back to your job." This is the mental method of discipline. A man is called upon to think, without at the same time being called upon to feel.

On a railroad nowadays, when a "green" man makes a mistake, he is quietly informed by his superintendent that five or ten demerit marks have been placed against his name on the record book. The shock he receives on the commission of his first mistake is not very striking. He has perhaps been called upon to think, but in order to give his thoughts pungency and direction, he should also have been called upon to feel. Good habits are induced by feeling plus

thought much more surely and expeditiously than by thought alone. Feeling plus thought is the scientific route. Some day, perhaps, thought alone will prove sufficient, but a railroad is no place to experiment with Utopian possibilities. What is necessary is the best and quickest way to originate good habits. The whole nervous system in man is first organized by habit. The feeling plus thought method of discipline is humane as well as scientific, and is the most potent instigator and prompter of habit.

According to Webster, discipline is "subjection to severe and systematic training." In the American method of discipline on railroads, there is no systematic training of any kind; sensation or feeling plays no part in it, and thought is left to take care of itself.

Theoretically, the mental process has a good deal to be said in its favor, but in actual operation the system has proved to be disastrous, and the records on American railroads illustrate only too eloquently the fallacy of the principle, under any conditions, where human lives are at stake. It is simply a question between the ethics and philosophy of Portia, and the blind impartiality of Othello as applied to the railroad business. In social affairs and in relation to conduct between individuals, the standards of Portia are gracious and commendable; but on a battleship, in the army, and just as surely on a railroad, the services of the rugged Othello will be found at all times to be the most effectual. In the United States, however, there is a certain altruistic sentiment that would fain submerge the ethics and principles of the old-time disciplinarian. Not only does this criticism apply to affairs on a railroad, but our educational methods, in every direction, seem to be threatened with the same peril. On all sides there now appears to be a disinclination to use authority. There seems to be something in the nature of a national kick against constraint or discipline of any kind. The ideals and rugged characteristics of American man-

hood, both on railroads and in our schools, are threatened with the coddling process.

Within the last ten or fifteen years, many railroads have changed or modified their system of discipline, as a tribute, in part, to this popular sentiment. Perhaps in making these changes the managers did the best they could under the circumstances. They found themselves fast losing the backing and authority necessary to enforce the old system, and the new method was at least a working arrangement with harmony for its basis.

A great majority of the railroads of the United States are now using some sort of a merit system in the administration of discipline. Most of these methods are adaptations of the Brown system, which was invented by Mr. G. R. Brown, at one time vice-president of the Pennsylvania. Brown figured it out for himself, while he was taking all the steps from trainman up, on the Fall Brook Railroad; and when he got to be general manager he put it in on his road. The system, as modified by most of the roads, is a sort of bookkeeping, with debits and credits in the shape of marks, to the account of each man. Generally speaking, a perfect record for any term of years may not be entered as a credit item in the book, although conspicuous instances of heroism or devotion to duty are sometimes noted. But a perfect record for a certain period will wipe out previous debits. An employee has access to his record book at any time, otherwise the record is kept in absolute secrecy. On some roads "rolls of honor" are kept and published, usually in the railroad magazines. The names of the men, together with an account of the meritorious action, receive special mention. But on the other hand, there is no mention, either of names or particulars, in regard to the debits when employees make mistakes.

Railroad managers appear to be satisfied with this Brown system of discipline,

and the statement has repeatedly appeared in the public prints that the adoption of these rules has resulted in better service to the companies. So far as the safety of travel and the general efficiency of the service are concerned, the figures and reports issued periodically by the Interstate Commerce Commission are calculated to convey a very different impression. Railroad officials inform us that the Brown system is an attempt to promote good feeling between the men and the management. This is doubtless true, but the statement lets the cat out of the bag. The employee appreciates the fact that the sting is extracted from a reprimand when it is administered in secret. Doubtless, if the sole aim has been to secure harmonious relations between men and management, little fault can be found with the Brown system, but it appears in a somewhat different light when we study it in relation to the safety problem.

For example, a man makes a serious mistake, without actual injury to persons or damage to property. He is punished to the extent of ten demerit marks. In the course of a few months five or six other men commit the same mistake. In every instance a secret record of the mistake has been kept. When a mistake remains unchecked, sooner or later it arrives at the epidemic stage and reaches its climax in a wreck, and then finally a man is discharged for it. The demerit marks have had no corrective or preventive effect whatever. Under this system the trouble is allowed to evolve in a natural way, from a simple case of unchecked negligence into a disaster in which, perhaps, a community is called upon to suffer.

On the other hand, a system that takes publicity and the pocketbook for its principal factors enlists every corrective element in its favor. You cannot separate suspension and loss of pay from publicity, to a certain degree. In all systems of punishment or correction, in a police court or elsewhere, there are usu-

ally two or three elements that are depended upon to bring about beneficial results. These factors are the shame that is attached to the publication of names, the pecuniary loss in the shape of a fine, and the danger of imprisonment. The Brown system has abolished publicity and done away with pecuniary loss. The employee is now aware that no one can touch his pocketbook, no one can wound his pride, or hold him up as an example to his fellows. Of course it is too bad that a railroad man should be called upon to take his discipline home with him, that his wife and children should have to share the shame and the penalty; and yet the decisions of courts and of human tribunals everywhere are all subject to the same criticism.

The Brown system, in a modified form, is to-day the American method, and while its supposed primary object may be to increase efficiency, its actual working is all in the interests of harmony between the men and management. The proof of the efficiency of any system of discipline is to be found in the freedom from accidents of all sorts. Within the last few months, I have heard railroad managers who heartily approve of the Brown system, deplore in the same breath the alarming increase of accidents. One of these gentlemen went so far as to inform me that it is the only possible system, so long as the men and the political influence of the organizations are allowed to control the situation.

The men very much prefer to take punishment on the installment plan, in the dark, to any settlement on a cash basis in open and above-board fashion. Discipline in the dark, on the installment plan, has all the facts, experience, and records of the past and present, and the probabilities of the future, arrayed against it. When you ask the manager how it happens that the United States does not recognize the efficacy of the mental method on the installment plan, and treat *him* as the Brown system treats the employees, he merely shrugs

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his shoulders. When an infraction of the "safety-appliance law" or the "nine-hour law" is brought home to a manager, the action of the government or the law recognizing the superior efficacy of the mental treatment might reasonably be expected to say to him, "I give you ten demerit marks. Your mistake has enlightened and purified you; go back to your desk." A manager is surely as susceptible to mental influence and suggestion as an engineman or a conductor. Yet there is not a suspicion of the Brown system of discipline in the actual fines and imprisonment which the government has agreed upon as the best and quickest way to enforce obedience in the interests of the public welfare.

The general introduction of the Brown system on American railroads has been brought about by the "irritation" of the men when their pay or their time has been interfered with. This was, in general, the power that gave the impetus and encouragement to the movement.

The exact amount of "irritation" in loss of money to employees for one month has been figured out by one railroad, as follows: —

<i>Engineers</i>			
Discharged	4	Merits	0
Demerits	455	Amount saved to the men	\$1706
<i>Firemen</i>			
Discharged	2	Merits	10
Demerits	1265	Amount saved	\$263
<i>Conductors</i>			
Discharged	4	Merits	10
Demerits	485	Amount saved	\$1523
<i>Operators</i>			
Discharged	10	Merits	0
Demerits	310	Amount saved	\$514
<i>Trainmen</i>			
Discharged	21	Merits	0
Demerits	696	Amount saved	\$1553

That is to say, a certain number of men had been awarded "demerits" for offences instead of suspension with loss of pay, which in one month would have amounted to \$5559. Of course, most of

this amount would have been earned by spare men, but this consideration by no means allays the "irritation" of the regular men.

Multiply this irritation by the number of railroads in the United States, and the Brown system of discipline is accounted for. From the safety point of view, the greater the "irritation" the more evident becomes the necessity for some system calculated to control and put a stop to the negligence that produces the irritation. The Brown system very effectively allays this irritation at the expense of the public safety, by treating the negligence as a matter of secondary importance.

But although the Brown system and its modifications may reasonably be termed the American method, nevertheless here and there one comes across an instance of an American railroad that has discarded it and adopted a radically different method, with exceedingly satisfactory results. One of the roads that has broken away from the Brown system is the Chicago & Alton.

A few months ago, while in Bloomington, Illinois, the writer paid a visit to what is termed "The C. & A. Stereopticon Car." So far as I am aware there are only two or three of these cars on American railroads. The car is, in fact, a training school and lecture hall for the benefit of the employees. Mr. Perdue, the man in charge, is a veteran employee of over thirty years' experience, extending over practically every department of railroad life. In order to enter the service of the Chicago & Alton, every man has to pass through this car and take the necessary examinations. In this way Mr. Perdue has become personally acquainted with practically every man in the operating department of the Chicago & Alton. He knows the weak men and the strong men, and his watchful eye is over them all. He has the necessary authority to call any man into the car for re-examination, and to withhold him from duty if necessary, in the interests of the service.

Mr. Perdue kindly allowed me to remain in the car while he was conducting the exercises. There were some twenty or thirty railroad men seated before him. The lecturer held in his hand a small bundle of papers. They were the record of the disciplines for the month. Some of the wrong-doers had been called into the car to listen to a description and an analysis of their mistakes. Mr. Perdue is very kindly, yet forceful, both in manner and speech. He talks vigorously to the men in their own everyday language. He takes one accident after another, and by the actual representation of it on his screen, he demonstrates just how it happened and how to avoid it for the future. He then tells a certain man to stand up, and questions him closely as to what he would do under such and such circumstances. Finally, he turns to his screen and shows his audience how to smash a carload of household goods by rough handling and by giving careless motions, and on the other hand, how to be loyal to the road and at the same time true to themselves by rendering careful and efficient service.

Altogether Mr. Perdue's work and story are so interesting that I am tempted to give a part in his own words:—

"I have kept a record of the men handled during the past two or three years. I promoted 148 brakemen to be conductors, 264 firemen to be engineers, and instructed in all 3839 men. Practically all the men passed, because if they failed to begin with, they kept coming to me until I had educated them up to my standard. I believe the Chicago & Alton has the finest and most loyal body of employees on any railroad in the United States. I may be accused of blowing my own trumpet, but I honestly believe it is nearly all due to my method of training and discipline. By the way, this method is copyrighted by President Murphy of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad. Of course the method is one thing, and the man who handles the method is another, and a most important consider-

ation. That is why I point with pride to my record with the boys on the Chicago & Alton. I want them to get the credit for it, for without their cooperation my work would be thrown away. To begin with, I make a point of getting the men interested, not only in their own records, but in the records and reputation of the Chicago & Alton. I tell you one thing, and that is, you cannot, with impunity, malign or abuse the Chicago & Alton Railroad in the hearing of one of my boys.

"Then again, I have no favorites. I make it a point to work with absolute impartiality and uniformity. Every man knows he must stand or fall on his own merits, that is, on his record as a flagman, a fireman, or an engineer; and when he gets into trouble, his character as a man is taken into account. Please don't lose sight of the fact that I made these Chicago & Alton boys. I made good men out of them because I aroused an interest in every man. We are all proud to be able to say that we work for the Chicago & Alton, and we point to our road as the best, safest, and most comfortable in the country to-day. To give you an idea of our splendid service, you should take a ride on our 'Red Train,' on 'The Prairie Express' or 'The Hummer.'

"In 1904, during the World's Fair at St. Louis, we carried thousands more passengers than any other road, and we neither killed nor injured a single passenger. I spent two-thirds of my time riding round with the boys during the Fair season. We heard of numerous accidents happening on other roads, and one thing leading to another, the word was finally passed around, 'Boys, not a scratch to a passenger on the Chicago & Alton.' And we lived up to our motto, I can tell you. This kind of work is part of my method. It is a system of personal effort and personal direction, and I can tell you it pays. If you don't think so, just take a look at the accident records of the other roads during the same period.

"In regard to discipline, I don't believe in being too severe. It's what you hold up your sleeve and have the power to use periodically, that counts. Yet we are severe enough on the Chicago & Alton. No merit or demerit marks for us. For minor offenses, from five to ten days' lay-off, with loss of pay. For neglecting to have your watch inspected, we give as many as fifteen days' lay-off, and once in a great while, the penalty for serious offenses goes up to thirty days. But discipline to any great extent is uncalled for. When a man has been through my car, he may need it once, but very seldom a second time. If you will compare the number of preventable accidents on the Chicago & Alton during the years 1897, 1898, and 1899 with any year or period since I took charge of this system in 1900, you will get a very good idea of what the 'Stereopticon Car' and all that it stands for has done for the Chicago & Alton Railroad."

But now, making an end in this way of our survey of conditions on American railroads, there is yet one topic of another nature that should prove unusually interesting to the general public.

To the writer of these articles it has always seemed strange that the public interest and anxiety in regard to these distressing railroad accidents should never yet have taken the form of a very natural curiosity to find out to what extent and by whom these matters have been systematically studied and thought out. Doubtless the public has the impression that its interests are being cared for somehow by somebody. But impressions of this kind must not be mistaken for evidence. What, for instance, are the names of the employees, the managers, the politicians, or the legislators who have studied these railroad accidents at close range and given the public the benefit of their investigations? If these authorities have given little time and no thought to the subject, the public should be informed why they have avoided the discussion. As a matter of fact, the investigation has

been avoided, practically by all hands, for the reason that no man can honestly apply any kind of a probe to a serious railroad accident, without running the risk of a clash with the labor organizations. No such neglect, for this or other reasons, of a great public issue can be pointed to in any other department of American industry or civilization.

For instance, from time to time we read in the public prints of prizes being offered by cities and states, and sometimes by the national government, for the best designs for some public building or memorial. Without delay architects and artists all over the country concentrate their minds on the subject. Those who are capable of submitting valuable opinions and plans are invited and encouraged to do so. Money and brains and professional pride are enlisted in the undertaking, and thus we actually secure the best results that the concentrated thought and talent of the profession is capable of producing.

Now it will certainly occur to most of us that it is quite as serious and important an undertaking to try to save thousands of lives on the railroads as it is to provide commodious and artistic public buildings. Upon examination at close range, however, it soon becomes evident that no concentration of thought whatever is being directed to this safety problem, such as all other questions of national importance immediately bring into play. If this point is well taken, it surely must result in bringing to light a most unusual and almost incomprehensible state of affairs. From my point of view, then, neither money, brains, nor professional pride are in any way enlisted in the undertaking, except along the lines of least resistance. The lines of least resistance in these railroad problems are concerned with and embrace all manner of signals and safety devices for the protection of life and property. The thought and money that are being lavished on this side of the problem can be realized by a glance at any or all of the scientific

periodicals. But the lines of greatest resistance, and at the same time of the greatest importance, which call for a study of the human element, that is to say of the conduct of the men in relation to efficiency of service, have as yet failed to receive the attention and thought which the importance of the problem undeniably calls for.

Undoubtedly this view of the matter will meet with considerable criticism. It is a distinct reflection on the policies and methods of the officials and the authorities to whom the public is in the habit of looking for assistance and enlightenment. Nevertheless, a short consideration of the subject will, I think, be sufficient to sustain my contention, and at the same time it will serve as an introduction to a chapter in the railroad business that is replete with interesting particulars, as well from the industrial as from the sociological point of view.

From the nature of the railroad business, with its multiplicity of rules, signals, and customs, which constitute the mysteries of the operating department, little assistance is to be expected, in a direct way, from the ideas and opinions of the general public in the devising or initiating of improved methods of operation. Public opinion, however, has its proper function and influence, which can be profitably utilized in other directions.

In the same way, judging from experience and our knowledge of the past, little assistance in the way of thought or co-operation is to be anticipated from the rank and file of the men. No amount of public stimulation or official encouragement has so far had any effect in rousing the average engineman, conductor, or station agent, and inducing him to devote any part of his spare time or his talents to a fearless discussion of these railroad problems, which are so intimately related to the safety of the traveling public. Neither in the railroad magazines nor in the newspapers, will you ever come across an article or any kind of appeal calling upon the organizations to take a

hand, in any public way, by coöperation with managers or otherwise, in improving the scandalous accident record, which at the present day is the distinguishing feature of the American railroad service. Every railroad man seems to be a specialist in his own department, and up to date there is no suspicion of a social conscience in any way connected with his job or his schedules. In a word, the employee has not devoted to the subject of railroad accidents any systematic thought or consideration whatever.

Turning now to the officials of our railroads, to the trainmasters, superintendents, and managers, the evidence is even less satisfactory. For it must be allowed that any systematic and persistent study of these matters on the part of the railroad officials would sooner or later become known to the public, through the press. But there is absolutely no evidence of the kind in existence. The press of the country can be carefully scrutinized and watched for an account of a railroad accident that has been fearlessly and thoroughly analyzed by railroad officials and published for the information of the public. Personally, after carefully watching the outcome of a score of cases, I am of the opinion that the investigation of a railroad accident by the management of an American railroad is neither more nor less than a hushing-up process, in which the officials are assisted by the railroad commissioners, who frequently dodge main issues by taking circuitous routes.

For instance, it cannot be denied that railroad commissioners in general are aware that interference with discipline in aggravated form is a recognized principle on our railroads. The Massachusetts Commissioners, for example, found themselves face to face with the issue, a few years ago, during their investigation of what is known as the Baker Bridge disaster. In their report of this accident, they characterized the principle as vicious and let it go at that, and yet they are just as well aware as I am of the duties

and habits of a grievance committee, as well as of the fact that the privilege of unlimited appeal from the discipline of the superintendent is to be found in almost every agreement between men and management.

I am not presuming, in any way, to define the functions or duties of the Railroad Commissioners; my object is simply to discover, if possible, by whom and in what manner these railroad accidents are being studied and analyzed in the interests of the traveling public. All our evidence, therefore, points to the fact that trainmasters, superintendents, and managers, — that is to say, the only men in the country who are thoroughly posted in all the details of railroad life, and therefore the only men with the ability and equipment to think out these problems to successful solution, — are absolutely tongue-tied and pen-paralyzed on the subject. Occasionally, perhaps, one of these gentlemen may emerge from his seclusion with an interesting essay on certain phases of railroad life. In a general way he may call attention to the importance of certain cardinal characteristics and virtues. He may emphasize a sermon on the absolute necessity of obedience to the rules with numerous and interesting illustrations; but when it comes to a question of enlightening the public in regard to the actual working arrangements that exist between the management and men, he immediately draws a wide black line.

If a superintendent should have the temerity to come out in the open and describe, for the benefit of the public, the process of running his division by a combination of rules, schedules, and grievance committees, with himself as an almost impersonal factor in the midst of it all, turning the crank merely as director of the machinery, he would in short order be called upon to back up his story with his resignation. This would be a perfectly natural consequence of his loyalty to the public interests and of his lack of consideration for the tra-

ditions and etiquette of his office. Not only is this true, but his usefulness as a superintendent would be at an end; he would be placed on the unfair list by employees, and thus he would quickly become *persona non grata* to his superiors, whose harmonious relations with the organizations he would constantly be in danger of upsetting.

But if the public should think fit to follow up the investigation suggested and initiated by the superintendent in this way, it would quickly find itself face to face with the fundamental antagonism that exists in the highest railroad circles between the *rival interests of harmony and efficiency*. So far as our railroads are concerned, this is the "land's end" of discussion on the safety problem. Harmony is the altar upon which the interests of the traveling public are continually being sacrificed. Harmony is the final adjuster, arbitrator, and referee. Harmony dictates the policy of the railroad, the nature and severity of its discipline, while efficiency follows in the rear, as best it can. Just as soon as the public gets interested sufficiently in preventable railroad accidents to call for all the facts in relation to them, then, and not until then, will harmony be dethroned from its dictatorship. So I think I am justified in repeating the statement that these preventable railroad accidents and the causes which lead up to them have not yet received proper attention and thought at the hands either of the public, of the employees, or of the managing bodies of the railroads. The superintendent allows the public to remain in ignorance out of regard for his job, and the manager does the same in the interest of harmony.

It must not be imagined, however, that the management is alone to blame in the matter. Only too often, in the past, when a railroad manager, in the interests of good service, has made a test case of his power, he has had the public as well as the men to contend against. As a matter of fact, even at the present day, the public is not in a mood

to give much credit or attention to explanations and statements that emanate from railroad headquarters. It is an uncomfortable truth that public opinion, as a rule, looks upon official announcements or reports of railroad accidents as being more or less tainted, and the idea is deeply imbedded in the public mind that a superintendent is open to the same suspicion that is commonly attached to a manipulator of stocks in Wall Street.

As it seems to me, then, the conclusion that little enlightenment in regard to railroad accidents is to be looked for from management or men has impressed itself in some way on the public mind, and the appointment of boards of railroad commissioners to look after the public interests has been the natural consequence. But when we come to hunt up the evidence in regard to the study of railroad accidents by railroad commissioners, a most unlooked-for state of affairs is disclosed.

Undoubtedly most of the problems that come up before the commissioners for solution are well within the sphere of their talents and business ability, but a fair and impartial investigation of railroad accidents calls for a thorough examination and sifting of the evidence by men who are actually in touch with the working of the rules and the movements of the trains. It is not sufficient for commissioners to call for the evidence and to listen to a rehearsal of some of the rules that apply to the case. A fair-minded and unprejudiced listener at any "hearing" conducted by these boards would quickly be impressed with the conclusion that in New England, at any rate, the commissioners are not fitted by training, study, or experience to furnish the public with intelligent criticism of the simplest case of a preventable railroad accident. I have not the slightest hesitation in recording this as the whispered opinion of all railroad men who have given any thought to the subject, although, of course, it would be highly imprudent for any one to say so out loud.

Not only to railroad men, but to the public as well, the following illustration will be as plain and to the point as words can make it:—

On September 15, 1907, a head-on collision occurred near West Canaan, N. H., between two passenger trains, in which twenty-five passengers were killed and about as many more injured. The accident was the result of an error, either in sending or receiving a train order—possibly both the sender and receiver were at fault. One of these men was the train dispatcher in the main office, the other was a telegraph operator at a way station. With a view of placing the responsibility and explaining the disaster, an investigation was immediately entered into by the Board of Railroad Commissioners of the State of New Hampshire. These gentlemen were assisted in their duties by the Attorney-General of the state, their legal adviser. Replying to the direct question of the board, “How do you think this accident happened? What occasioned it?” the General Superintendent of the Boston & Maine Railroad, himself an operator and train dispatcher, testified as follows:—

“I would say, in my thirty years’ experience, closely connected with the dispatching of trains—we run something like 700,000 trains a year—I have never known a similar error to be made and I never have heard of it. An error certainly was made and due, as I believe, to a failure of the mental process, either in the brain of the dispatcher at Concord, the operator at Canaan, or both, *and it is utterly impossible for me to determine which one made the failure, or whether or not they both made it.*”

Such was the opinion of an expert railroad man, recognized as such by the commissioners themselves. Thereupon the general superintendent, at the request and for the benefit of the board, entered into a minute and exact account of the methods employed in moving and handling trains on the Boston & Maine Railroad, in so far as this was necessary to

explain the situation at the time of the accident. The narrative of the general superintendent was interrupted at frequent intervals by questions from the attorney-general and the commissioners. He, the manager, was called upon to explain, not only the rules of the road, but the commonest principles and movements in the train service. “What is a ‘block’?” “What do you mean by ‘O.K.’ and ‘complete’?” Explain in detail your train-order system.” “As a matter of curiosity let me ask how this signal works.” These questions are not put as a mere legal form or habit, for many of the points call for reiterated explanation before they are comprehended by the board. The language is plain enough: they don’t understand this, they are not familiar with that, and the section of track on which the accident happened they know nothing about. In a word, the board goes to school to learn something about the elements of railroading and the details of train movements by telegraph, and having in this way been thoroughly drilled into an understanding of the accident, and having listened to all the evidence, the investigation comes to an end.

On October 11, 1907, the finding or report of the commissioners was published. After reviewing the accident, the evidence in relation to it, and the methods of operation in the train service of the Boston & Maine Railroad, all of which was, in fact, simply a reproduction of the testimony of the general superintendent, the board concludes its analysis by pointing to the train dispatcher at Concord as the “more than probable” transgressor, and actually undertakes to describe the train of mental wanderings by means of which the error was arrived at! In the face of the declaration of the expert railroad manager that it was impossible to single out the offender, the commissioners, on the same evidence, but without the expert understanding of it, are satisfied to send this train dispatcher out into the world with the stigma of implied guilt and respon-

sibility for the death of twenty-five people on his head. Train dispatchers all over the country were very much exercised and indignant at this "finding" of the commissioners, and I am convinced it would be very difficult to find a telegraph operator in the United States who would be willing to say a word in its favor.

That public officials should feel themselves justified in expressing opinions having the nature of verdicts, upon delicate questions relating to the train-order system of train movements, while confessing themselves ignorant of the terms "O. K." and "complete," is beyond the comprehension of railroad men; and public opinion would quickly see the point and recognize the justice of this criticism, if its attention should happen to be called to the members of a naval board of inquiry, for example, whose previous experience had been such that they were unfamiliar with the terms "port" and "starboard."

A careful perusal of the foregoing arguments and illustrations should have the effect of impressing upon the public

mind two simple, yet very significant, conclusions:—

In the first place it will be evident that the safety problem on American railroads must be taken in hand and solved by the people. The present tangled condition of affairs can be straightened out only by supreme authority.

And our second conclusion is the revelation that the area in American industrial life covered by these preventable railroad accidents and the causes that lead up to them is practically, at the present day, a *terra incognita*. Of course the railroad man who steps out from the rank and file and undertakes to give away the plans and topography of the country for the benefit of those who are interested in improving conditions exposes himself to all sorts of cynical criticism in the minds of his fellows. However, as a matter of fact, your true philosopher thrives in this kind of atmosphere. He is born of the battle and the breeze, and spends a lifetime in fortifying the walls of his "tub," into which, when hard beset, he retires to enjoy himself.

NATURE AGAINST NURTURE

BY E. T. BREWSTER

OUR knowledge of the way in which living things have come to be what they are, and of the means by which they may be made something else,—bionomics, as we are learning to call it,—has come a long way since 1902. The changed aspect of the science appears, not unstrikingly, in the two excerpts which follow: one by an English man of science, a Fellow of Gonville and Caius; the other by an Illinois farmer writing in a farm paper. Both are by men who have themselves done the things they write about.

"Less than two years have passed

since the first edition of this little book appeared, yet so rapid has been the progress of Mendelian studies, that part of what was then written is already out of date. Why the dwarf pea sprung from tall ancestors breeds true to dwarfness; why the progeny of a black and a white rabbit are in one case all black, and in another all of the wild gray color; why the 'pure' blue Andalusian fowl must ever remain a mongrel—these and other seeming paradoxes were clear two years ago. But why two white sweet peas should give a purple, and why two hair-

less stocks should revert to the hairy form — these were questions that were then unsolved. That experiment would give us the solution we were confident, and our confidence has been justified by the event. The sweet pea and the stock have yielded up their secret, and we are at last able to form a clear conception of the meaning of 'reversion'."

"You may with these laws [of Mendel] make a breed with these combinations: Black Angus with horns; same with white face; same with white face and no horns; you can put the Hereford white face on the buffalo (as has Colonel Jones); you can obtain any character you desire from any breed and graft this character on to your favorite breed, and at the same time eliminate all the other heredities gotten from the borrowed breed."

Ten years ago, organic evolution was one of the speculative sciences. To-day, the farmer has only to specify that his wheat must ripen by such and such a date; stand up under a certain wind velocity; thrive in this, that, or the other soil; bear in its seeds so much protein or so much starch; and the United States Department of Agriculture or the Seed-Grain Society for Sweden builds him the plant to order. What was but lately the solicitude of the theologian has now become the concern of the market gardener.

How such things are done, and the theory which underlies their doing, appears in a group of books whose number attests the world's perennial interest in the topic. A few of the group, to be sure, are more readable than fresh or important.¹ Yet even among these, Mr. Trumbull's brief work is noteworthy for

¹ *Darwinism and the Problems of Life*. By CONRAD GUENTHER, Ph. D. Translated from the third German edition by JOSEPH McCABE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1907.

Life and Evolution. By F. W. HEADLEY, F. Z. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1907.

Evolution and Religion. By WILLIAM TRUMBULL, LL.B. New York: The Grafton Press. 1907.

the unaffected sincerity with which it sets forth, as to a boy just getting too old for Sunday-School, the evolutionary basis of morality. De Vries² is as always — De Vries, the world's first authority in his field, an investigator who writes with the clarity of one who sees his subject steadily and whole. Of his three general works, this is much the briefest and least technical. The two Californians lecture each year to their university public; and the inevitable book,³ skillfully made as befits two such practiced writers, brings to an old topic enough that is new and Western to commend itself even to the hardened evolutionist. In much the same fashion, the junior author⁴ alone treats a single aspect of the larger problem. Both authors, in controverted matters, follow the middle way; each book, though too condensed for easy reading, is on the whole the best of its kind.

A zoölogist at Columbia surveys a field in which he has himself done much sound and not a little brilliant work.⁵ Professor Morgan was one of the first in this country to take up zoölogy from the experimental side, and few men in the world are better equipped to write a general work on the subject. In addition, since the passing of the group of which Hyatt and Shaler were the best-known figures, he has been the most important American opponent and critic of Darwinism. Of the two Englishmen, both students at first hand of the topics

² *Plant Breeding: Comments on the Experiments of Nilsson and Burbank*. By HUGO DE VRIES. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. 1907.

³ *Evolution and Animal Life*. By DAVID STARR JORDAN and VERNON LYMAN KELLOGG. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1907.

⁴ *Darwinism To-day*. A discussion of present-day scientific criticism of the Darwinian selection theories, together with a brief account of the principal other proposed auxiliary and alternative theories of species-forming. By VERNON L. KELLOGG. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1907.

⁵ *Experimental Zoölogy*. By THOMAS HUNT MORGAN. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

they discuss, Lock¹ covers the wider field; while Punnett,² from whom comes my first quotation, seems to me to have achieved the best simple exposition yet in print of Mendelism and the Mutation Theory.

From the University of Aberdeen comes an orderly summing-up of all that is known and much that has been guessed concerning natural inheritance.³ The well-known *Evolution of Sex* of the same author has for years been the one book to which the lay student turns first; this newest work, strikingly like the older in method, may well attain the same high repute. Inevitably, since all bionomic roads now-a-days lead to the same Rome, Professor Thompson's book overlaps others of the group whose nominal subjects are quite different. Of them all, however, his is aimed most frankly at the general reader; his in consequence deals most fully with man.

Yet while Mendel and Mutation bulk large in all these books, they have for the three Britons a significance deeper than any scientific or economic interest. England, more perhaps than any other civilized nation, has realized that high social development and rapid material progress are not of necessity accompanied by any improvement of the stock itself. Thanks in no small part to Mendel, we can to-day distinguish pretty clearly between those qualities of men which, not being inherited, perish with their possessors; those other qualities which, by continuous selection, can be brought to a fixed pitch, only to deteriorate again, the moment selection ceases; and those other qualities which, less dependent on selection, remain as long as the race endures. With a sound and workable theory of heredity at last established, it is inevit-

able that English men of science should wish to apply that theory, to stop the degeneration of one of the finest of human stocks.

To this important topic are devoted also the latest Boyle⁴ and Spencer⁵ lectures. The two men who made modern biometrics have for years been pointing out just where the nation's efforts to better itself have been based on a fundamental misconception of the nature of living things. At last, suddenly, the nation has found ears to hear. The two printed lectures and Mr. Punnett's essay are, all three together, but an evening's reading — but they are tracts for the times.

The making and unmaking of men is also the burden of a larger work.⁶ Unfortunately, it seems to be the fate of sociologist and educator, when they attempt to found their conclusions upon more fundamental sciences, to select only the wilder theories of science, and to build their special doctrines upon some principle which the scientific world promptly repudiates. Witness, for example, Spencer's belief in the inheritance of acquired characters, or that ancient myth, still dear to the heart of the child-student, that the young animal repeats in its life-stages the history of its adult ancestors. Mr. Chatterton-Hill does not altogether escape the common failing. An ardent disciple of Weismann, he has chosen to put special stress upon precisely those parts of Weismann's teaching — "ids," namely, "determinants" "germinal selection," the whole fanciful theory of inheritance — which biologists have allowed to drop quietly out of sight. Mr. Chatterton-Hill's science, good so far as it goes, belongs to the last decade of

⁴ *The Scope and Importance to the State of the Science of National Eugenics.* By KARL PEARSON, F. R. S. New York: Henry Frowde. 1907.

⁵ *Probability, the Foundation of Eugenics.* By FRANCIS GALTON, F. R. S. New York: Henry Frowde. 1907.

⁶ *Heredity and Selection in Sociology.* By GEORGE CHATTERTON-HILL. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

¹ *Recent Progress in the Study of Variation, Heredity and Evolution.* By ROBERT HEATH LOCK, M. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1906.

² *Mendelism.* By R. C. PUNNETT. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

³ *Heredity.* By J. ARTHUR THOMPSON, M. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

the nineteenth century rather than to the first decade of this.

Nor is Mr. Chatterton-Hill altogether sound in passages like the following, in which he expresses pretty completely an opinion, fundamental not only to himself, but also to the entire group to which he belongs.

"But cannot human reason put an end to this state of conflict, cannot it bring about, for the higher forms of human society, a cessation of strife? The reply must be negative. Only through the medium of conflict can selection operate; and if conflict be suppressed, the action of selection is rendered impossible. What must be the result? Stagnation and consequent extinction. By the suppression of conflict human society would suppress itself."

The facts are, of course, quite the contrary. The most rapid evolution that we know anything about appears in polled cattle and rustless wheats — in precisely those organisms, in short, which, most completely removed from the struggle for existence, are being selected in accordance with an ideal. A domesticated species in the hands of Nilsson makes more progress overnight than nature, with her free-for-all competition, can effect in a hundred years. Now, civilized man is not a wild species but a domesticated species. His immediate problem is not so much how the tiger acquired his claws and the ape lost its tail, as how Burbank's cactus lost its spines and Webber's oranges learned to withstand frost. One may indeed learn from the sociologists all that he cares to know concerning the causes of racial decay; he must look to the biologists if he would learn the possibilities of racial advance.

There really are two different problems confronting a modern state. One, to hold its population up to the standard of fitness which it has already reached, as nature holds a wild species up to its survival level. The other and quite different task is to transform and improve a population with every advance of civilization,

as a domesticated race is moulded to follow the demands of the market. The first of these might have been begun at any time within the last twenty years; the second has awaited precise knowledge which has come only within the last five.

Given that knowledge, there is little that a nation might not do for itself. It took Biffin at Cambridge University only three seasons to fix immunity to yellow rust in one of the worst rusting of English wheats. It took Castle at Harvard less than a year to put another toe on the hind foot of a guinea-pig. In hardly longer time, Tower at Chicago turned out a race of Colorado beetles, so much hardier and more prolific than the common potato-bug, that he was constrained to put them all to the sword lest they devastate half a continent. Thanks, among others, to the authors of several of the books now before us, a benevolent and all-powerful despot backed by a scientific commission could "Burbank" the soberness of Jew or Chinaman into the most drunken of races, and make the saloon as innocuous as the public library. A free people, who realized in full their duty to their children and the state, could make of themselves a race of able men who should do with ease and pleasure the tasks which they now perform with toil and pain. Either could solve the problem of the unemployed by having no more unemployable.

The general case of domesticated man against wild nature is put most unpromisingly by a distinguished anatomist too little known on this side of the water.¹ We might, if we only would, say various men of science, work diverse profitable miracles. We must, says the former director in the British Museum, whether we will or not. Civilized man has long ceased to take unresistingly what nature gives him. Now he comes to a parting of the ways, where he must either go forward to a complete conquest

¹ *The Kingdom of Man*. By E. RAY LANKESTER, M. A., D. Sc., LL. D., F. R. S. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

of nature—and himself; or else “perish miserably by the vengeance certain to fall on the half-hearted meddler in great affairs.” Man has defied nature, and one or other of them must take the consequences. Once more, this time in a Romanes lecture, an English naturalist calls upon science for a new kind of Englishman.

The same living faith in the power of science to transform humanity and thereby to make men happy, explains, I think, the vogue of Elie Metchnikoff¹ among thoughtful people. The ideal for which the man of to-day is to strive is not the harmonious development of all his powers. Those powers nature made, haltingly and blunderingly, to fit another environ-

¹ *The Prolongation of Life: Optimistic Studies*. By Elie Metchnikoff. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

ment than ours. Civilized man has remade the earth—and seen that it is not good. It now remains for him to transform himself into the kind of man who will be happy amid his own handiwork. “Human nature, which, like the constitution of other organisms, is subject to evolution, must be modified according to a definite ideal. Just as a gardener or stock-raiser is not content with the existing nature of the plants and animals with which he is occupied, but modifies them to suit his purposes, so also the scientific philosopher must not think of existing human nature as immutable, but must try to modify it for the advantage of mankind.”

Much of this could be begun now. All of it will have to be done sooner or later. The world is the heritage of that nation which does it first.

THE RESTATEMENT OF THEOLOGY

BY GEORGE HODGES

ONE who reads the theological books of the past twelve months finds that a great number of them are engaged in discussing the restatement of theology. This is, indeed, one of the oldest of debates. Arius and Athanasius represented the opposing sides of it. The Council of Trent and the Westminster Assembly of Divines were busy with it. But the contention turns to-day upon a new point. The present proposition is not to substitute a new creed for an old one, but to change the emphasis of interest from a theological system to a theological method.

The previous arguments have been for and against a system, but the men who are just now doing the most interesting work in theology are not occupied in the defense or in the demolition of any particular body of results. Their whole de-

sire is to know the truth of God, and the point of variance is in the question whether the student is to be free to find whatever truth he can, or is to be forbidden to find any truth which is out of accord with the accepted system. This is plainly a more radical difference than that which arises in the discussion of any single article of the creed, for it is a debate between the claims of authority on the one side and of reason on the other. It involves the entire process of theological study, and the place of theology in the curriculum of learning. Shall the teacher of theology hear recitations or shall he give lectures? Shall he depend on a text-book or shall he verify and increase the knowledge of the past by his own research? The restatement of theology, as at present debated, implies not so much a proposition or series of proposi-

tions, as a privilege. It is a question of method. Thus the latest Bampton Lecturer, in his book, *The Reproach of the Gospel*,¹ says that if the restatement of the creeds means "an official recasting of dogma in the language of the twentieth century, then such a scheme might be summarily dismissed as impossible; all would end in a cloud of new controversy, and confusion worse confounded." But if this means "that our conception of God must develop with the mental and moral growth of each succeeding generation, the process is not only desirable but inevitable."

It is to be regretted that almost all the new books are written by the advocates of change. The old text is revised to read, "the new is better." The conservatives, indeed, are busy with their pens, but they are writing denominational tracts, or letters to ecclesiastical newspapers, or little books issued by publishing houses which have a rather limited constituency. This situation has two unfortunate results: it increases the misunderstanding between the reflective and the unreflective classes, and it impels the believers in things-as-they-are to substitute the superficial argument of compulsion for the convincing argument of reason.

The new books are in substantial agreement in deploring the misunderstanding between the reflective and the unreflective classes. A good many of them are written in the endeavor to recall the scholar, the philosopher, the man of letters, to his old place in the fraternity of the faithful people. They invite him back, however, on somewhat new conditions. They tell him that a great number of sermons have been preached since last he went to church, and that they are better now than they used to be. They assure him that not only has the doctrine of evolution been commonly accepted, but that to it has been added the doctrine of the immanence of God, and that all doc-

trines are interpreted and valued according to the principle of the pragmatic philosophy. And this means a great change. For the doctrine that God is in the world, as interpreted, for example, by Professor Bowne in *The Immanence of God*,² makes the natural as divine as the supernatural. God, then, is in the ordinary processes of nature, in the green hills as in the volcano, in the journey of the modern traveler through the Suez Canal as in the journey of the people of Israel across the Red Sea. God is in all history, in the slow progress of nations as well as in dramatic battles; and in all thought, assisting not only the prophet but the student. The old notion that God makes himself known only by the intervention of miracle passes away and leaves us free to examine the miraculous, and even in this and that instance to deny it, without feeling that we are thereby dismissing God. Also the principle of valuing doctrine according to its result in conduct, as set forth, for example, by Professor James in his *Pragmatism*,³ makes great changes in the perspective of theology. The most important thing in life, according to this philosophy, is conduct, action, *pragma*. And the most important truths for us are those which actually affect our lives the most. Other, lesser propositions, may be equally true, but not of equal "cash value." These the wise religious teacher will set in the background, and by this distribution of truths will practically make a restatement of theology.

Unhappily, however, while the progressive brethren are thus enlarging upon the doctrine of immanence and the method of pragmatism, and are gaining the acceptance of the reflective, the brethren of the conservative side are teaching the great body of the people that these doctrines are not only untrue but pernicious; while they are apparently making

¹ *The Reproach of the Gospel*. By JAMES H. F. PHILE. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.

² *The Immanence of God*. By BORDEN P. BOWNE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

³ *Pragmatism*. By WILLIAM JAMES. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.

no serious attempt to commend their position, on either its positive or its negative side, to persons of learning and cultivation. That is, the progressives, being writers of books, are saying one thing to the reflective classes; the conservatives, being writers of tracts, are saying another thing to the unreflective classes.

The two voices are bad enough, but the separation between the classes is not only increased but embittered by an endeavor on the part of the conservatives to silence the progressives. They are trying to bring about a uniformity of teaching, not by a better understanding, not by conciliation, nor even by arbitration, but by a process of ecclesiastical lock-out. This is a confession of weakness, and thus far is encouraging to liberal theologians. The man who is sure of the stability of his position will argue gladly and everlastingly; he will welcome all investigation, and will be satisfied to entrust his case to the decision of the common sense of public opinion. He will have no desire to strengthen his side by putting his neighbor to silence. That will be as repugnant to him as the foul endeavor of an athletic team to win a game by crippling their opponents. That this summons of the police and invocation of the ecclesiastical court is indeed a true sign of a sense of weakness, is confirmed by the prevailing minor key of the conservative voice, and by the general conservative agreement that things are going every day from bad to worse. The contrast in current literature between the depression of the conservatives and the cheerfulness of the progressives is both notable and significant.

The contrast is altogether warranted by the progress which is evident in the restatement of theology. That is, the method of free study has established itself beyond recall. That part of the debate which has regard to the parliamentary procedure of theologians is settled. The attempt to evade the rules of the game by processes of excommunication is as futile as the attempt of a soldier to

protect himself against powder and shot by wearing chain armor. The effect of such evasion of debate, the use of force instead of reason, is only to array against orthodoxy the sympathies, and presently the convictions, of liberally educated people. There is at present an invincible distrust of a system which needs to be propped up after that manner. There is a general feeling that truth is able to stand alone.

How naturally and gradually the idea of ecclesiastical authority in doctrine grew among Christian people is shown by Mr. Durell in his book of citations from the early fathers, entitled, *The Historic Church*.¹ At first, there was none of it. In the New Testament it has no place. St. Peter, afterwards taken as the apostle of authority, speaks with singular restraint and humility. Then the Montanists and the Gnostics came, and they compelled definition. The Montanists said, "Are not we laymen priests as well as you?" and thus necessitated a definition of the church. The Gnostics said, "What we say is true, what you say is false," and the simplest mode of reply was to refer to church tradition. "Go to the Apostolic churches, and hear what they say. They have the truth which was committed by Christ to the apostles." In the East, the fathers were fond of philosophical debate, and they argued the Nicene Creed, for and against, for fifty years. But in the West, men were imperfectly acquainted with metaphysics, and impatient of philosophy, and intent on doing things, and in the habit of commanding and obeying, and the convenient reference to tradition prevailed. It saved the trouble of laboriously thinking the thing out. This, however, while it contented the Latin mind, did not abidingly satisfy the very different temper of the Teuton. Hence the Reformation. Hence also the difference in point of view between Scholasticism and Modernism.

Of course, there are a lot of people to

¹ *The Historic Church*. By J. C. V. DURELL. Cambridge: The University Press. 1906.

whom authority is absolutely necessary. And in this company most of us find ourselves at one time or another; one remembers Mr. Chesterton's happy phrase — "The human race, to which so many of my readers belong." But there is a great difference between authority as a free public utility and as a monopoly. We all use it and are glad to use it; but when any company of gentlemen announce that we must henceforth use their authority on pain of divers unpleasant consequences here or hereafter, we instinctively revolt, because we are made that way. This being the case, at least with the reflective classes, one is perplexed to see why a method of teaching which arouses inevitable dissent should not be given up for a method which produces a reasonable conviction of the truth. That the modern method is adapted to the maintenance of conservative positions is admirably shown by Dr. Orr in his vigorous discussion of the *Virgin Birth of Christ*.¹ The demand for a restatement of this particular article of the creed has usually been made by men who have already rejected the supernatural, and has been refused by men who seem to have no understanding of the serious difficulties which are involved. In this futile debate, it is pleasant to find a champion of orthodoxy who, with neither fears nor tears, proceeds at once to state and defend his position with a good knowledge of the intellectual situation. There is a downright quality in Dr. Orr's dialectic which sometimes carries conviction beyond the argument. Indeed, whatever weakness there is in it comes from a resolute purpose to defend his thesis at all points. The truth is that there are some points which are much more obscure than the argument allows. The reflective reader would prefer some recognition of these hard places, some confession that honest men are not wholly without reason in their incredulity.

¹ *The Virgin Birth of Christ*. By JAMES ORR. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

That would seem less like an appeal to a jury and more like a sympathetic study of a great mystery.

The mystery finds no place in Dr. Campbell's dealing with this doctrine in *The New Theology*.² He restates it by elimination. He thinks that it is true, but that it never happened. The truth which it contains is that "the emergence of anything great and beautiful in human character and achievement is the work of the divine spirit within human limitations." Thus the Virgin Birth, he says, is akin to the myth of the making of the world, and is repeated perennially in experience. "The spiritual birth described in the conversation between our Lord and Nicodemus as given in the third of John, is, properly speaking, a virgin birth. Every man who deliberately faces towards the highest, and feels himself reinforced by the spirit of God in so doing, is quickened from above; the divinely human Christ is born in him, the Word has become flesh and is manifested to the world."

One hesitates to speak of Dr. Campbell's work in any other terms than those of appreciation, partly because of the spiritual earnestness which is everywhere evident in it, and partly because his immediate neighbors are just now administering to him all the criticism which is really needed for his soul's health. He says in the preface to his *Christianity and the Social Order*,³ "At the present moment I am in the position of having been quietly excluded from an active share in every Nonconformist organization with which I was formerly connected, with the exception of the City Temple itself." But his dealing with the doctrine of the Virgin Birth explains in some measure the reason for this disapprobation. The constitution of the human mind is such that we are inclined to take plain hostility in better part than injurious fraternity.

² *The New Theology*. By R. J. CAMPBELL. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

³ *Christianity and the Social Order*. By R. J. CAMPBELL. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

We prefer a straight denial of the creed to an acceptance of it which at the same time virtually contradicts its meaning. We greatly dislike to be comforted in our loss of a fact by the offer of a "truth" of the same name; and if the comfort is administered in an affectionate manner we greatly resent it. The psalmist who said, "Let the righteous rather smite me friendly and reprove me," hastened to add (in the Prayer-book version) "but let not their precious balms break my head." Dr. Briggs, in his learned interpretation of the Psalms¹ in the International Critical Commentary, says that this is not a good translation. Nevertheless, it expresses a state of mind which is common enough. Whether the psalmist intended it or not, there are precious balms which hurt more than clubs. We are of the same mind with the small child who said, "Mother, I don't care how hard you scold me, if only you won't put your arm around me." Some of the disfavor with which Dr. Campbell's work is received is due to the fact that while he scolds us he puts his arm around us. Against that our souls revolt.

When Dr. Campbell's books are set beside *The Substance of the Faith*² by Sir Oliver Lodge, and *Through Scylla and Charybdis*³ by Father Tyrrell, we have the case against immutable orthodoxy stated from three quite different points of view, by a Protestant, by a Catholic, and by a man of science.

Bishop Gore, in *The New Theology and the Old Religion*⁴ expresses a decided preference for the position of Sir Oliver Lodge as contrasted with that of Dr.

Campbell. "The New Theology," he says, "is of course to be differently estimated when it is proposed to us from the side of science, and when it is advocated by ministers of the Catholic creed, or of Nonconformist bodies who have been identified with the same fundamental belief." In the latter cases "it represents abandonment, not progress. But, viewed as an advance from the side of science, I desire to give the warmest welcome to so spiritual a creed."

Sir Oliver Lodge, Father Tyrrell, and Dr. Campbell agree that there is need of a restatement of theology. The relation of theology to religion is like the relation of biology to life. The task of the theologian is to set forth in an ordered way our best knowledge of God. But in this region two changes are in constant progress; there is, in the first place, a change in our manner of expression, so that each generation must be addressed in its own tongue wherein it is born, the old sermons becoming inevitably obsolete, even the best of them, and the old commentaries becoming hopelessly unreadable; and there is, in the second place, an increase in our knowledge of God, partly by better acquaintance with the manifestation of God in nature and in experience, partly by better understanding of the revelation of God in the Bible, as the study of the book goes on year after year, and partly by an indefinable but perceptible leading of divine influence which, age by age, brings humanity into the presence of new problems and assists in their solution.

It is by recognition of these changes that men came into that attitude towards theology which is called Modernism. The Modernist perceives in ecclesiastical history a record of doctrinal development. The gradual formation of doctrine regarding the atonement, the church, the eucharist, the scriptures, illustrates this order of normal change and consequent restatement. "For the exigences of this ceaselessly developing life, an unalterable theology," says Father Tyrrell, "would be a strait-waistcoat, a Procrus-

¹ *A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Psalms*. By CHARLES AUGUSTUS BRIGGS and EMELIE GRACE BRIGGS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

² *The Substance of the Faith*. By OLIVER LODGE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1907.

³ *Through Scylla and Charybdis*. By GEORGE TYRRELL. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.

⁴ *The New Theology and the Old Religion*. By CHARLES GORE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1907.

tean bed; every day it would become less helpful, and at last hurtful and fatal. The soul that is alive, and wants to live and grow, must have a congenial, intelligible idea of the world it would live in, and will therefore either adapt and interpret the current theologies to suit its requirements, or else break away from them altogether and make a home for itself."

This, of course, involves the possibility of such a restatement of theology as is made by Dr. Campbell. He is addressing conservative people, shut up, as he thinks, in stout prisons of ignorance and prejudices. The first thing to do is to let them free, and in order to do this the prison doors must be opened. The prisoner being unwilling to draw the bolts himself and admit the rescuer, the rescuer must resort to battering-rams. But this is most unpleasant for the prisoner, who is very comfortable and satisfied with the prison. As the demolition proceeds, he foresees that presently the roof will descend upon his head. He regards these big blows not as the breaking of a jail, but as the ruin of a home. It is in this spirit that he hears Dr. Campbell say, "By the Deity we mean the all-controlling consciousness of the universe, as well as the infinite, unfathomable, and unknowable abyss of being beyond." And again, "Jesus was God, but so are we. He was God because his life was the expression of divine love; we too are one with God in so far as our lives express the same thing." And again, "It is quite a false idea to think of Jesus and no one else as the Son of God incarnate. We can rise toward Him by trusting, loving, and serving Him; and by so doing we shall demonstrate that we too are Christ, the eternal Son." The problem of modern preaching has been defined as consisting in the difficulty of telling the truth without scaring your grandmother. During Dr. Campbell's preaching the ushers are busy removing grandmothers in various conditions of collapse.

And this, cries the sensitive soul, is
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Modernism! this is the New Theology! But the reply is Yes and No. Modernism does indeed carry with it the possibility of such conclusions, but not of necessity. The restatement of theology, implying as it does the free play of the mind upon the materials of religious truth, involves entire liberty to try experiments, to discuss audacious propositions, and even to make serious mistakes. What then? Shall we fall into panic fear? Shall we call on the arm of authority to put the questioner to silence? Shall we retire trembling behind the breastworks of excommunication? Who is afraid? Who is in terror lest the mathematicians shall invalidate the multiplication table, or lest the geologists shall undermine the hills? Is not the actual procedure now in process not only the most dignified, the most reasonable, the most believing, but also the most effective method? Dr. Campbell's neighbors are showing their dissent by quietly leaving him off from Nonconformist committees, and the Bishop of Birmingham answers him in a book. This beats the major excommunication and the Encyclical *Pascendi* out of sight. It not only confirms the faith of hesitating persons, but it gives Dr. Campbell a chance to change his mind. And truth will be no worse for it. "Whoever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Let her and Falsehood grapple." And Milton's next splendid sentence is worth remembering also: "Who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty; she needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power."

Moreover, the New Theology as Dr. Campbell interprets it is not Modernism; it is but a passing eccentricity in a strong, discriminating, and in the main conservative, movement. Thus Sir Oliver Lodge, even, as one might say, from the outside, deals with the matters which Dr. Campbell is discussing in quite a different manner. "The most essential ele-

ment in Christianity," he says, "is its conception of a human God; of a God, in the first place, not apart from the universe, not outside of it and distinct from it, but immanent in it; yet not immanent only, but actually incarnate, incarnate in it and revealed in the Incarnation. The Christian idea of God is not that of a being outside of the universe, above its struggles and advances, looking on and taking no part in the process, *solely* exalted, beneficent, self-determined, and complete; no, it is also that of a God who loves, who yearns, who suffers, who keenly laments the rebellious and misguided activity of the free agents brought into being by Himself as part of Himself, who enters into the storm and conflict and is subject to conditions, as the soul of it all."

And Bishop Gore says, "What we need is frankness of mind. In any settled period, the permanent faith becomes encrusted with more or less temporary elements, the gold becomes mixed with dross; and when a turn of the wheel of thought takes place we must have the intellectual courage to seek to dissociate the permanent from the impermanent, to draw distinctions between essential and accidental, to make concessions and seek readjustment." There speaks the true Modernism.

Thus the restatement of theology as it is set forth in the writings of Father Tyrrell is for the most part an assertion of this intellectual liberty. It is not a body of novel dogmas, but a state of mind. It is "a movement, a process, a tendency, and not, like Scholasticism, a system — the term or 'arrest' of a movement. It is a movement away from scholasticism in a variety of directions. But whereas in former years such movements have been in quest of some new position to be occupied as final and permanent, Modernism recognizes movement as itself a permanent condition, and seeks only to discover its laws and determine its direction. Growth is its governing category. In other words,

it is an attempt to reconcile the essentials of Catholic faith with those indisputable results of historical criticism which are manifestly disastrous to the mediæval synthesis of scholastic theology. It does not demand a new theology, or no theology at all, but a moving, growing theology, — a theology carefully distinguished from the religious experience of which it is the ever imperfect, ever perfectible expression."

This explanation at once defines Modernism and shows why the disciples of Scholasticism inveterately suspect it. Scholasticism holds to a formulation of theology made by philosophical and statistical minds in the Middle Ages. It differs from Modernism as Aristotle from Plato, or mechanics from art, or a canal from a river, or a plotted and planted garden from a forest, or a pile of boards from a tree. Some people, perhaps temperamental, are exclusively interested in one or the other of these aspects of life. Thus the ecclesiastic and the prophet look at the world from very different points of view. The ecclesiastic prefers truth in the form of boards built into neat houses, the prophet prefers truth in the form of living trees. The two come into contention only when one side proposes to turn all the trees into boards, or the other side proposes to abolish boards and return to the old fashion of living in caves in the midst of the wild woods.

For example, Mr. Frederic Harrison, in *The Creed of a Layman*¹ and in *The Philosophy of Common Sense*,² preaches a Human Faith which he finds answerable to his own spiritual needs as a "real, vital, sustaining, unailing, and inseparable religion." He believes in a Providence that enters into every side of daily life, and in an immortality "wherein our feeble span in the flesh will be continued

¹ *The Creed of a Layman*. By FREDERIC HARRISON. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

² *The Philosophy of Common Sense*. By FREDERIC HARRISON. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

as a living force till it is incorporated in the great Being which knows not death." For this religion, he says, there is no need of church or ritual or priest, or even of clasped hands or bended knees. The blue roof of its universal sanctuary is inlaid with stars. But Father Tyrrell points out in twenty places that humanity needs more than this. The woods, indeed, for hermits, for mystics, for rare souls who respond to the inaudible influences of the Divine Spirit in the fragrance of the flowers; but for most of us, duller persons, houses and churches, which though they do shut out the sky, shut out also the wind and the rain.

They who believe that theology ought to be as frankly open to restatement as biology draw a distinction between theology and revelation. Revelation is a divine and certain disclosure of truth,

whereby religion has a foundation other than the conjectures of philosophers. It is variously defined and limited as consisting generally of the Bible, or of the ecumenical creeds, or of the Deposit of Faith. But, however defined, it is the subject matter with which theology deals. The idea of the liberal theologian is that revelation and theology are related as the mind of man is related to the books of the psychologists. Let the psychologists study the mind with all the diligence they may. Let them report what they discover, and submit their reports to the test of all honest criticism. Let them enjoy the common human privilege of making mistakes, and let them correct the errors one of another without heat or anxiety, and without fear lest truth suffer in the process. And let the theologians do likewise.

HILLSBORO'S GOOD LUCK

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

WHEN the news of Hillsboro's good fortune swept along the highroad there was not a person in the other three villages of the valley who did not admit that Hillsboro' deserved it. Every one said that in this case Providence had rewarded true merit, Providence being represented by Mr. Josiah Camden, king of the Chicago wheat pit, whose carelessly bestowed bounty meant the happy termination of Hillsboro's long and arduous struggles.

The memory of man could not go back to the time when that town had not had a public library. It was the pride of the remote village, lost among the Green Mountains, that long before Carnegie ever left Scotland there had been a collection of books free to all in the wing of Deacon Bradlaugh's house. Then as now the feat was achieved by the united efforts of all inhabitants. They boasted that the town

had never been taxed a cent to keep up the library, that not a person had contributed a single penny except of his own free will: and it was true that the public spirit of the village concentrated itself most harmoniously upon this favorite feature of their common life. Political strife might rage in the grocery stores, religious differences flame high in the vestibule of the church, and social distinctions embitter the Ladies' Club, but the library was a neutral ground where all parties met, united by a common and disinterested effort.

Like all disinterested and generous actions it brought its own reward. The great social event of the year, not only for Hillsboro', but for all the outlying country, was the annual "Entertainment for buying new books," as it was named on the handbills which were welcomed so

eagerly by the snow-bound, monotony-ridden inhabitants of the Necronsett Valley. It usually "ran" three nights so that every one could get there, the people from over Hemlock Mountain driving twenty miles. There was no theatre for forty miles, and many a dweller on the Hemlock slopes had never seen a nearer approach to one than the town hall of Hillsboro' on the great nights of the "Library Show."

As for Hillsboro' itself, the excitement of one effort was scarcely over before plans for the next year's were begun. Although the date was fixed by tradition on the three days after Candlemas (known as "Woodchuck Day" in the valley), they had often decided what the affair should be and had begun rehearsals before the leaves had turned. There was no corner of the great world of dramatic art they had not explored, borne up to the loftiest regions of endeavor by their touchingly unworldly ignorance of their limitations. As often happens in such cases they believed so ingenuously in their own capacities that their faith wrought miracles.

Sometimes they gave a cantata, sometimes a nigger-minstrel show. The year the interior of the town hall was changed, they took advantage of the time before either the first or second floor was laid, and attempted and achieved an indoor circus. And the year that an orchestra conductor from Albany had to spend the winter in the mountains for his lungs, they presented *Il Trovatore*. Everybody sang, as a matter of course, and those whose best efforts in this direction brought them no glory had their innings the year it was decided to give a play.

They had done *East Lynne* and *Hamlet*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Macbeth*, and every once in a while the local literary man, who was also the undertaker, wrote a play based on local traditions. Of course they gave *The Village School* and *Memory's Garland*, and if you don't remember those delectable home-made entertainments, so much the worse for you. It is true that in the allegorical tableau

at the end of *Memory's Garland*, the wreath, which was of large artificial roses, had been made of such generous proportions that when the Muses placed it on the head of slender Elnathan Pritchett, representing "The Poet," it slipped over his ears, down over his narrow shoulders, and sliding rapidly towards the floor was only caught by him in time to hold it in place upon his stomach. That happened only on the first night, of course. The other performances it was perfect, lodging on his ears with the greatest precision.

It must not be supposed, however, that the responsibilities of Hillsboro' for the library ended with the triumphant counting out of the money after the entertainment. This sum, the only actual cash ever handled by the committee, was exclusively devoted to the purchase of new books. It was the pride of the village that everything else was cared for without price, by their own enterprise, public spirit, and ingenuity. When the books had overflowed the wing of Deacon Bradlaugh's house, back in 1869, they were given free lodging in the rooms of the then newly established and flourishing Post of the G. A. R. In 1896 they burst from this chrysalis into the whole lower floor of the town hall, newly done over for the purpose. From their shelves here the books looked down benignly on church suppers and sociables, and even an occasional dance. It was the centre of village life, the big, low-ceilinged room, its windows curtained with white muslin, its walls bright with fresh paper and colored pictures, like any sitting-room in a village home. The firewood was contributed, a load apiece, by the farmers of the country about, and the oil for the lamps was the common gift of the three grocery stores. There was no carpet, but bright-colored rag rugs lay about on the bare floor, and it was a point of honor with the Ladies' Aid Society of the church to keep these renewed.

The expense of a librarian's salary was obviated by the expedient of having no librarian. The ladies of Hillsboro' took

turns in presiding over the librarian's table, each one's day coming about once in three weeks. "Library Day" was as fixed an institution in Hillsboro' as "wash day," and there was not a busy housewife who did not look forward to the long quiet morning spent in dusting and caring for the worn old books, which were like the faces of friends to her, familiar from childhood. The afternoon and evening were more animated, since the library had become a sort of common meeting-ground. The big, cheerful, sunlighted room full of grown-ups and children, talking together, even laughing out loud at times, did not look like any sophisticated idea of a library, for Hillsboro' was as benighted on the subject of the need for silence in a reading-room as on all other up-to-date library theories. If you were so weak-nerved and sickly that the noise kept you from reading, you could take your book, go into Elzaphan Hall's room and shut the door, or you could take your book and go home, but you could not object to people being sociable.

Elzaphan Hall was the janitor, and the town's only pauper. He was an old G. A. R. man who had come back from the war minus an arm and a foot, and otherwise so shattered that steady work was impossible. In order not to wound him by making him feel that he was dependent on public charity, it had been at once settled that he should keep the fire going in the library, scrub the floor, and keep the room clean in return for his food and lodging. He "boarded round" like the school-teacher, and slept in a little room off the library. In the course of years he had grown pathetically and exasperatingly convinced of his own importance, but he had been there so long that his dictatorial airs and humors were regarded with the unsurprised tolerance granted to things of long standing, and were forgiven in view of his devotion to the best interests of the library, which took the place of a family to him.

As for the expenses of cataloguing, no one ever thought of such a thing. Cata-

logue the books? Why, as soon hang up a list of the family so that you would n't forget how many children you had; as soon draw a plan of the village so that people should not lose their way about. Everybody knew what and where the books were, as well as they knew what and where the fields on their farms were, or where the dishes were on the pantry shelves. The money from the entertainment was in hand by the middle of February; by April the new books, usually about a hundred in number, had arrived; and by June any wide-awake, intelligent resident of Hillsboro' would have been ashamed to confess that he did not know the location of every one.

The system of placing on the shelves was simplicity itself. Each year's new acquisitions were kept together, regardless of subject, and located by the name of the entertainment which had bought them. Thus, if you wished to consult a certain book on geology, in which subject the library was rich, owing to the scientific tastes of Squire Pritchett, you were told by the librarian for the day, as she looked up from her darning with a friendly smile, that it was in the "Uncle Tom's Cabin section." The Shakespeare set, honorably worn and dog's-eared, dated back to the unnamed mass coming from early days before things were so well systematized, and was said to be in the "Old Times section;" whereas Ibsen (for some of Hillsboro's young people go away to college) was bright and fresh in the "East Lynne section."

The books were a visible and sincere symbol of Hillsboro's past and present. The honest, unpretending people had bought the books they wished to read, and every one's taste was represented, even a few French legends and pious tales being present as a concession to the Roman Catholic element among the French Canadians. There was a great deal of E. P. Roe, there was all of Mrs. Southworth — is it possible that anywhere else in the world there is a complete collection of that lady's voluminous pro-

ductions?—but beside them stood the Elizabethan dramatists and a translation of Dante. The men of the town, who after they were grown up did not care much for fiction, cast their votes for scientific treatises on agriculture, forestry, and the like; and there was an informal history club, consisting of the postmaster, the doctor, and the druggist, who bore down heavily on history books. The school-teacher, the minister, and the priest had each, *ex officio*, the choice of ten books with nobody to object, and the children in school were allowed another ten with no advice from elders.

It would have made a scientific librarian faint, the Hillsboro' system, but the result was that not a book was bought which did not find readers eager to welcome it. A stranger would have turned dizzy trying to find his way about, but there are no strangers in Hillsboro'. The arrival even of a new French-Canadian lumberman is a subject of endless discussion.

It can be imagined, therefore, how electrified was the village by the apparition, on a bright June day, of an automobile creaking and wheezing its slow way to the old tavern. The irritated elderly gentleman who stepped out and began blaming the chauffeur for the delay, announced himself to Zadok Foster, the tavern-keeper, as Josiah Camden of Chicago, and was electrified in his turn by the calmness with which that mighty name was received.

During the two days he waited in Hillsboro' for the repair of his machine, he amused himself first by making sure of the incredible fact that nobody in the village had ever heard of him, and second by learning with an astounded and insatiable curiosity all the details of life in this forgotten corner of the mountains. It was newer and stranger to him than anything he had seen during his celebrated motor-car trip through the Soudan. He was stricken speechless by hearing that you could rent a whole house (of only five rooms, to be sure) and a garden for

thirty-six dollars a year, and that the wealthiest man in the place was supposed to have inherited and accumulated the vast sum of ten thousand dollars. When he heard of the public library he inquired quickly how much it cost to run *that*? Mr. Camden knew from experience something about the cost of public libraries.

"Not a cent," said Zadok Foster proudly.

Mr. Camden came from Chicago and not from Missouri, but the involuntary exclamation of amazed incredulity which burst from his lips was, "Show *me*!"

So they showed him. The denizen of the great world entered the poor, low-ceilinged room, looked around at the dreadful chromos on the walls, at the cheap, darned muslin curtains, at the gaudy rag rugs, at the shabby, worn books in inextricable confusion on the shelves, and listened with gleaming eyes to the account given by the librarian for the day of the years of patient and uncomplaining struggles by which these poverty-stricken mountaineers had secured this meagre result. He struck one hand into the other with a clap. "It's a chance in a million!" he cried aloud.

When his momentous letter came back from Chicago, this was still the recurrent note, that nowadays it is so hard for a poor millionaire to find a deserving object for his gifts, that it is the rarest opportunity possible when he really with his own eyes can make sure of placing his money where it will carry on a work already begun in the right spirit. He spoke in such glowing terms of Hillsboro's pathetic endeavors to keep their poor little enterprise going, that Hillsboro', very unconscious indeed of being pathetic, was bewildered. He said that owing to the unusual conditions he would break the usual rules governing his benefactions and ask no guarantee from the town. He begged therefore to have the honor to announce that he had already dispatched an architect and a contractor to Hillsboro', who would look the ground over, and put up a thoroughly modern library

building with no expense spared to make it complete in equipment; that he had already placed to the credit of the "Hillsboro' Camden Public Library" a sufficient sum to maintain in perpetuity a well-paid librarian, and to cover all expenses of fuel, lights, purchase of books, cataloguing, etc.; and that the Library School in Albany had already an order to select a perfectly well-balanced library of thirty thousand books to begin with.

Reason recoils from any attempt to portray the excitement of Hillsboro' after this letter arrived. To say that it was as if a gold mine had been discovered under the village green is the feeblest of metaphors. For an entire week the town went to bed at night tired out with exclaiming, woke in the morning sure it had dreamed it all, rushed with a common impulse to the post-office where the letter was posted on the wall, and fell to exclaiming again.

Then the architect and contractor arrived, and with the jealous instinct of New Englanders to hide emotions from outsiders, Hillsboro' drew back into its shell of sombre taciturnity, and acted, the contractor told the architect, as though they were in the habit of having libraries given them three times a week regularly.

The architect replied that these mountaineers were like Indians. *You could n't* throw a shock into them that would make them loosen up any.

Indeed, this characterization seemed just enough, in view of the passive way in which Hillsboro' received what was done for it during the months which followed. It was the passivity of stupefaction, however, as one marvel after another was revealed to them. The first evening the architect sketched the plans of a picturesque building in the old Norse style, to match the romantic scenery of the lovely valley. The next morning he located it upon a knoll cooled by a steady breeze. The contractor made hasty inquiries about lumber, labor, and houses for his men, found that none of these essentials were at hand, decided to import everything from Albany; and by noon of the

day after they arrived these two brisk young gentlemen had departed, leaving Hillsboro' still incredulous of its good fortune.

When they returned ten days later, however, they brought solid and visible proof in the shape of a train-load of building materials and a crowd of Italian laborers, who established themselves in a boarding-car on a side-track near the station.

"We are going," remarked the contractor to the architect, "to make the dirt fly."

"We will make things hum," answered the architect, "as they've never hummed before in this benighted spot."

And indeed, as up to this time they had never hummed at all, it is not surprising that Hillsboro' caught its breath as the work went forward like Aladdin's palace. The corner-stone was laid on the third of July, and on the first of October the building stood complete. By the first of November the books had come, already catalogued by the Library School and arranged in boxes so that they could be put at once upon the shelves; and the last details of the interior decoration were complete. The architect was in the most naïve ecstasy of admiration for his own taste. The outside was deliciously unhackneyed in design, the only reproduction of a Norwegian *Stave-Kirke* in America, he reported to Mr. Camden; and while that made the interior a little dark, the quaint wooden building was exquisitely in harmony with the landscape. As for the interior, it was a dream! The reading-room was like the most beautiful drawing-room, an education in itself, done in dark oak, with oriental rugs, mission furniture, and reproductions of old masters on the walls. Lace sash-curtains hung at the windows, covered by rich draperies in oriental design, which subdued the light to a delightful soberness. The lamps came from Tiffany's.

When the young-lady librarian arrived from Albany and approved enthusiastically of the stack-room and cataloguing,

the architect's cup of satisfaction fairly ran over; and when he went away, leaving her installed in her handsome oak-finished office, he could hardly refrain from embracing her, so exactly the right touch did she add to the whole thing with her fresh white shirt-waist and pretty, business-like airs. There had been no ceremony of opening, because Mr. Camden was so absorbed in an exciting wheat deal that he could not think of coming East, and indeed the whole transaction had been almost blotted from his mind by a month's flurried, unsteady market. So one day in November the pretty librarian walked into her office, and the Hillsboro' Camden Public Library was open.

She was a very pretty librarian indeed, and she wore her tailor suits with an air which made the village girls look uneasily into their mirrors and made the village boys look after her as she passed. She was moreover as permeated with the missionary fervor instilled into her at the Library School as she was pretty, and she began at once to practice all the latest devices for automatically turning a benighted community into the latest thing in culture. When Mrs. Bradlaugh, wife of the deacon and president of the Ladies' Aid Society, was confined to the house with a cold, she sent over to the library, as was her wont in such cases, for some entertaining story to while away her tedious convalescence. Miss Martin sent back one of Henry James's novels, and was surprised that Mrs. Bradlaugh made no second attempt to use the library. When the little girls in school asked for the Elsie books, she answered with a glow of pride that the library did not possess one of those silly stories, and offered as substitute, *Greek Myths for Children*.

Squire Pritchett came, in a great hurry, one morning, and asked for his favorite condensed handbook of geology, in order to identify a stone. He was told that it was entirely out of date and very incomplete, and the library did not own it, and he was referred to the drawer in the card

catalogue relating to geology. For a time his stubbed old fingers fumbled among the cards, with an ever-rising flood of baffled exasperation. How could he tell by looking at a strange name on a little piece of paper whether the book it represented would tell him about a stone out of his gravel-pit! Finally he appealed to the librarian, who proclaimed on all occasions her eagerness to help inquirers, and she referred him to a handsome great Encyclopedia of Geology in forty-seven volumes. He wandered around hopelessly in this for about an hour, and in the end retreated unenlightened. Miss Martin tried to help him in his search, but, half-amused by his rustic ignorance, she asked him finally, with an air of gentle patience, "how, if he did n't know *any* of the scientific names, he expected to be able to look up a subject in an alphabetically arranged book?" Squire Pritchett never entered the library again. His son Elnathan might be caught by her airs and graces, he said rudely enough in the post-office, but he was "too old to be talked down to by a chit who did n't know granite from marble."

When the schoolboys asked for Nick Carter she gave them those classics, *The Rollo Books*; and to the French Canadians she gave, reasonably enough, the acknowledged masters of their language, Voltaire, Balzac, and Flaubert, till the horrified priest forbade from the pulpit any of his simple-minded flock to enter "that temple of sin, the public library." She had little classes in art criticism for the young ladies in town, explaining to them with sweet lucidity why the Botticellis and Rembrandts and Dürers were better than the chromos which still hung on the walls of the old library, now cold and deserted except for church suppers and sociables, which were never held in the new reading-room, the oriental rugs being much too fine to have doughnut crumbs and coffee spilled on them. After a time, however, the young ladies told her that they found themselves too busy getting the missionary barrels ready

to continue absorbing information about Botticelli's rhythm and Dürer's line.

Miss Martin was not only pretty and competent, but she was firm of purpose, as was shown by her encounter with Elzaphan Hall who had domineered over two generations of amateur librarians. The old man had received strict orders to preserve silence in the reading-room when the librarian could not be there, and yet one day she returned from the stack-room to find the place in a most shocking state of confusion. Everybody was laughing, Elzaphan himself most of all, and they did not stop when she brought her severe young face among them. Elzaphan explained, waving his hand at a dark Rembrandt looking gloomily down upon them, that Elnathan Pritchett had said that if *he* had such a dirty face as that he'd *wash* it, if he had to go as far as from here to the Eagle Rock Spring to get the water! This seemed the dullest of bucolic wit to Miss Martin, and she chilled Elnathan to the marrow by her sad gaze of disappointment in him. Jennie Foster was very jealous of Miss Martin (as were all the girls in town), and she rejoiced openly in Elnathan's witticism, continuing to laugh at intervals after the rest of the room had cowered into silence under the librarian's eye.

Miss Martin took the old janitor aside and told him sternly that if such a thing happened again she would dismiss him; and when the old man, crazily trying to show his spirit, allowed a spelling-match to go on, full blast, right in library hours, she did dismiss him, drawing on the endless funds at her disposal to import a young Irishman from Albany, who was soon playing havoc with the pretty French-Canadian girls. Elzaphan Hall, stunned by the blow, fell into bad company and began to drink heavily, paying for his liquor by exceedingly comic and disrespectful imitations of Miss Martin's talks on art.

It was now about the middle of the winter, and the knoll which in June had been the centre of gratefully cool breezes

was raked by piercing north winds which penetrated the picturesquely unplastered, wood-finished walls as though they had been paper. The steam-heating plant did not work very well, and the new janitor, seeing fewer and fewer people come to the reading-room, spent less and less time in struggling with the boilers, or in keeping the long path up the hill shoveled clear of snow. Miss Martin, positively frightened by the ferocity with which winter flings itself upon the high narrow valley, was helpless before the problem of the new conditions, and could think of nothing to do except to buy more fuel and yet more, and to beseech the elusive Celt, city-trained in plausible excuses for not doing his duty, to burn more wood. Once she remarked plaintively to Elnathan Pritchett, as she sat beside him at a church supper (for she made a great point of "mingling with the people"), that it seemed to her there must be something the *matter* with the wood in Hillsboro'.

Everybody within earshot laughed, and the saying was repeated the next day with shameless mirth as the best joke of the season. For the wood for the library had had a history distinctly discreditable and as distinctly ludicrous, at which Hillsboro' people laughed with a conscious lowering of their standards of honesty. The beginning had been an accident, but the long sequence was not. For the first time in the history of the library, the farmer who brought the first load of wood presented a bill for this service. He charged two dollars a cord on the scrawled memorandum, but Miss Martin mistook this figure for a seven, corrected his total with the kindest tolerance for his faulty arithmetic, and gave the countryman a check which reduced him for a time to a paralyzed silence. It was only on telling the first person he met outside the library, that the richness of a grown person knowing no more than that about the price of wood came over him, and the two screamed with laughter over the lady's beautifully formed figures on the dirty sheet of paper.

Miss Martin took the hesitating awkwardness of the next man presenting himself before her, not daring to ask the higher price and not willing to take the lower, for rustic bashfulness, and put him at his ease by saying airily, "Five cords? That makes thirty-five dollars. I always pay seven dollars a cord." After that, the procession of grinning men driving lumber-sleds towards the library became incessant. The minister attempted to remonstrate with the respectable men of his church for cheating a poor young lady, but they answered roughly that it was n't her money but Camden's, who had tossed them the library as a man would toss a penny to a beggar, who had now quite forgotten about them, and, finally, who had made his money none too honestly.

Since he had become of so much importance to them they had looked up his successful career in the Chicago wheat pit, and, undazzled by the millions involved, had penetrated shrewdly to the significance of his operations. The record of his colossal and unpunished frauds had put to sleep, so far as he was concerned, their old minute honesty. It was considered the best of satires that the man who had fooled all the West should be fooled in his turn by a handful of forgotten mountaineers, that they should be fleecing him in little things as he had fleeced Chicago in great. There was, however, an element which frowned on this shifting of standards, and, before long, neighbors and old friends were divided into cliques, calling each other, respectively, cheats and hypocrites.

Hillsboro' was intolerably dull that winter because of the absence of the usual excitement over the entertainment, and in the stagnation all attention was directed to the new joke on the wheat king. It was turned over and over, forwards and back, and refurbished and made to do duty again and again, after the fashion of rustic jokes. This one had the additional advantage of lining the pockets of the perpetrators. They egged one another on to fresh inventions and

variations, until even the children, not to be left out, began to have exploits of their own to tell. The grocers raised the price of kerosene, groaning all the time at the extortions of the oil trust, till the guileless guardian of Mr. Camden's funds was paying fifty cents a gallon for it. The boys charged a quarter for every bouquet of pine-boughs they brought to decorate the cold, empty reading-room. The wash-woman charged five dollars for "doing-up" the lace sash-curtains. As spring came on, and the damages wrought by the winter winds must be repaired, the carpenters asked wages which made the sellers of firewood tear their hair at wasted opportunities. They might have raised the price per cord! The new janitor, hearing the talk about town, demanded a raise in salary and threatened to leave without warning if it were not granted.

It was on the fifth of June, a year to a day after the arrival of Mr. Camden in his automobile, that Miss Martin yielded to this last extortion, and her action made the day as memorable as that of the year before. The janitor, carried away by his victory, celebrated his good fortune in so many glasses of hard cider that he was finally carried home and deposited limply on the veranda of his boarding-house. Here he slept till the cold of dawn awoke him to a knowledge of his whereabouts, so inverted and tipsy that he rose, staggered to the library, cursing the intolerable length of these damn Vermont winters, and proceeded to build a roaring fire on the floor of the reading-room. As the varnished wood of the beautiful fittings took light like a well-constructed bonfire, realization of his act came to him, and he ran down the valley road, screaming and giving the alarm at the top of his lungs, and so passed out of Hillsboro' forever.

The village looked out of its windows, saw the wooden building blazing like a great torch, hurried on its clothes, and collected around the fire. No effort was made to save the library. People stood

around in the chilly morning air, looking silently at the mountain of flame which burned as though it would never stop. They thought of a great many things in that silent hour as the sun rose over Hemlock Mountain, and there were no smiles on their faces. They are ignorant and narrow people in Hillsboro', but they have an inborn capacity unsparingly to look facts in the face.

When the last beam had fallen in with a crash to the blackened cellar-hole, Miss Martin, very pale and shaken, stepped bravely forward. "I know how terribly you must be feeling about this," she began in her carefully modulated voice, "but I want to assure you that I *know* Mr. Camden will rebuild the library for you if —"

She was interrupted by the chief man of the town, Squire Pritchett, who began speaking with a sort of bellow only heard before in exciting moments in town-meeting. "May I never live to see the day!" he shouted; and from all the tongue-tied villagers there rose a murmur of relief at having found a voice. They pressed about him closely and drank in his dry, curt announcement: "As select-man I shall write Mr. Camden, tell him of the fire, thank him for his kindness, and inform him that we don't want any more of it." Everybody nodded. "I don't know whether his money is what they call tainted or not, but there's one thing sure, it ain't done us any good." He passed his hand over his unshaven jaw with a rasping wipe and smiled grimly as he concluded, "I'm no hand to stir up law-breakin' and disorder, but I want to say right here that I'll never inform against any Hillsboro' man who keeps the next automobile out of town, if he has to take a axe to it!"

People laughed, and neighbors who had not spoken to one another since the quarrel over the price of wood, fell into murmured, approving talk.

Elnathan Pritchett, blushing and hesitating, twitched at his father's sleeve. "But father — Miss Martin — We're keeping her out of a position."

That young lady made one more effort to reach these impenetrable people. "I was about to resign," she said with dignity. "I am going to marry the assistant to the head of the Department of Bibliography at Albany."

The only answer to this imposing announcement was a giggle from Jennie Foster, to whose side Elnathan now fell back, silenced.

People began to move away in little knots, talking as they went. Elzaphan Hall stumped hastily down the street to the town hall, and was standing in the open door as the first group passed him.

"Here, Mis' Foster, you're forgittin' somethin'," he said roughly, with his old surly, dictatorial air. "This is your day to the library."

Mrs. Foster hesitated, laughing at the old man's manner. "It seems foolish, but I don't know why *not*!" she said. "Jennie, you run on over home and bring me a dusting-cloth and a broom for Elzaphan. The books must be in a *nawful* state!"

When Jennie came back, a knot of women stood before the door, talking to her mother and looking back at the smouldering ruins. The girl followed the direction of their eyes and of their thoughts. "I don't believe but what we can plant woodbine and things around it so that in a month's time you won't know there's been anything there!" she said hopefully.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE WEAK JOINT IN THE SENTIMENTALISTS' ARMOR

THERE are surely no more noble-minded persons alive than the man and wife who point the moral of this tale. Though they live in a palace of art, surrounded by treasures which kings might covet, rarities unexcelled, unique, priceless, yet they live with an austerity which cloistered nuns would call a hardship — and all for conscience' sake. Fish? meat? They have tasted neither for many years. No gloves of leather are on their hands; no shoes of leather are on their feet; no dress of silk or wool. Nothing but cotton or linen for them. In the stern purity of their self-denial they refuse butter and eggs and milk. A plain dish of boiled carrots, some olive oil, a few nuts, a little savory relish dressed with sweet herbs, is their fare. Compassion is their creed, and in nothing that demands bloodshed or cruelty will they share. There is something so lofty in their asceticism that I cannot speak of it without admiration. It is one of the beautiful follies of the world, deserving its own shrine, to which might journey troops of pilgrims anxious to obtain the purity of heart which these two typify in their refusal to be stained with the blood of beasts, in their resolve to be free from entailing any suffering upon any creature.

And yet I find a flaw in all their self-denial, — the folly of the sentimentalist. He is a man to beware, if he be under fifty, because he always knows too little to be trusted. His judgment is not sound. His grip on facts is but a fumble, and half of his self-sacrifice is worthless because it lacks sense. The fundamental trouble with the sentimentalist is his ignorance of common facts. Why do my friends refuse milk? It would deprive the young calf of his natural nourishment and we should

get veal in consequence. Quite useless to remind them of the objectionable domestic character of most veal creatures when grown up; wholly so to remark that the remnant saved live and grow up to be thriving cows. With the actual facts they have no concern; nothing satisfies them but the total emancipation of the cow and a full regard for her rights of motherhood. (They have no children themselves.) Butter and milk are off the programme of the world's foods already, and they hasten the day of the cow released from servitude, quite free to make her own shelter in winter and browse or starve in liberty. But why are eggs denied? An egg in the course of nature hatches out into a happy, fluffy little chicken, and fried eggs for breakfast means so many little lives cut off from the joys of existence. (There are no happy little children in their home.) It is indelicate to remind my noble-minded friends of the fundamental facts of life, to hint to them that an unfertilized egg and a cold boiled potato stand an equal chance of producing fluffy little chickens. They *will* deny themselves eggs. And eggs are off the list, from simple ignorance of nature's laws. Indeed, ignorance seems to be a large part of the game. It would be quite impossible to play it so vigorously if the light were let in ever so little.

But what causes me to marvel is the complacency with which my friends dress in cotton. Cotton! Of all the blood-dyed fabrics wherewith men have invested themselves is there another so red with human woe as cotton cloth? There have been times when every yard of it was grained with the life-blood of a human being. From the slave who raised the plant to the English spinner waiting, starving for it by his idle loom, from the hectic woman breathing lint in the mill and the child robbed of health and child-

hood and hope, what a world of woe has been woven into the fruitage of the cotton loom! The wool my friends refuse to wear, the sheep would have pulled out in tag-locks on every bramble before the summer was flown; the silk they deny themselves could, at the worst, have cost only a sleeping life in the chrysalis which could never have waked to more than a brief, passionate span of searching for a mate; and, at the best, a cunning chemistry might have made it without the silkworm's help. But cotton cloth! I can but wish sometimes that, before they retired from the world, my friends of the palace of art might have seen a southern cotton mill understandingly; that they might have been, even as I have been, a dweller in northern mill towns when the price of cotton cloth was down, and the great mills first ran short time, and then closed, and want and starvation stared the worker in the face. Then they might have hesitated before the choice presented them; they might still have worn cotton, but not with complacency, and they might perhaps have come to live in a world of men and women where we face the facts the best we may and count ourselves happy if we can face them and still keep our courage. But they could never have haggled with their consciences as to the degree of wrong involved in silk and wool and cotton and leather and butter and milk and eggs; they would have known good and evil by eating of the tree of knowledge, which grows only among living men. Perhaps one of the ripest fruits of that tree, because the highest up, is the knowledge that some things, beside some others, are not worth while.

The instance is extreme. The worth of it is that it is not too extreme to be possible. It shows the tendency of the sentimentalist, the maggot in his brain, which, like the knight of *La Mancha's*, drives him to tilt with giants whose nature he only partially perceives. It would be quite as well if he recognized the windmill by its real name. The sentimentalist rarely knows the facts; and, more-

over, he seldom cares to listen to those who do know them. But it is the uncomfortable art of the sentimentalist to make the man who differs feel that he is hard-hearted. Last winter a kind lady in Boston wrote the press that the pigeons of the city were suffering because their poor, bare little feet had no protection from the cold stones. After that, what kind-hearted man could fail to feel a trifle guilty for leaving them without stockings in the bitter weather? Freezing its feet is one of the rarest accidents that happen to a wild bird, but I never see the pigeons strutting on the cold, cold stones without noticing how red their feet look! They make me uncomfortable; I shall come to hate their bare-footed audacity some day.

After all, the only sentimentalist who carries much weight is the reformed bad character. When he can prove that he was an ardent and successful hunter or fisherman and that he voluntarily left the sport while he still enjoyed it, the world will listen to him. The man who never liked the taste of liquor is not the best advocate of temperance with the hardened sinner who does like it. Know the game, and then reform — provided always you do it while you are young. It is no credit to a man to have overcome his taste for stolen apples and watermelon at sixty; nature should have eliminated the desire long before. In like manner there comes a period in a man's life when the active hunter settles naturally into the contemplative observer. It is after dinner now in life; he has had his fill. If he becomes a sentimentalist then, it is sweet and commendable in his nature, but it does not argue that the younger man should feel the same.

While it is well to "love the wood-rose and leave it on its stalk," no man ever became a botanist by so doing. Exact knowledge cannot be obtained by traveling the sentimentalist's route. Indeed, a great part of the sentimentalist's contributions to natural history are properly filed under "*Rubbish*." "Better the sight of the eye than the wandering of the desire,"

said the wise old Preacher; better exact and definite information, even though the boy or man kill the beast or bird, than the slipshod accomplishment so often passed on for information. And, even as a sport, hunting and fishing are not without their uses. My own boy is of the age to go a-fishing, and with my good speed he shall go. Let him come home wet and tired and dirty, with a tiny string of witless little fish; surely they deserved to be caught by a tyro, and in learning to shift for himself he has caught something more than fish. He is a natural boy, and I know what to do with him; but if he were a sentimentalist before his teens, I confess I should despair of ever making a man of him.

FISHES' FACES

DID you ever stop to examine the expression on the face of a fish? I do not mean of some notoriously grotesque fish, but of just any plain seafaring fish. I confess that the fascination for me is the same, whether I stand in front of some great collection of little monstrosities like that in the Naples aquarium, or whether I sit by my dining-room window and contemplate the gold-fish in my little boy's glass bowl. People watch the monkeys at the Zoo and remark how human they are, how sly and crafty the old ones, how "cute" and playful the young ones. But for steady company give me the fish. How restful they are with their mouthings, as regular as if they were governed by a balance-wheel! How quiet, too, for not one word of murmured protest or of chattering fault-finding do they inflict upon us! How philosophical, as they bask in the sun the livelong day or seek the occasional shade of the modest sprig of greens which forms the conventional garnishing of their watery abode! How easily gratified are their simple tastes! Surely with their good manners, their quiet deportment, and their stoical bearing, gold-fish are the ideal companions of the mature man. Monkeys and dogs

and kittens may amuse the children by their tricks and antics, but only the grown man can appreciate the solid qualities of the fish's character as written upon his features.

Not long ago I turned to my old textbooks of natural history to see what the nature students had to say about the facial expression of fish. Would you believe it? There were pages about the bone structure of the creature, his scales and his fins, all having to do with his physical fitness for the peculiar kind of navigating through life that he is called upon to perform. But not one word was said about the features of his face, that racial expression of receptivity and of philosophical candor which is a constant sermon and inspiration to the thoughtful observer. I put this down as one more failure of the scientists to explain what poor humanity really wants to know. What do we care about the adaptability of the fish's body to the element for which he was created or to which he has been banished? When it comes to constructing flying-machines, we may well study the structure of the bird's wings. But did any one ever learn to swim by watching a fish? Seriously, can any one look a fish in the face and not admit that there lies the highest expression of the creature's nature? All the rest of the body is the mere machinery for getting about. One wonders why Izaak Walton, that lover of the trout and grayling, did not write one of his inimitable chapters on his little fishes' faces. Or rather one wonders how Piscator could go on catching and cooking harmless creatures who had done no harm to God or man, and whose wondering faces are a constant rebuke to the passion of their cruel captors. Doubtless our fish-mongers and cooks take good care to remove the death-head of our morning purchase before it appears on the table, knowing full well that our appetite would perish if forced to confront the cold staring eye and the mouth at last stilled in death.

But to return to the expression of the

living fish. There are only a few animals that may be said to have any facial expression worthy of the name. The rabbit's prominent feature is his flexible nose; the cow and the deer melt you with their great soft eyes; the owl sounds our very being from the bottomless depths of his great orbs; the dog and the horse find expression in the movements of their head and tail. But when I think of these fish, my memory goes back for a parallel to the "ships of the desert," those melancholy and patient camels hobbled for the night and chewing their cud in the market-place at Tangiers. There is the same philosophical rumination, the same stoical determination to make the best of it. The mouth expresses it all.

There have been those superficial observers who think that the fish is a fool, that he has no brains. "Ignorant comme une carpe," say the French. Well, I can only say that I have seen many a boy on the benches at school whose expression after a copious dinner would compare unfavorably with that of a fish. I have an idea that one of my little gold-fish does not miss much of what is going on. Move where I may, his eye follows me like that of a horse. And as for his mouth, — well, I can't help coming back to the mouth. You simply can't escape it. He seems to be all mouth. Yet, his is not the mouth of indiscriminate greed, or of the vulgar gum-chewer. He chews as if his very life depended upon it (and indeed it does), — as if he were determined not to let one atom that comes his way from the outside world escape him. All the useless chaff, all the buzz-buzz from without, may be said to go in one ear and out the other. But what is worth while he keeps with fine discrimination to build into that graceful body, and to deepen that look of philosophical dignity which I envy but cannot emulate.

You cannot pet a fish; you cannot pull his tail, and tie up his neck with ribbons, and whisper sweet nothings in his ear, as ladies do with poodle-dogs. He is away above that sort of thing. He would not

stand for that kind of nonsense, and I respect him for his personal dignity. His nature does not lend itself kindly to slavery, no matter how fair may be the mistress.

Somehow, then, I feel that one of these fishes knows a deal more about the secrets of the universe there in his watery element than we do with all our loud chatter and our airy boastings. When I consider his simplicity, his regularity, his dignity, his receptive expression, — I am sure that he is a philosopher, and my heart, like that of Saint Francis, goes out in sympathy to this little brother.

A PLEA FOR THE BLACK SHEEP

I HAVE always felt a profound sympathy for characters in fiction who are evidently disliked by their authors. Theirs is perhaps the most miserable of all human lots. To be disliked by a parent would be sufficiently painful; but these wretches are in the state of children disliked by a parent who has complete control over their every word and act, who is their sole reporter and interpreter, and who has unlimited power to punish. They are much in the condition of those unhappy ones who in the old Calvinistic theology were predestined by their Creator to damnation. In one respect the Calvinistic non-elect had the advantage: they might find consolation in reflecting that they were sacrificed by Inscrutable Justice, whereas their brothers and sisters in fiction seem often the victims of very human prejudice or whim.

This imperfect sympathy between creator and creation in fiction is most commonly seen, I think, in novels written by women. Various cynical wits and epigrammatists have hinted that women do not tend to sympathize keenly with one another, and a good many things both in life and literature seem to bear out the imputation. A year or two ago I was standing on the rear platform of a crowded street-car in a large city. All the seats in the car were occupied by women,

most of them well-dressed, many of them young. An old woman, plainly dressed, with a crutch and a large bundle, got on the car. No one offered to give her a seat; not one even moved. At last the conductor, by forcing the women on one side of the car to crowd closer together, succeeded in securing for the old woman a few inches on the edge of a seat. The incident is of course conclusive of nothing, but it sets one thinking. Is it a similar (if much more refined) lack of generosity toward others of their own sex that causes even the great women novelists sometimes to seem unfair to the women in their stories?

I am a warm admirer of Jane Austen; but I nearly always lose my temper when I try to read *Mansfield Park*. I cannot believe that Mary Crawford is as selfish or base as the novelist insists on making her appear. When Mary meets the "Mr. Bertrams," for instance, she prefers Tom, the elder, to Edmund, as any sensible girl would, Edmund being an intolerable prig. Miss Austen interprets this preference in the worst possible light. "She has felt an early presentiment that she should like the eldest best. She knew it was her way." I have never quite forgiven Miss Austen for using so human and delightful a girl as Mary merely to set off the virtues of that tediously unimpeachable little martyr, Fanny Price.

Few novelists, men or women, have been broader in their sympathies than George Eliot; yet it seems impossible for her to like her heroines if they are pretty. I have always felt that a little less than justice is done to Hetty in *Adam Bede*. Certainly not much mercy is shown her; and one gets rather tired of the eternal contrast between her and Dinah, and wishes that Dinah were not quite so pale and spiritual. I am more doubtful about Rosamond Vincy; but I have an uncomfortable feeling that in her creator's eyes her prettiness is her gravest sin. I cannot

help wondering how Thackeray's Amelia would have fared in George Eliot's hands.

In reading *The House of Mirth* I constantly felt that Lily Bart must be either a good deal better or a good deal worse than she is represented. Since her creator seems to dislike her, it is plausible as well as charitable to suppose that she is not so black as she is painted. A woman who has the occasional good impulses and gleams of true insight that the novelist rather grudgingly grants to Lily, must, one would think, make a greater effort to follow them than Lily is allowed to make. I feel a similar doubt about Bessie Amherst, in *The Fruit of the Tree*, and wish I could read another version of the story, told from Bessie's point of view.

It might be fairer, as well as less unchivalrous, to attribute these imperfect sympathies to a moral bias of the novelists. Yet the fact remains that human nature excuses the sins of people it likes, and reserves its moral indignation for the faults of those whom it dislikes; so that after all we seem to come back to a basis of natural antipathies.

I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell.

Not many writers are "of a constitution so general that it consorts and sympathizeth with all" and is untouched by "those natural repugnancies," or have the power which Browning showed in *Mr. Sludge the Medium* of representing with perfect sympathy a character they detest. I wish not so much to ascertain the motives of the injustice as to plead for the injured, who have to contend not only with destiny and their own innate wickedness, but with the constant hostility of their creators. Considered in this light, how tragic is the career of Rosamond Vincy or of Bessie Amherst! No protagonist of Greek drama is so cruelly overmatched by Fate, or demands our sympathy with so urgent an appeal.